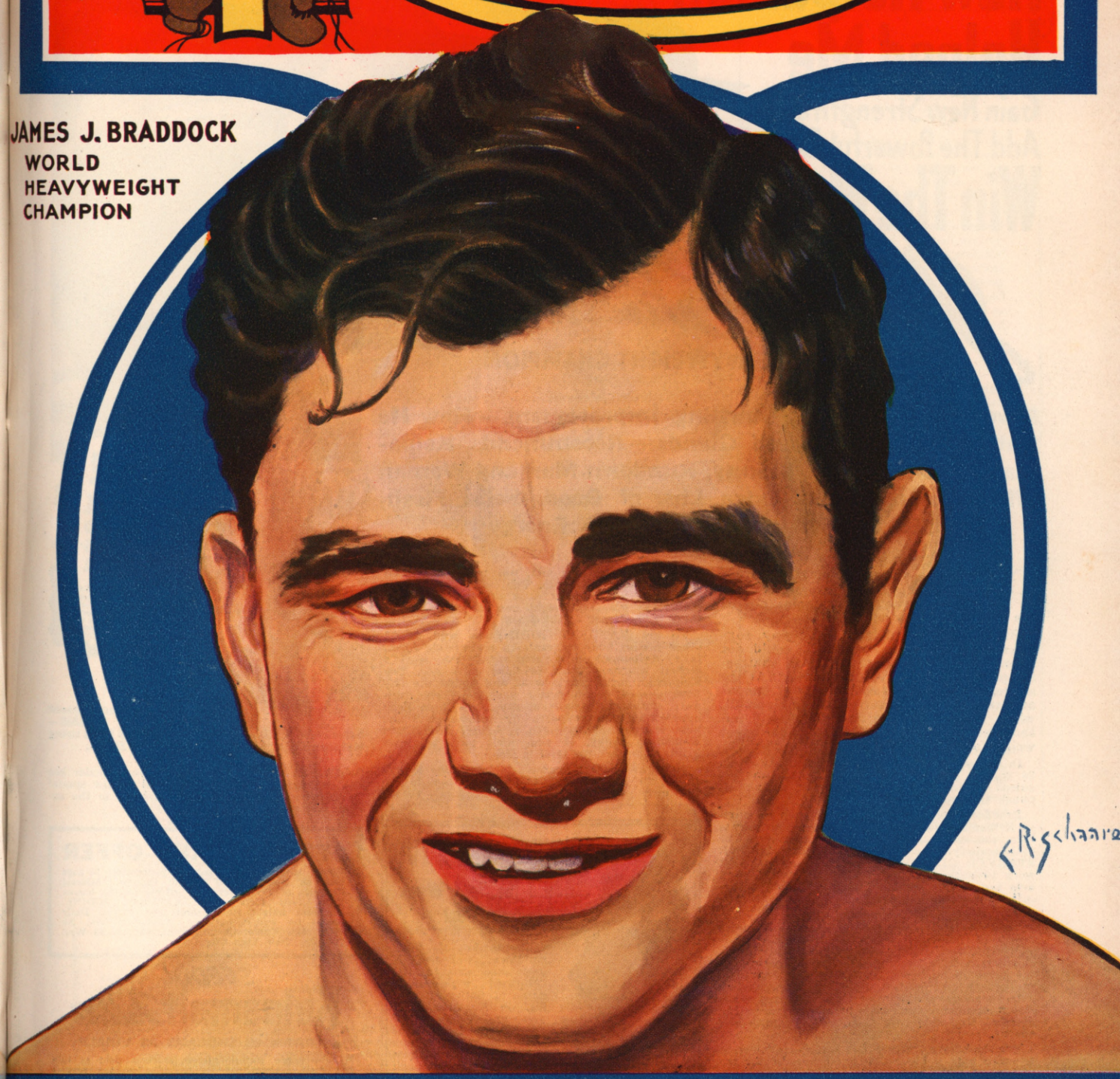
BOXING - WRESTLING - FIGHT FICTION

25 CENTS

SEPTEMBER

The RING



JAMES J. BRADDOCK
WORLD
HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMPION

THE LOUIS-CARNERA BATTLE REVIEWED
IN STORY AND PICTURES

NATURALLY SKINNY FOLKS!

How Kelpamalt Helped Me

Gain New Strength and Add The Powerful Extra Pounds That Enabled Me To Win The World's Championship!

Jimmy Braddock

THE NEW HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

Reveals Secret of His Startling Improvement — How He Built Up Iodine-Starved Glands — Recommends Kelpamalt to Every Weak, Skinny, Rundown Man and Woman Who Wants to Add Extra Lbs. of Good, Solid Flesh, Rugged Strength and Tireless Energy

THE amazing story of James J. Braddock's smashing victory over Max Baer for the Heavyweight Championship of the World, can now be told!

Braddock knew that without any considerable increase in weight he could not acquire the crushing strength and shattering power needed to win the contest. At the suggestion of a noted conditioner of famous athletes, Braddock turned to Kelpamalt, which experts in nutrition and health authorities all over the world hail as the finest weight and strength builder to be had.

In 6 short weeks, the new champion packed on 26 rugged pounds of good, solid flesh and acquired the driving, dynamic power behind his punch that spelled victory.

Braddock knew what he needed when he started Kelpamalt. For, this new mineral concentrate from the sea gets right down and corrects the real underlying cause of skinniness—IODINE STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic—but the same iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach and lettuce. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

Braddock says, "Never felt better—and I want to state that a big share of the credit for my victory—for the wonderful condition I was in—is due to Kelpamalt. I never had more endurance, felt stronger or tired less in all my experience in the ring. And the 26 lbs. which Kelpamalt helped me add, put real power and drive behind my punches. You can tell any skinny, weak, underweight man or woman Kelpamalt's the greatest weight and strength builder there is."—James J. Braddock.

To get NATURAL IODINE as well as 12 other needed body minerals in assimilable form, take Kelpamalt—now considered the world's richest source of this precious substance. Try Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you feel, how ordinary stomach distress vanishes, how firm flesh appears in place of scrawny hollows—and the new energy and strength it brings you. Start Kelpamalt today. If you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in 1 week the trial is free.

100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpamalt today.

Kelpamalt Advertisement published May 21, 1935—before the fight—after Braddock had been using Kelpamalt for 6 weeks. Total gain, 26 lbs.

Sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SKINNY GIRLS, TOO

Add 5 lbs. in 1 Week or No Cost

Thousands of thin, rundown, underweight girls are amazed and delighted with quick gains of flattering new lbs. on Kelpamalt. If you are ashamed of your figure in a bathing suit by all means let Kelpamalt prove without risk you can put on new shapely lbs. quickly.

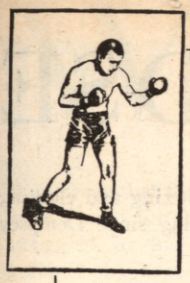
SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 533, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

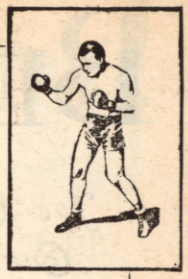
SEEDOL Kelpamalt *Tablets*

KNOWN IN ENGLAND AS VIKELP

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products—sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.



The RING



World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

(Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office) (Copyright, The Ring, Inc., 1935—All Rights Reserved)

Vol. XIV **SEPTEMBER, 1935** **No. 8**

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

CONTENTS

BETTER GET THOSE WHITE HOPES READY!	Nat Fleischer	2
CLOSE-UPS OF PRIMO CARNERA'S TRAGIC FALL (Photographs)		4
SEPIA SOCKER LOUIS, MAULER WITH MISSION	Daniel M. Daniel	6
THE HISTORIC SIXTH (Photographs)		8
FLASHES NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN (Photographs)		9
WHAT NOW AMONG THE HEAVIES?	George T. Pardy	10
THE END OF A PERFECT NIGHT FOR LOUIS (Photographs)		12
THE RING'S GLOBE TROTTER	Daniel M. Daniel	14
RACE RIOTS, COLOR LINE, JUST A LOT OF HOOEY	"The Ring" Editor	16
BAER AND CARNERA SHOW NATURE'S ERRORS	Harvey Thorne	18
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS: (Editorial Comment)		20
THE RING'S ALBUM OF FAMOUS FIGHTERS (Lou Salica and Sixto Escobar)		22
O'MAHONEY ADDS TO IRISH PRESTIGE	"Doc" Almy	24
WHO'D HE EVER LICK?	Ed W. Smith	27
NEWS OF THE MAT WORLD	Edward Merrill	28
BAD BOB WAGNER	Bernice Sandboe	30
FROM MILO TO LONDOS (Chapter 35)	A. D. Phillips	31
TOM FINDS TRAVELLING RIGHT DOWN HIS ALLEY	Alex Sullivan	34
McGUIRK, N. W. A. CHAMPION	James Wells	35
IN THE FISTIC SPOTLIGHT (Photographs)		36
FOREIGNERS SEEKING RECOGNITION (Photographs)		37
SAN FRANCISCO, CRADLE OF FISTIC STARS	T. W. McNiel	38
IN THE CLUB MEMBERSHIP DAYS	Clarence Gillespie	40
LETTERS FROM OUR READERS		47
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS		48

IN RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

FROM HOLLYWOOD TO NEW YORK	Eddie Borden	49
SUNNY CALIFORNIA, MONTREAL AND BUFFALO		51
A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET	Eddie Borden	52
SIOUX CITY, PORTO RICO		53
TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN	John S. Sharpe	54
NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON, HOLYOKE NEWS		55
LOUISIANA AND ROCKY MOUNTAINS		56
MARYLAND NEWS	Patsy Donovan	57
PITTSBURGH, CONNECTICUT AND MISSOURI		58
HUDSON COUNTY N. J., SOUTHERN OHIO AND MICHIGAN		60
MINNESOTA, BILLINGS, MONT., AND KANSAS		61
HAWAII, JAMAICA, CUBA AND TEXAS		62
CANADIAN TOPICS, ONTARIO, PHILADELPHIA AND ROCHESTER		63
SYRACUSE	Billy Shaw	64

In Our Next Issue

The talk of the fistic world is centered around Joe Louis. This stalwart son of Ham, who is destined to win the world heavyweight championship, has brought about a new interest in fisticuffs. His rise to pugilistic fame has revived old arguments on the relative merits of the toe dancers and the firmly set ringmen, and Nat Fleischer, Editor of this publication, who has seen the cream of the boxing talent in contests all over the world for the last thirty years, gives you an interesting review of "Flat-footed Fighters" and their place in pugilism.

Month after month, "The Ring's Globe Trotter," Daniel M. Daniel, brings to our readers the highlights of boxing in a humorous vein. His "Globe Trotter" contribution to the sport, is one of the brightest, best written items of its kind that has ever appeared in a sports publication. He gets better with age and you'll like his feature. Don't miss it.

The Irish have had many great pugilists in recent years, the most notable being Peter Maher, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Tom Sharkey, Jimmy McLarnin, Jimmy Braddock and Mike McTigue. The next contribution in our series of famous sons of Erin by George T. Pardy, who saw them all in action, will be the life story of O'Brien. It will appear in the October issue.

These and many other interesting stories besides news of the boxing world and mat world, and heaps of interesting pictures. You, who are saving "The Ring's Album of Famous Fighters," will have two more pages for your album — Maxie Rosenbloom, and Tommy Loughran, two former world light-heavyweight kings.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

The entire contents and photographs of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be used without permission.

Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Europe is 30 cents. All subscriptions should be mailed to The Ring, 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass., or Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York, N. Y.

Office of publication, The Ring, Inc., 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass. Editorial and Executive Offices—Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York City—Telephone Circle 7-3845

Sole British Distributors of The Ring Magazine, Atlas Pub. and Distributing Co. Ltd., 18, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, London, E. C. 4, England.

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor.
A. D. Phillips, Secretary. Advertising Manager, D. P. Riker, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York City.

Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; Canada, Cuba, Panama and Mexico, $3.25, and all other countries $4.00 in U. S. currency.

Entered as second-class matter January 17, 1933, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Phelps Publishing Co., Springfield, Mass.

BETTER GET THOSE

Joe Louis' Showing Against Carnera Presages Rise of Negro to Heavyweight Championship

THE Brown Bomber of Detroit, 21 year old Joe Louis, who graduated from the amateur ranks of boxers only a year ago, today stands as the darkest menace to the white heavyweights since 1910. This dark shadow of the Middle West, by his latest performance, in exploding the myth of the Man Mountain, Primo Carnera, now rates next to the champion, Jimmy Braddock, whose sensational victory over Max Baer preceded the knockout of Carnera by Louis by only a fortnight. The huge, human hulk who was called the Man Mountain by fistic experts, writhed on the canvas, twisted his body like a contortionist, kneeled, then arose three times in the sixth round of a sensational battle at the Yankee Stadium, only to find himself stumbling into the gentle hands of Arthur Donovan, the referee, to be led back to his corner, a beaten man.

Thus went out of the picture the biggest freak boxing has had at any time, and into the picture, strongly entrenched, entered Joe Louis, a dark shadow that is a certainty to draw a half-million-dollar gate in a title contest, should Braddock and Joe be matched. The sensational Detroit Negro had Carnera knocked out on his feet when Donovan interceded to end the slaughter, for such it was. Another punch on the unprotected jaw of the Italian might have sent him to the hospital and undoubtedly would not have been the means of making Louis' victory any more impressive than it already was.

Carnera, holding feebly on the upper ring rope, presented a pitiful sight with the blood gushing from his mouth, his eyes glazed, his legs uncertain, his sense of direction gone and his mouth twisted into an unsightly grimace. He was saved in the nick of time by the referee in 2 minutes and 32 seconds of the sixth round, to the satisfaction of a gathering of close to 60,000, the biggest that has seen a fight in New York since the famous Sharkey-Dempsey affair at the same field.

* * *

MONTHS before the fight, I had predicted, after seeing Joe in action in Detroit, that he would knock Carnera cuckoo and my prediction was borne out. In my broadcast over station WNEW of New York, I repeatedly called attention to Louis' terrific hitting powers and in final broadcast before the battle, I said: "Louis will tag Primo within seven rounds. He cannot miss if he can reach the Italian's jaw, and it is my opinion that he will reach it." And reach it, Joe did, not once, but a dozen times.

In his victory, Louis lived up to expectations. He realized that he was in a tight spot—that both his future and that of boxing rested on his performance against Carnera, and, as was predicted by his army of well wishers, he went out to make good and did. In that, this young colored lad gained the respect and admiration of every boxing fan. Color is what we have been clamoring for in boxing to build the game back into what it was in the days of Jack Dempsey, and in Louis, we have plenty of that in more than one way.

In the fight between Carnera and Max Baer, we saw a rough-and-tumble dock brawl, the kind made famous in the days of the bare-skin gladiators, but in the contest between Primo and Louis, we had on view everything that could be expected in good boxing, brainy headwork, unexcelled feinting, snappy short jolts, long, overhand, looping jolts and a defense that was beautiful. Baer won his fight by sheer strength, but Louis gained his triumph through a masterly presentation of scientific boxing and clouting such as has not been seen in an American ring since Dempsey was in his prime.

* * *

CAN you blame the spectators for going daffy over this new fistic sensation, the Brown Bomber, of Detroit, the Alabama Assassin, the Black stick of Dynamite, and other names, significant of his prowess, by which he is called? For five rounds the 60,000 fans watched Louis, his poker face without the semblance of an indication of his feelings, prepare the Man Mountain for the slaughter. They saw the Negro hit Primo with Joe's best punches, yet take the punishing blows courageously. They watched the Bomber feint the Italian giant as no one since the days of Jack Johnson showed that mastery of ring science. They sat thrilled by the coolness of it all, the youthful, master technician, bringing the heavy, huge bulk of his opponent down to Joe's size so that Louis could better wield his weapons of destruction to end the mill.

They had come to see this Negro Fighting Wonder flatten the Man Mountain in a few punches and nothing short of a quick knockout, so far as they were concerned, would convince them that Louis was more than a build-up in fisticuffs. Seeing, with them, was believing and as they sat through several rounds and saw Primo take Joe's hardest punches without hitting the canvas, they began to entertain some doubts about Louis' greatness.

But Louis was not worried. Guided by his able mentor, the great Jack Blackburn, he had mapped out a plan of attack, and nothing, not even the clamoring for more blood on the part of the spectators, would cause him to alter that plan. He knew when to start his devastating punches and not until the proper opening presented itself, would he loosen the heavy-firing artillery to wipe the enemy off the map.

And that is exactly what he did. The plan that he and his mentors had outlined to me at training camp, worked to perfection. When the opportune moment arrived, there stood before the blinking eyes of the former world champion, a youthful Tiger-Man. The cave-man instinct sent Louis in, pell-mell, to administer a terrific shellacking to his sixty-five pound heavier rival.

* * *

THEN came the wild cheers of the spectators. They finally had received what they had come to see. They shouted themselves hoarse while a cold, calculating young man who had just reached his majority, was cutting down the giant in front of him.

A right to the jaw dumped Primo to the canvas early in the sixth round but he regained his feet at the count of four just as Referee Donovan had escorted Louis to a neutral corner. As Carnera faced his foe, he presented a sorry spectacle. Rubber-legged, weary, his arms at his sides, his face distorted, he showed his courage, the true gameness of a fighting man, and as he turned towards his rival, Louis came tearing out of his corner raining blows with both hands to body and then came a clean, hard hit, a right hand jolt to the jaw and down went Primo to the canvas again.

That's what that crowd wanted and the fans were getting just what they had paid to see—action, aplenty.

Poor Carnera kept down for another count of four instead of taking full advantage of a nine count, and without knowing what he was doing, he faced Louis, the relentless foe, the boy with the iron-fisted mitts, and the thud of leather against skin again was echoed around the ringside.

* * *

UNDER a fusillade of lefts and rights, Primo stood there, a bewildered, defenseless fighter. Sensing the kill, Louis leaped at him. A left crashed against his jaw and then came a terrific

WHITE HOPES READY!

By
NAT FLEISCHER

right cross that found its target and down went Primo for the third time. He again struggled to his feet, and instinctively grabbed the ropes, staring vacantly into space just as he did a year ago when the same referee halted his contest with Baer.

Donovan rushed to his rescue just as Louis was about to deliver the coup de grace. He never got that far. The fight was over.

Bedlam broke loose. Here was a heavyweight prospect who fought like the champions of old. A worthy successor to the ring immortals—that's what the fans had on view in the Detroit Bomber.

With a steady calm, Louis went about his business—that of proving his right to a title contest and when the battle was over, there was no one in that huge gathering that would deny him that right. The Brown Bomber had more than lived up to the advance ballyhoo. He had vindicated the good judgment of those who had stood by their guns these many months predicting exactly what had happened—yours truly among them.

To-day Joe Louis stands forth as the world's outstanding challenger for Braddock's title. He is a combination of the best in boxing and the best in punching—an unbeatable combination.

No more heart-gripping finish has been seen in a heavyweight fight in years. A few more fights like that, and you won't be hearing any more depression talk in fisticuffs.

Primo Carnera, whose retirement is being urged by his friends.

* * *

AN analysis of the fight, is the story of a fighter who can fight. It is the story of a youth who possesses everything—including IT, with capital letters.

No more beautiful exhibition of all around ring work has been seen in recent years. Louis' feinting, slipping, timing and hitting were well nigh perfect. He set his target and he hit the bull's-eye almost with every shot.

The Brown Bomber revealed himself as a flawless fighting machine. He could have named his round at any time. In fact, only three days before the battle, in a conversation I had with Joe at Pompton Lakes, he remarked that he would settle Primo either in the sixth or seventh round, and it was based on his statements plus my observation, that I went on the air that night and said that the end would come for Primo within seven rounds.

Carnera never had a chance. He dropped each of the six rounds, and only in the fourth, did he come close. The reason that the Italian was unable to do much, was because his opponent boxed with machine-like precision. Every move was a picture.

Once in the first round when Primo landed a heavy right to Joe's face, Louis never batted an eyelash. Throughout the fight he showed less concern than did the majority of the spectators. His facial expression never altered, not even in that eventful sixth when he sensed the kill and went after Primo like a tiger after its prey.

* * *

THROUGHOUT the long siege of training, both Louis and Jack Blackburn kept discussing Primo's roughness and their answer to the query of the scribes, "what will you do if Carnera roughs it," was, "he won't get a second chance to do it."

And that's exactly what took place during the fight. So long as Primo behaved and was content to fight according to Hoyle, Louis kept taking things easy, but in the fifth, when the Italian pulled some rough stuff in a clinch, Joe, with amazing strength, tossed Primo against the ropes and from then on, Primo's hash was cooked.

It was no easy task for Louis to batter down 260½ pounds of bone and sinew, for Joe scaled only 196, but he went about the job in a manner that was most pleasing to the eye. And when the smoke of battle was over, the Detroit marvel left the ring without a bead of perspiration or a mark on him, while poor Carnera, as game a fellow as ever fought in this country, even though he is crude, had a badly battered face.

One of the points that impressed me most in the fight was the uncanny defense of the victor. Never have I seen a fighter pick off punches so readily as did Louis those of Carnera. The lefts that were scheduled to do so much damage to Joe scarcely ever landed.

* * *

EXPERIENCE meant nothing in that fight. Carnera had been fighting for seven years and Louis only one, but in all those seven years, Primo not only had never met a combination fighter and boxer like Joe, but never knew how to fight. As in the Baer fight, he proved his gameness, but there is more to a fighting machine, especially in a heavyweight champion or contender, than courage, size and weight. Primo was never meant for fighting—he was and still is, just a good-natured, likeable giant who would fit in far better as a circus freak than a pugilist, and therefore boxing loses nothing by his passing from the picture.

The contrast between the natural, cold-blooded fighter from the Middle West and the mechanically-made scrapper from Italy was most striking. Every movement of the Detroit Bomber was a picture for the boxing enthusiast, while that of the victim was pathetic, childlike—like one who wanted to do something but just couldn't dope out how it could best be accomplished.

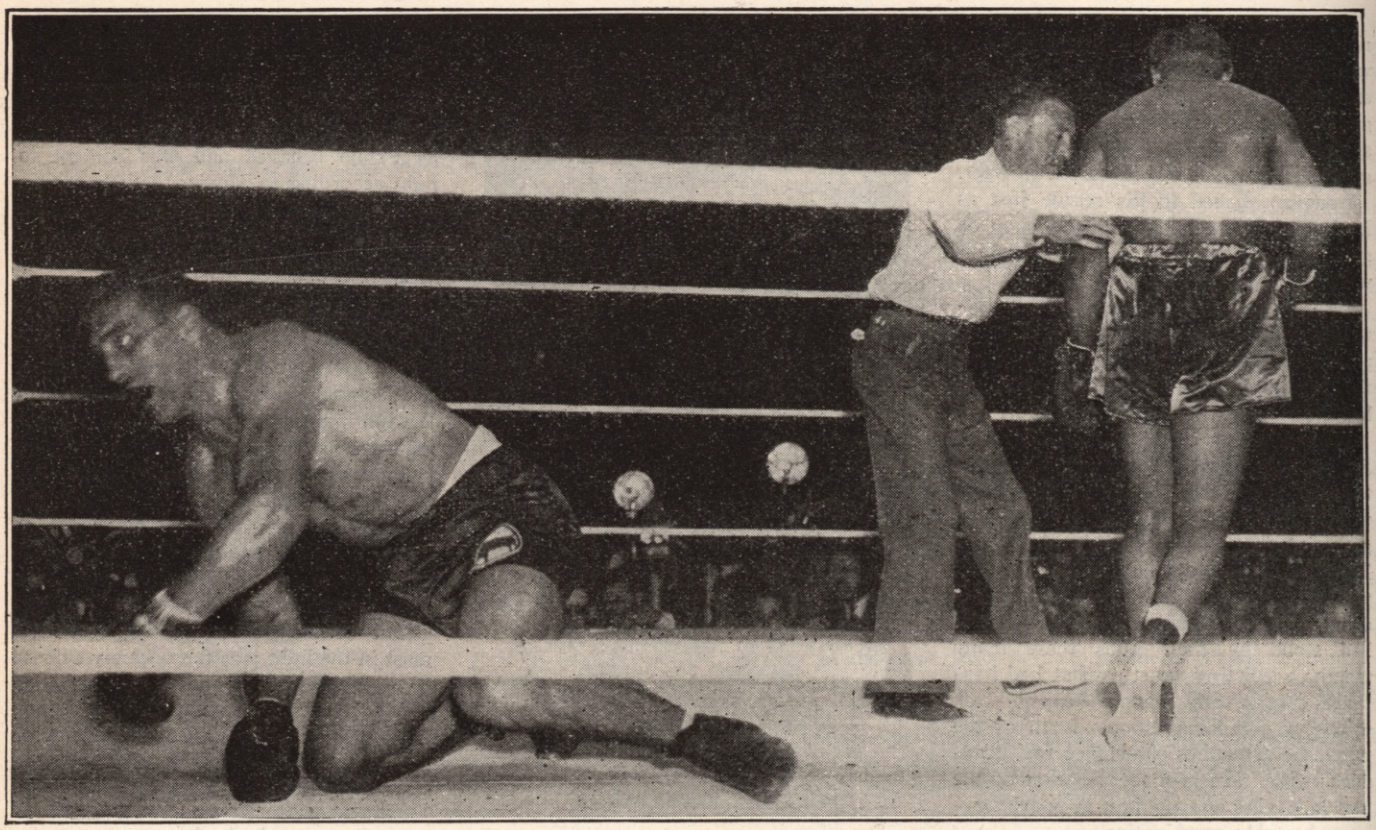
* * *

THINGS that Carnera was able to do against other fighters didn't work so well against the Louis fighting machine. The straight left with which Primo stabbed Ernie Schaaf so often, and held off the clever Tommy Loughran, just couldn't hit its mark when directed against the face of Louis. The wrestling tactics which Carnera so ably employed against Impellitiere and Loughran didn't stand a chance against Louis, who caused Primo to gape with astonishment as he hurled the huge form of the foreigner to the corner of the ring after Carnera had tried roughing it just once.

Thus Poker Faced Joe, who for fifty dollars for his first professional fight, leaped into the front ranks of fistic money-makers and there's no telling how much he will accumulate through the powers of his fists before he hangs up his gloves in retirement. Wherever fight fans gather, the talk is now Joe Louis. How good is Joe, is what they ask.

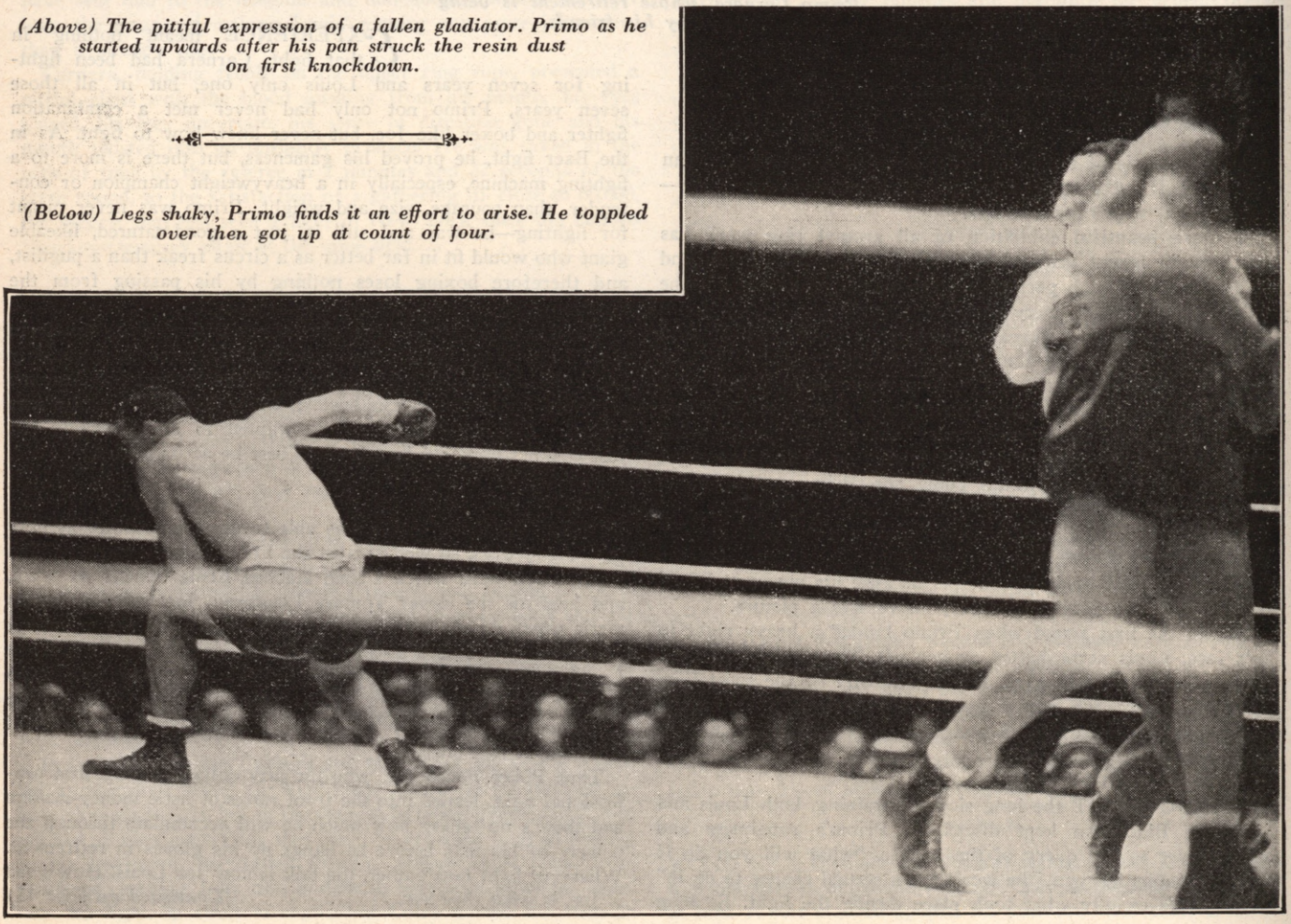
(Continued on page 45)

CLOSE-UPS of PRIMO

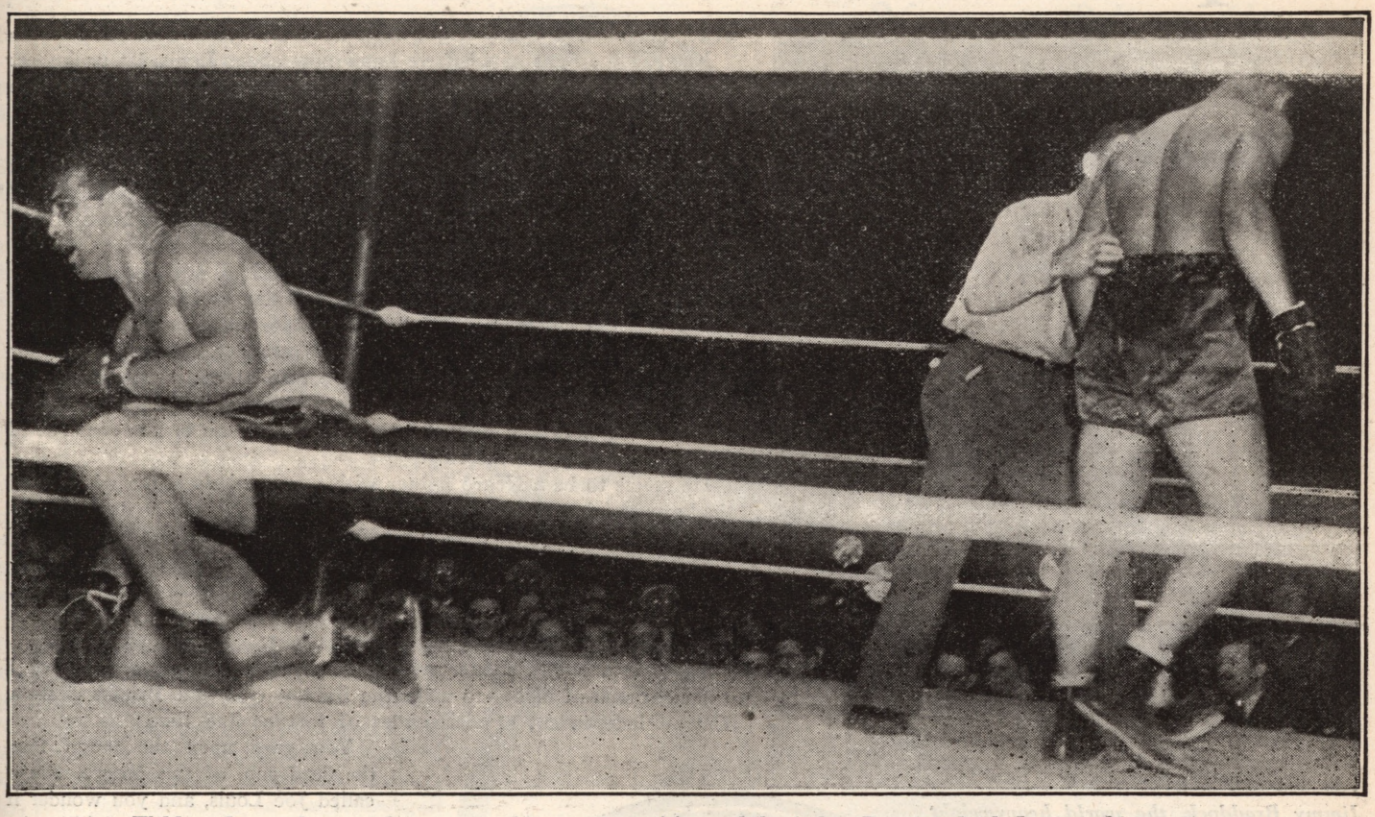


(Above) The pitiful expression of a fallen gladiator. Primo as he started upwards after his pan struck the resin dust on first knockdown.

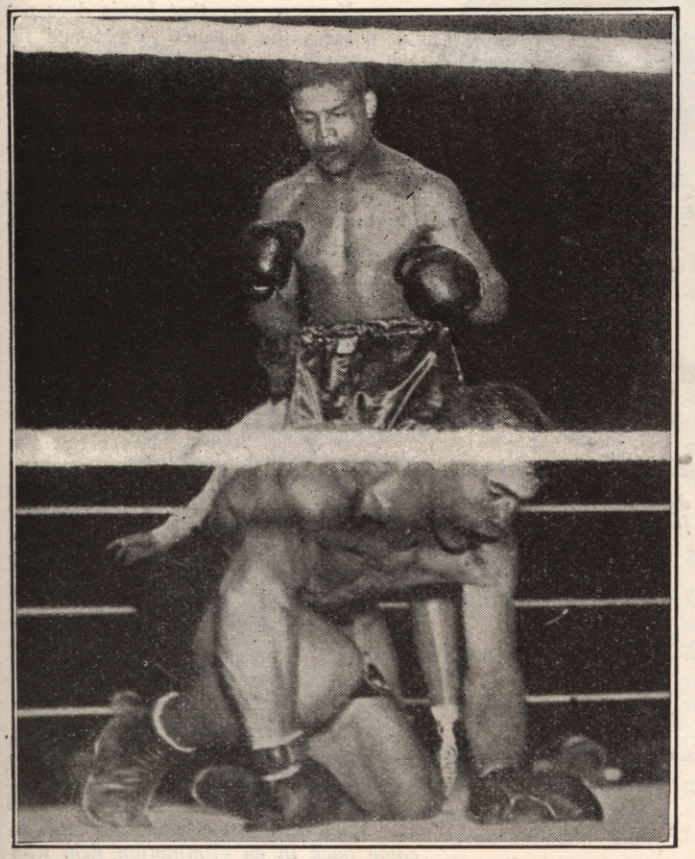
(Below) Legs shaky, Primo finds it an effort to arise. He toppled over then got up at count of four.



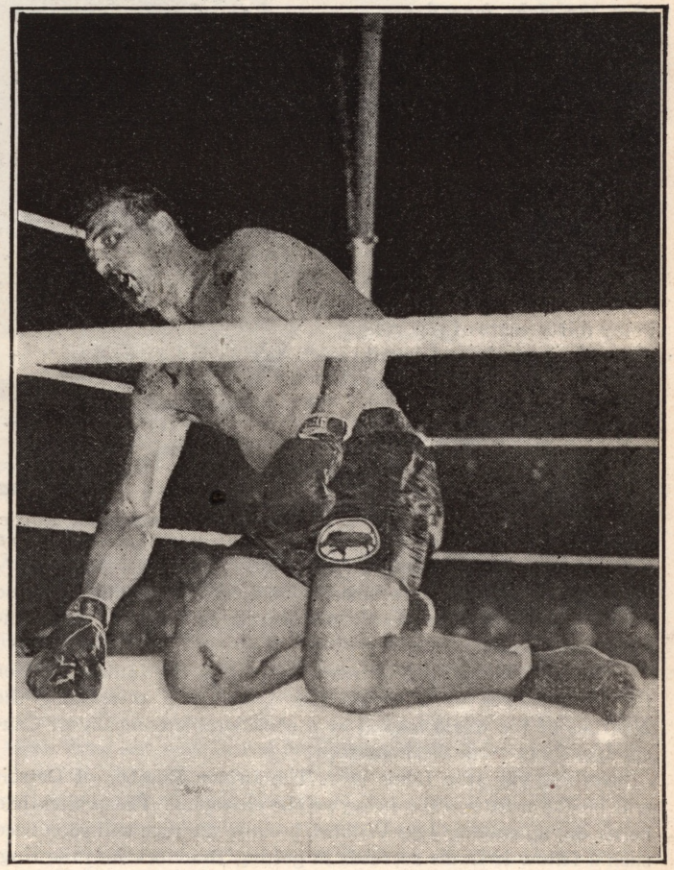
CARNERA'S TRAGIC FALL



Wild-eyed, mouth open, Carnera is taking a count of four while Arthur Donovan leads Louis to his corner.

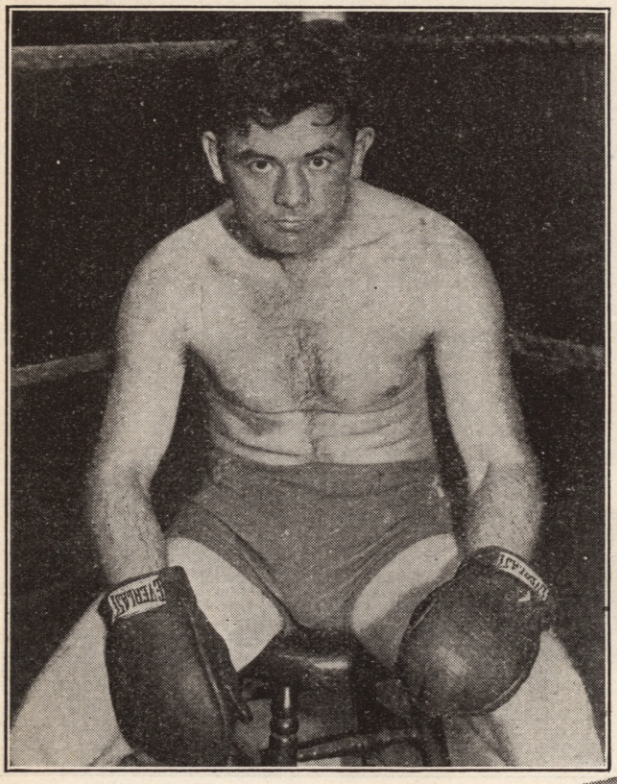


The Tiger Man watching his prey. Primo as he looked when he struck the canvas for the third time.



Battered and bleeding, mouth dripping blood from a concentrated attack, Carnera is trying to get up after last knockdown.

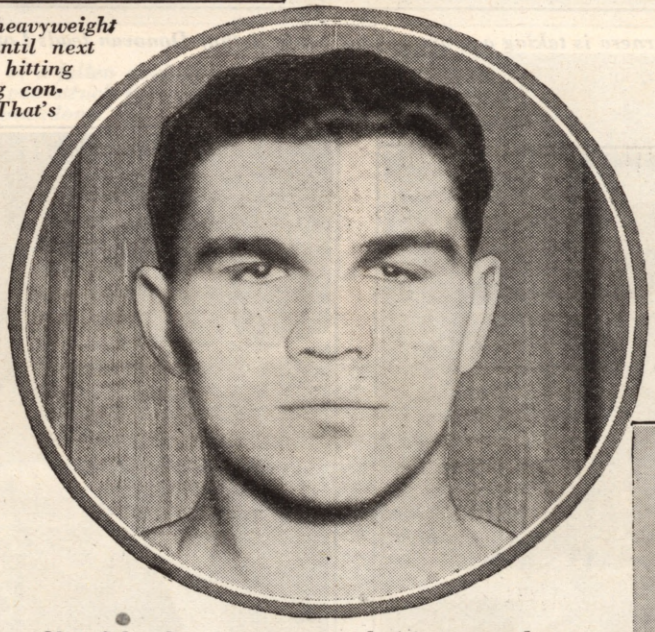
Sepia Socker LOUIS



Jimmy Braddock, the world heavyweight king, who will mark time until next summer, when he will pit his hitting power against the outstanding contender. Will it be Louis? That's what the fight fans figure.

JOE LOUIS' victory over Primo Carnera and his marvelous exhibition of boxing and hitting in that fight, are still the talk of the boxing world. I have just returned from a long trip around the country and never in my thirty years of reportorial experience, have I heard so much fight talk as I did in my last jaunt.

Is boxing coming back into its own? Is the sport being popularized again? I'll say it is. And there is only one man who is responsible for this new lease of life to a sport that was rapidly going to smash. Joe Louis is his name and so long as he continues to carry on as now, he'll remain a big influence to boxing.



Max Schmeling, upon whose decision rests the programme mapped out for Joe Louis.

With his victory over Carnera, what does the future hold for the sepia socker of Detroit? The Louis bloc, comprising the Negroes of the world backed by a considerable company of Caucasians, shout from the housetops:

"Nothing can stop Louis now. The Brown Bomber of Detroit will be the next world's heavyweight champion. The whites had better dig up another Jess Willard, because the race will soon need such a fellow if Louis succeeds in getting Braddock into the ring. Joe is the latter day Jack Johnson, the new Sam McVey, the 1935 edition of the hard hitting Sam Langford, the current Joe Jeannette, the modern heavyweight version of George Dixon."

Now, in the light of what we know now about Louis, let us inspect his abilities, his future chances. Let us examine into the drama of the situation which developed as Louis got the match with Carnera.

First of all, this Louis person is a strange fighter for a Negro. He seems to be all serious side of life, all business. He appears to lack a sense of humor, and he most certainly lacks the buffoonery which stood out in the ring careers of nearly all of the other Negro fighters of any pretence to class.

* * *

IN the past, your Negro battler felt that he had to cater to the white customers, and that the white customers looked for a clown complex in every brown scrapper. As a result, your Negro boxer very often was a mimic, a man of antics, an actor. You will find this true in baseball as well as in boxing.

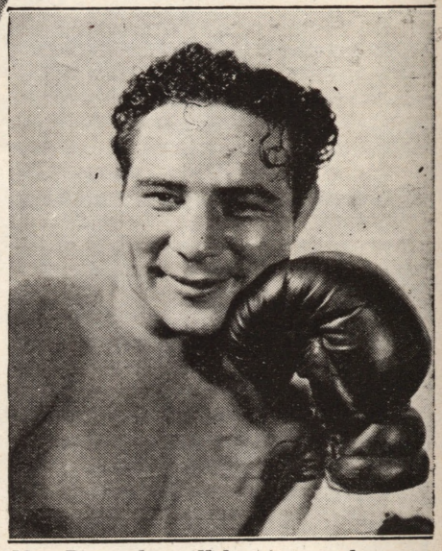
But Louis does not exhibit that trait because he is not constructed mentally for frolic in the ring.

He seems to be a Negro fighter with a race mission—the winning of the heavyweight title. Can he muster enough ability, can he develop anything more through experience which will align him toward that goal? Has he got it? Can he really take it? Can he dish it out enough to organize a real campaign? These are the queries asked by sports fans, and some of them were answered in no uncertain terms by Louis when he fought Carnera.

Louis is a Negro fighter with a family mission—the winning of a sufficient sum of money to make the Barrow clan—the Brooks clan—in Detroit independent of vicissitudes of fortune and time.

You gaze upon the moon face, the dead pan, of this Negro who is called Joe Louis, and you wonder if he possesses the so called killer instinct, which we maintain is lacking in so many of the fighters who pass for killers in the squared circle.

You are sure that Louis does not possess the instinct to cut and rip and hurt, until you see his eyes narow to tiny slits, and then you know. He exhibited that trait against Carnera. You know that he can hurt, that he wants to hurt, that he has the instincts of a fighter, with the brute urge to hurt and slash—if he is hurt and slashed or roughed.



Max Baer who will be given a chance to come back in an elimination fight with the Louis-Schmeling winner, if such a bout takes place.

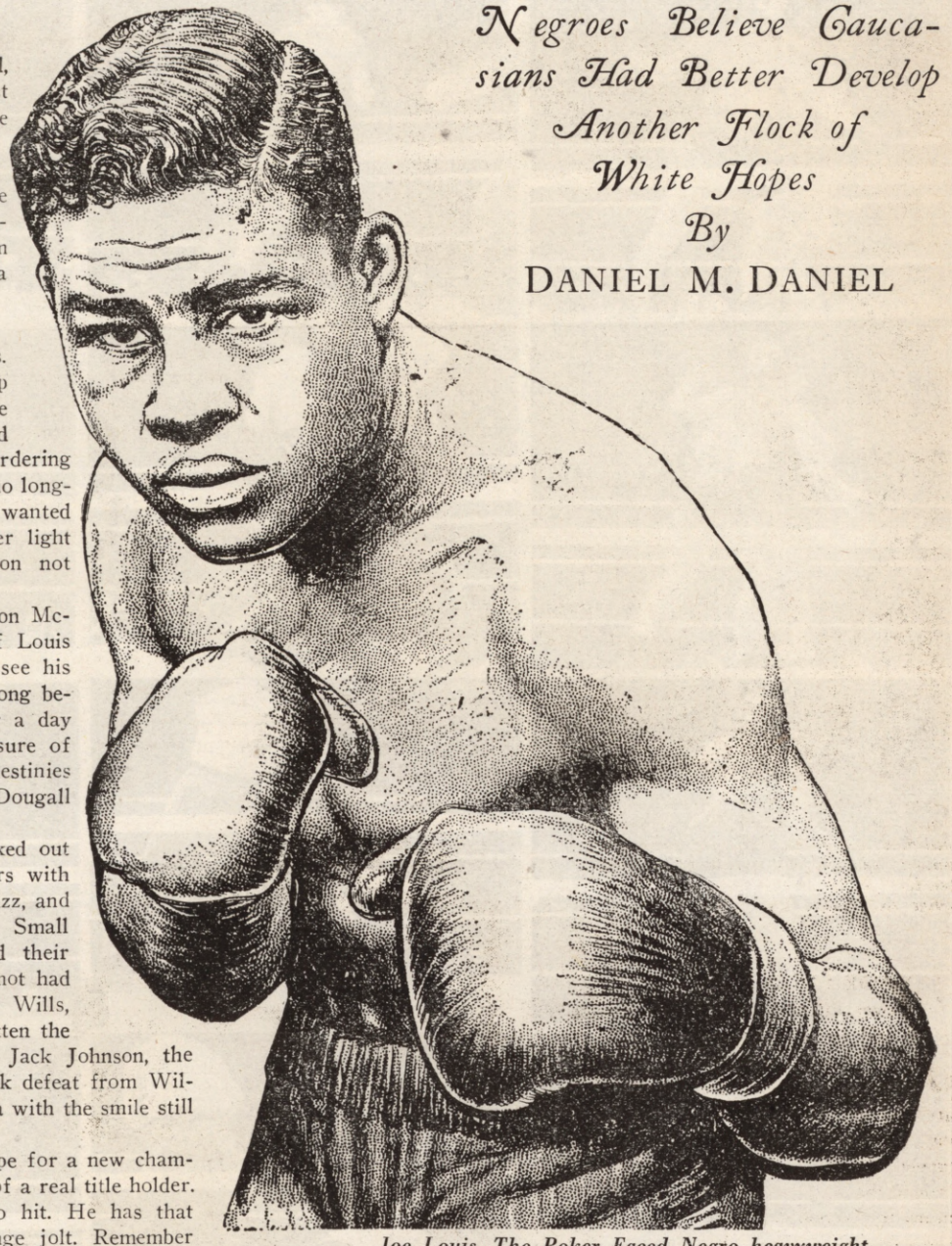
Let us go into the background of this black battler. He was born Joseph Louis Barrow, son of a cotton picker down in Alabama. His family lived in poverty. His dad died when he was quite young. There were many mouths to feed in the Barrow

Mauler with Mission

Negroes Believe Caucasians Had Better Develop Another Flock of White Hopes

By

DANIEL M. DANIEL



Joe Louis, The Poker Faced Negro heavyweight sensation.

family—a difficult task.

Eventually Mrs. Barrow re-married, to a man by the name of Brooks. Just before Joe got the Carnera match, he bought his ma a house on McDougal Street in the Negro section of Detroit. There the writer glimpsed the whole clan, brothers and sisters, in an atmosphere certainly far removed from the cotton picker's hut on that Alabama farm.

* * *

A GRAND piano for the girls. A radio, none of your cheap kind, for all of them. Carpets on the floor, easy chairs in which to sit, good pictures on the wall, an air of ease bordering on soft complacency. Ma saying she no longer worried about Joe. Joe saying he wanted to do all he could for ma, a rather light complected, somewhat buxom matron not without looks.

The crowds in front of the house on McDougall Street, the amazed stare of Louis when he came into the sunlight to see his neighbors waiting for him. Not so long before that, he had been a five dollar a day laborer in the Ford plant, not so sure of daily work, wondering where his destinies lay. Now the new house on the McDougall street corner!

Small wonder, then, that Joe walked out of his mansion to face the neighbors with wonderment stamped on his sepia phizz, and no doubt thankfulness in his heart. Small wonder that the neighbors shouted their eager banzais, as the negroes have not had a formidable contender since Harry Wills, such as he was, and have not forgotten the glories of the reign of Good King Jack Johnson, the smiling, laughing champion, who took defeat from Willard in that sun baked ring in Havana with the smile still on his face.

Small wonder that the Negroes hope for a new champion in Louis, who has the makings of a real title holder.

This Louis person knows how to hit. He has that knack of hurting with a short range jolt. Remember Langford? He had that trick. I have in mind a fight he had in the old Garden with Kid Norfolk, another Negro. The Kid was not a bad fighter, and Langford was on the downgrade. Langford hit him with a short right that did not travel six inches.

In fact, 't was the punch invisible. Some of the ringside experts did 'not see it, and said that Norfolk had taken a dive into the tank.

Well, Louis can hit short and hard. He can step around. And his boxing education has been sound, as against the forced hot house method which had to be employed by Carnera, and resulted in Primo's defeat.

Louis is a product of the old school of fighting. By that I mean he is not a disciple of the new gymnasium cult.

Let me explain. Years ago most of our fighters came out of the streets. They were scrappy kids of their blocks, the battlers of their villages, the tough birds, most of them, of their own particular sections. They became fighters by fighting. They liked to fight. They were not in the game for the mere money, though that was a big consideration too often pitifully met. But they were tough kids, to begin with, and they usually stayed tough.

The modern era brought what I call the synthetic fighter. He was a nice Nellie on his block. He did not like to fight. He was not tough. He developed boxing skill in a gymnasium, or a settlement house. He went into fighting solely for the dough, and did not LIKE TO FIGHT.

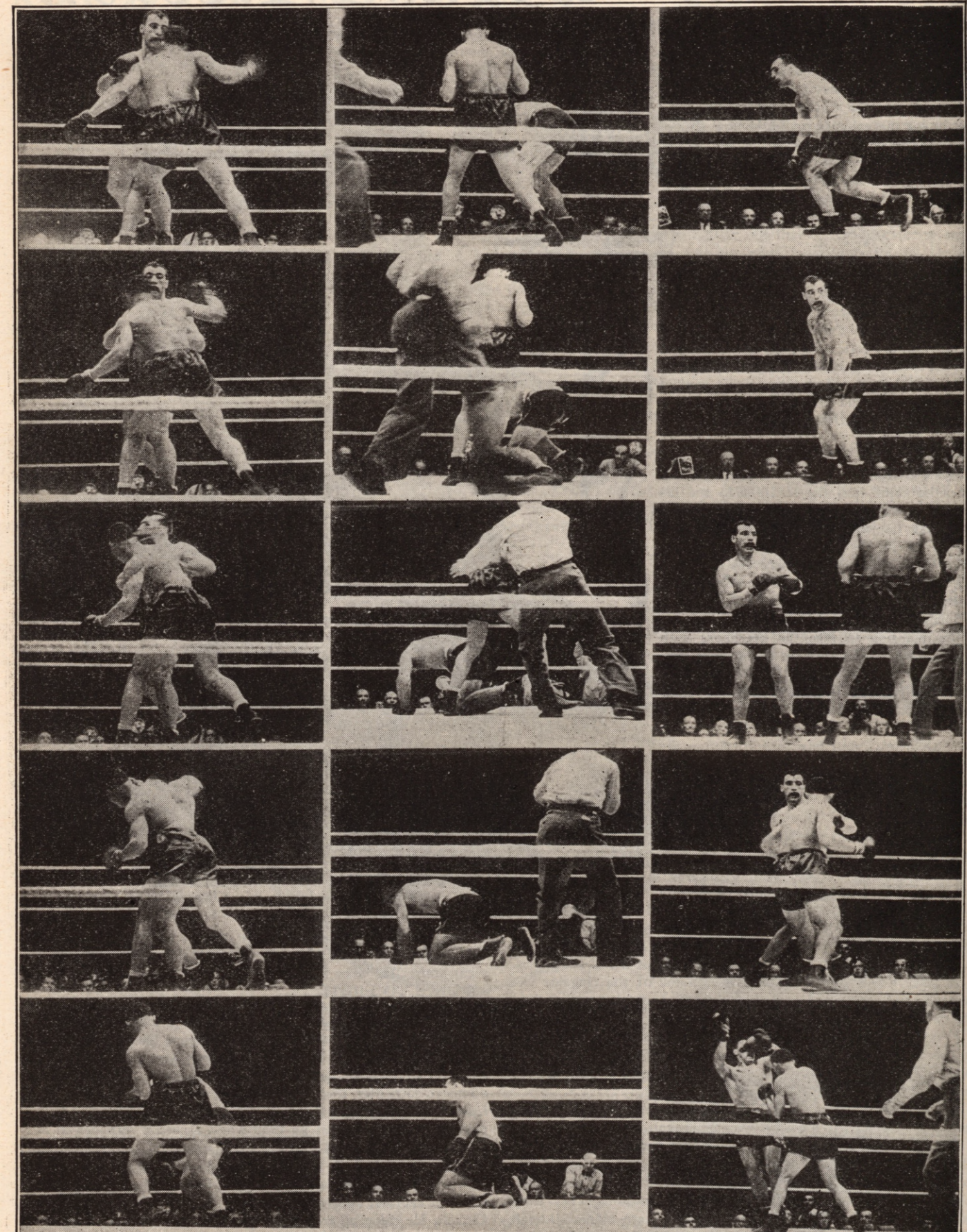
* * *

FOR example, I do not think that Ross and McLarnin like to fight. I do not believe that Carnera likes to fight. Jack Sharkey hated the game. Carnera was a product of a freak situation developed by his freak physique. He was an inoffensive carpenter, then an inoffensive employe of a circus, when Leon See spied him and saw the big chance to capitalize on his physical makeup. But at no time was Carnera a scrapper in our true sense of the word.

Louis does not look it, but he likes to fight. I believe he likes to hurt. He has the instincts of the fighter. He was no tough guy, but he took no great amount of lip in the Negro section of Detroit. He came up from the streets. He was rushed along fast, but this is the era of hot house forming of everything from grapes to fighters.

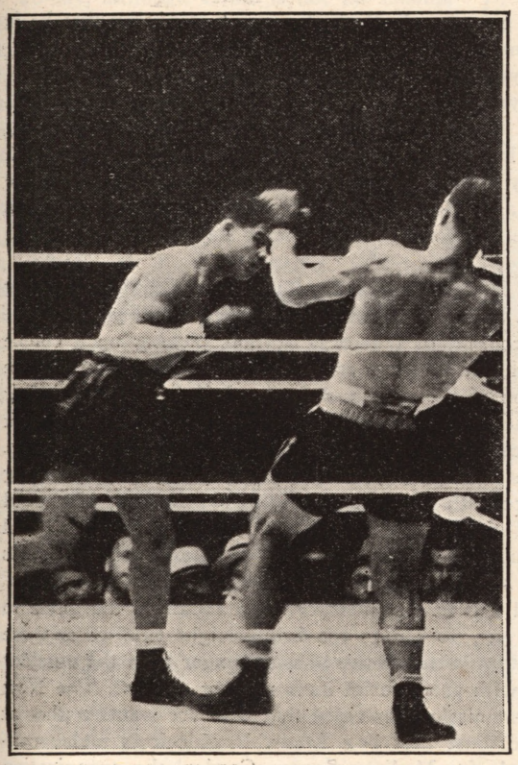
I will not forget the night they *(Continued on page 44)*

The HISTORIC SIXTH!

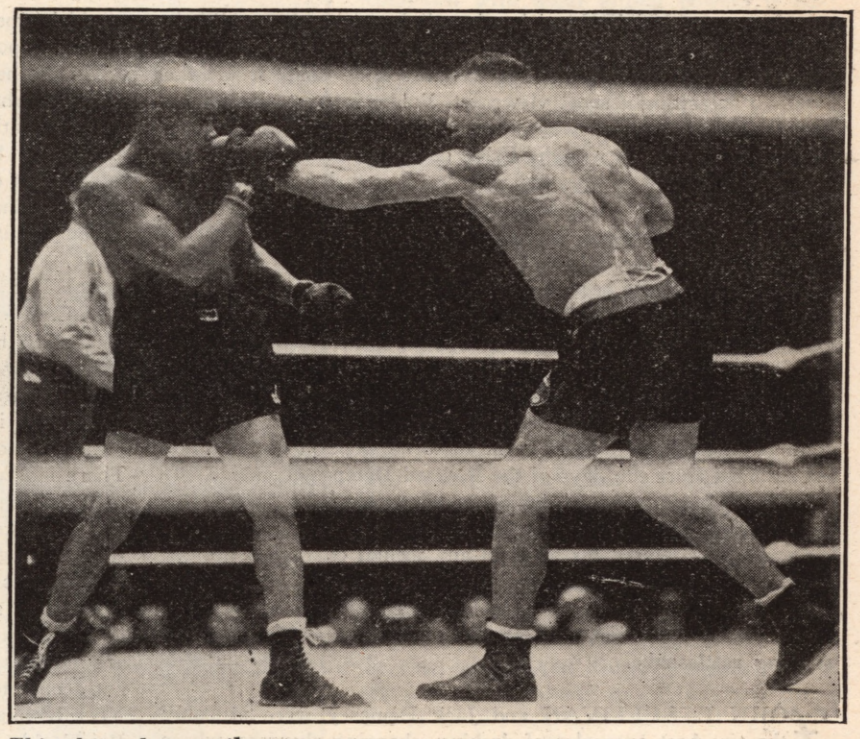


Here is what the camera's magic eye recorded in the round that ended Carnera's fistic career. From top to bottom, first row: 1—Louis preparing to crash that looping right to the jaw. 2—Primo senses the danger. 3—Crash! Right on the jaw! 4—The blow spins Primo around. 5—He is on his way down. Middle row: 6—Going! Going! 7—Gone! Sprawled on all fours. 8—Primo falls to canvas again after he has gotten on his knees. 9—Primo begins to rise. 10—The Game Italian struggles to his knees. Right: 11—He can barely get to his feet. 12—Bewildered, like a cornered animal, he faces his foe. 13—Mouth agape, he spars off. 14—Joe closes in, right hand cocked, ready for the coup de grace. 15—Another smash to the head and down Primo goes for a second count.

Flashes Not to be Forgotten

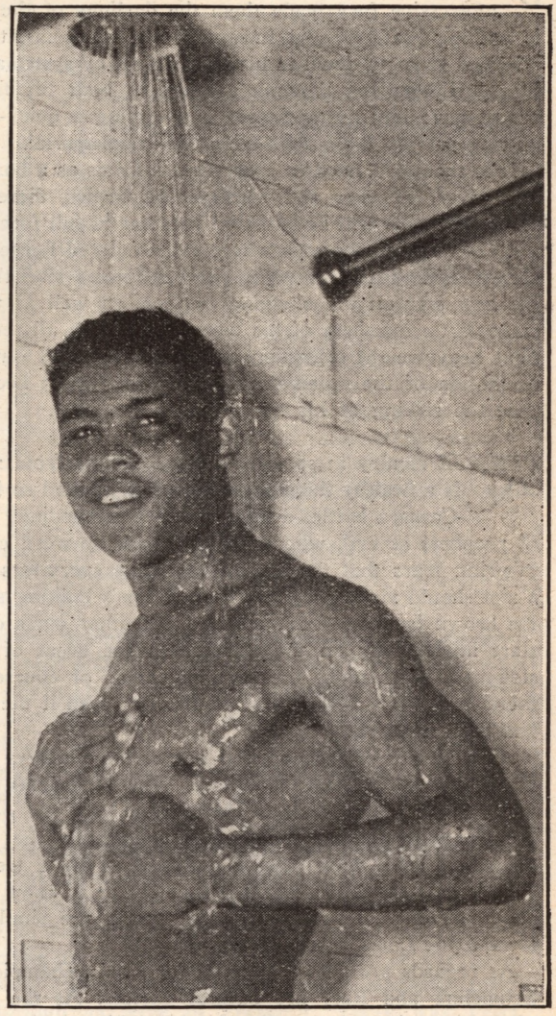


The killer instinct. Note how Louis, methodically, is crowding Primo and forcing an opening for a telling blow.



This shows how easily Joe defended himself by warding off Primo's straight left.

Dejected, the Fallen Tower of Pisa sits in his dressing room. What price Glory?



One of the few times that Poker Face Joe smiled. Without a mark on him, he is taking a shower.

What Now Among

A CHEERY spirit of optimism pervades pugilistic circles these days as to the future of the fine art of fisticuffs, both commercially and from the straight sport viewpoint. Public interest was stimulated by the recent transference of the heavyweight crown from the brows of Max Baer to the Celtic dome of James J. Braddock, not that the battle in question was at all a thrilling affair, but because, firstly, the underdog won, and secondly because of a certain romantic glamor that always hovers round the head of the possessor of the blue ribbon of the ring.

Then right on the heels of that betting upset, came Joe Louis of Detroit, invested by sport scribes with the significant sobriquet of "the Brown Bomber," to make his New York debut by bumping Primo Carnera clean out of the picture in six rounds. And that was just the extra dose of glamour needed to set the public pulse beating faster than ever, start a boxing boom likely to continue indefinitely and raise promotorial hopes to an altitude not attained since the days of the Rickard-Dempsey combine.

To Louis belongs the magnetic box office appeal that has always distinguished the fighters of lethal hitting powers. Countless writers have analyzed his physical and mental characteristics for the benefit of knowledge-hungry fight fans, until the whole sport-world is aware that he is as coldly unemotional as a marble statue, when in action, and at the same time as deadly as a striking rattlesnake.

* * *

JOHN L. SULLIVAN and Jack Dempsey were probably the two best examples of dashing, charging sluggers, whose aggressive fury made them the darlings of the mob. There is nothing headlong and furious about Joe Louis, the man who trimmed Carnera down to his own weight by systematic, scientific glove-drilling; but dynamite lurked in both his fists, and the crowd gave him the acclamation deserving a quick-kill puncher, as ring patrons have done from time immemorial.

It is therefore, hard to overestimate Louis as a box office asset. Whenever, whoever and wherever he battles, there the seekers for fistic thrills will be gathered together in full force, for, as has not always been the case where great colored fighters were concerned, a multitude of white fistic followers sing the praises of the new star on the slugging horizon, as well as the naturally enthusiastic members of his own race. These all see him as the next heavyweight champion, and hence the rosy outlook for the promotion of the elimination bouts which must necessarily precede the risking of his title by Jim Braddock.

* * *

RACE rivalry in sports, as quite distinct from racial hatred, is a healthy thing for athletics. It proved so in the Louis-Carnera battle, despite the dire forebodings of a number of prophets of evil, who expressed, both by word of mouth and in print, fears that the Italian-American spectators would stage a riot should victory not perch on Primo's hulking shoulders and the brown brothers from Harlem and other parts of the U. S., start immediately on the warpath in the event of Louis being sloughed. Nothing of the sort happened, of course, nor would there have been a likelihood of disorder even if the world's title had been involved.

As a matter of fact, colored boxers have always been sure of an even break in New York city. When Joe Gans, Joe Wolcott and George Dixon were in their prime, any one of them could pack capacity houses in Gotham, nor have the dark-skinned gladiators since their time complained of their treatment here. This is as it should be, and it is satisfactory to know that in many other portions of the country the sports are similarly tolerant toward Joe Louis' rise to fame.

As regards prospective foemen for Louis, champion Braddock, Schmeling and Baer are natural choices. At the present time of writing, thanks to political wire-pulling and entangled promotorial interests, any prediction concerning his next opponent would be mere guess-work, the only sure thing being that he is far too important to fear being sidetracked.

Yet the heavyweight situation as it stands is a decided mixup, although whatever way the elusive cat jumps, the customers will see elimination battles that should be well worth looking at. Louis will be kept busy at his trade, for the young colored warrior not only likes the game, but believes in making hay while the sun shines, and is also fully aware that frequent scrapping is the only reliable way for a milling cove to stay fit and at his best.

* * *

WHILE he is signed with the Twentieth Century Sporting Club for a bout in September, the interval will probably see him, with the consent of that organization, picking up a couple of purses by fights in Chicago and elsewhere. Unquestionably the biggest sensation of the ring to-day, the fight addicts are crazy to see him in action against anyone, nor will there be any lack of talent to oppose him, even though it be not of top-notch calibre. There is always some tough, ambitious pugilistic aspirant willing to take a chance with the best of 'em, to say nothing of proved veterans like Tommy Loughran, King Levinsky, etc., who will try anything once, where the money is good, and nobody doubts the richness of a gate, when Louis heads the bill!

We have said that he is too important a factor in the game to be sidetracked, yet, so far as the heavyweight title goes, there are indications that he may have to wait longer than the outsider not acquainted with promotorial tactics might suppose. The New York boxing commission has ruled that whoever wants a shot at Braddock's title must first box Louis. Braddock is under contract to fight only for Madison Square Garden, the organization to which he owes his present eminence, gained by his victory over Max Baer.

A match between Braddock and Louis might result in the title again changing hands. Which would mean that for the first time since it became a ruler of fistic destinies, the Garden would be left without a contract with the existing heavyweight champion, as Louis is controlled by Mike Jacob's Twentieth Century Club.

It does not require the intelligence of a Sherlock Holmes to deduct that the Garden powers will utilize considerable strategy to avoid such an untoward contingency as losing their grip upon the services of the reigning heavyweight monarch. The New York commission will not allow Max Schmeling to fight Braddock before he eliminates Louis, and Schmeling is the man the garden wants for Braddock under its jurisdiction. And the Garden executives, sidestepping Louis, would provide a title defense engagement for their man Braddock, even if they have to stage such an encounter outside of the Empire State.

* * *

THAT the indoor boxing game will benefit greatly by the sudden splurge of public interest in fistic stocks will be demonstrated when that season opens. Oldtimers remember how the winning of the world's heavyweight championship from Jeffries by Jack Johnson in 1910 resulted in the crusade for a White Hope capable of dethroning Jack. Elimination tourneys were staged all over the map, with ambitious young heavies appearing in packs for tryouts, and New York naturally the great rallying point for the bruisers.

Plenty of earnest slugging came out of this deal, but only two men with class-pretensions were developed, in the persons of Luther McCarty and Jess Willard. The former's career ended tragically and early. He died in a ring in Calgary, Alta., during the first round of a bout with Arthur Pelky, eight minutes after receiving an apparently light blow to the head, delivered in a clinch. The coroner's jury decided that death was due to a brain-hemorrhage, probably caused by a previous injury, and exonerated Pelky, the seconds, and club executives.

Willard went on to take the title from Johnson at Havana, Cuba, April 5, 1915, when the colored man was counted out in the twenty-sixth round.

the Heavies?

By GEORGE T. PARDY

To-day, although Louis is not the champ, the question of whether a man can be found to beat him is discussed wherever the fight fans gather for a gabfest, with as feverish a zest as the problem of providing a fitting opponent for Jack Johnson was argued over during the latter's reign.

* * *

THE conclusion usually reached in the Joe Louis controversies, is that there is nobody in sight excepting Braddock, Schmeling and Baer, who has a Chinaman's chance with the dusky battler. Yet one never knows when some youngster as formidable as Louis may leap into the spotlight. Max Baer's younger brother, Buddy, an imposing giant who can hit with sledge-hammer force, is a likely-looking entry for high honors, but no fighters of class are listed in the pretty numerous string of knockouts he has accumulated since Max put him in the game.

Buddy appeared in a prelim to the Louis-Carnera affair and demonstrated the power of his punch by knocking Frank Wotanski cold with a terrific right behind the ear. The result only proved what the experts already knew, that Buddy could wallop effectively, as the luckless Wotanski was a pretty terrible excuse for a pug, anyway.

In another preliminary, Jorge Brescia, former amateur champion of South America, also showed that he packed a vicious sock-dolager by stowing Andy Wallace away for the full count with a savage right cross squarely on the chin in the second frame. Abe Simon, scaling 254 pounds, scored another knockout at the expense of Chris Karchi in less than a round; and Heinz Kohlhass performed a similar service for Nick Juliano, with a resounding right on the jaw-point.

Here then, were four scrappy youths, every one of whom possessed at least one of a fighter's most important assets, the ability to sock an opponent into dreamland. You've got to concede the possibility that any ambitious lad with a fighting heart and a hard wallop may get somewhere in the game of hit, stop and get away, and there are many such aspirants for fame pugilistic delivering swift kayo punches nightly in the far-flung rings of the U. S.

* * *

Buddy Baer, brother of former champion, who is best heavyweight prospect among white boys. He may be called upon a year or two from now as the white hope, should Louis win the title.

JUST a few weeks ago a youth named Davis, hitherto considered merely a good run-of-the-mine mauler, made an unexpected bid for big-time billing by winning a technical knockout over Art Lasky. Nor was it a fluke win, for the young 'un gave Art a very thorough shellacking.

It wasn't so long ago that Lasky was being built up as a heavyweight title contender, but lost his chance, when the present champ upset the fistic dope entirely by decisively defeating Art.

The point is that it's the unexpected that's continually happening in the ranks of slugdom. You never know when the obscure scrapper of to-day may turn out to be to-morrow's big fistic sensation. The large part that chance plays in the making of successful pugilists is one of the principal reasons why the game never loses its fascination for patrons. There may be yet another Joe Louis in the making right now, although his type of fighting cleverness, combined with usual hitting powers is admittedly all too rare.

* * *

FEW fighters have had such unanimous testimonials from the experts to his fighting ability as the press columns lavished on Louis after he whipped Carnera. The only note of near-dissent came from a few hypercritical doubting Thomases, who insisted that Joe had yet to prove that he could "Take It!"

Well, Louis didn't have to take it, he was far too shifty and discreet a glove artist to let a single punch land on him that could be blocked or avoided. In his early amateur days he was made the recipient of severe punishment, before getting home with kayo punches that effectually closed all arguments as to who would win. He has said that he took more battering in his first ring appearance than in any other, and on that momentous occasion, got up off the floor to level his man.

As time went on he developed the skill that kept him from a close acquaintance with the ring canvas, and learned to guard himself with the uncannily subtle judgment that was to foil the aggressive tactics of many an earnest slugger. The fighter equipped by Nature with a first-class thinking medium is never guilty of the supreme silliness of deliberately accepting a punch from an opponent, just to prove his durability, or show that he is "dead game." And if this chap Louis is handicapped by any concealed short-comings as a man of his hands, it's a grand against a lead nickel that lack of brains isn't one of them.

The late W. O. McGeehan was wont to relate, how, when he was visiting Max Baer in the latter's dressing-room, as the future champ made his New York debut against Tommy Loughran in 1931, Max banged his head upon a radiator-pipe with cheerful unconcern, so as to show the sports writer how insensible he was to pain or punishment. McGeehan was not awed, or even favorably impressed, his comment simply being that "a man who would treat his headpiece in such fashion, must have little brains to damage!"

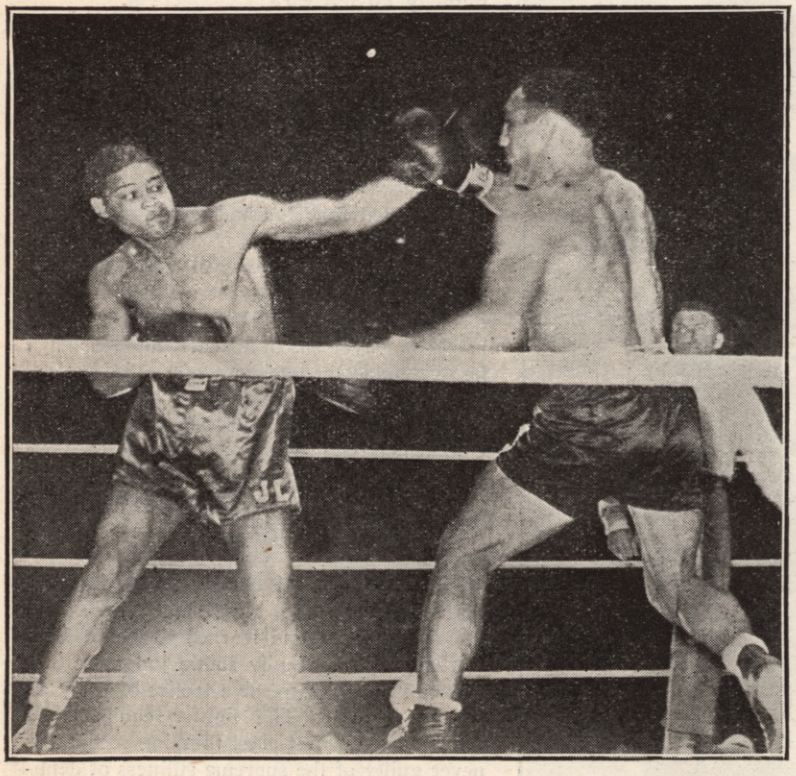
* * *

BY no possible strain of the imagination could anyone conceive Joe Louis pulling such an illogical showoff trick. The colored man's solemn, business-like temperament would probably lead him to pronounce an action of that kind as the irresponsible freak of a lunatic.

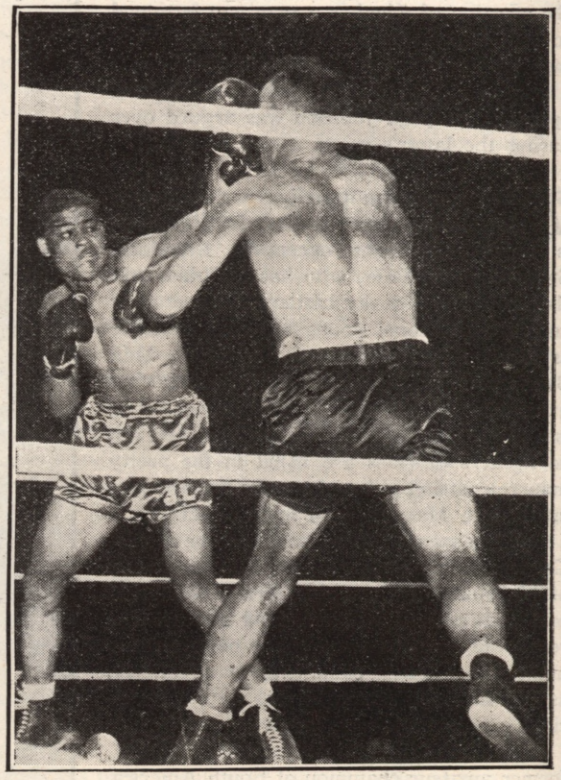
But the temperament of the two noted fighters are as far apart as the North and South poles. Max is cursed, or maybe blessed, accordingly as you look at it, with a boyish exuberance of spirits possessed by few adults, either in or out of the fighting profession. He's the kind that never grows old, whereas one is inclined to think, judging from his impenetrable gravity, that Louis developed adult mentality in his cradle.

When you come to consider the matter, none of the great Negro Queensbury fighters was of the rushing, slugging, take-three-punches-to-land-one type of gladiator. There was Peter Jackson, Joe Gans, George Dixon, *(Continued on page 64)*

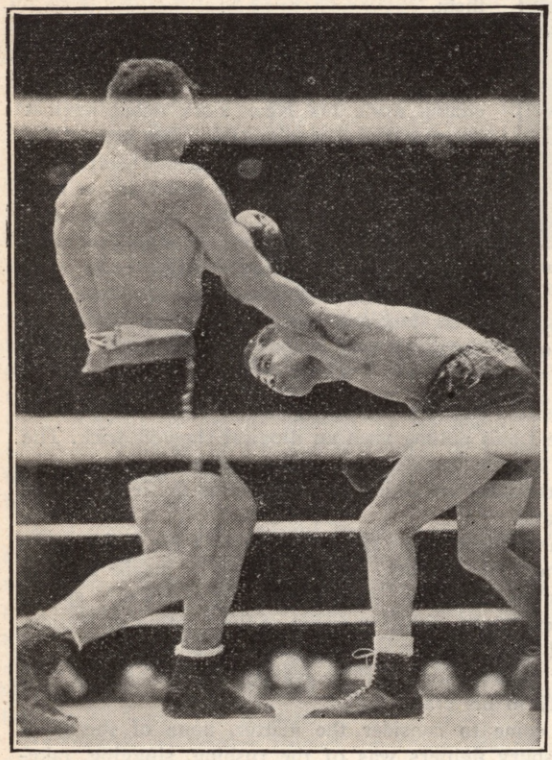
The END *of a* PERFECT



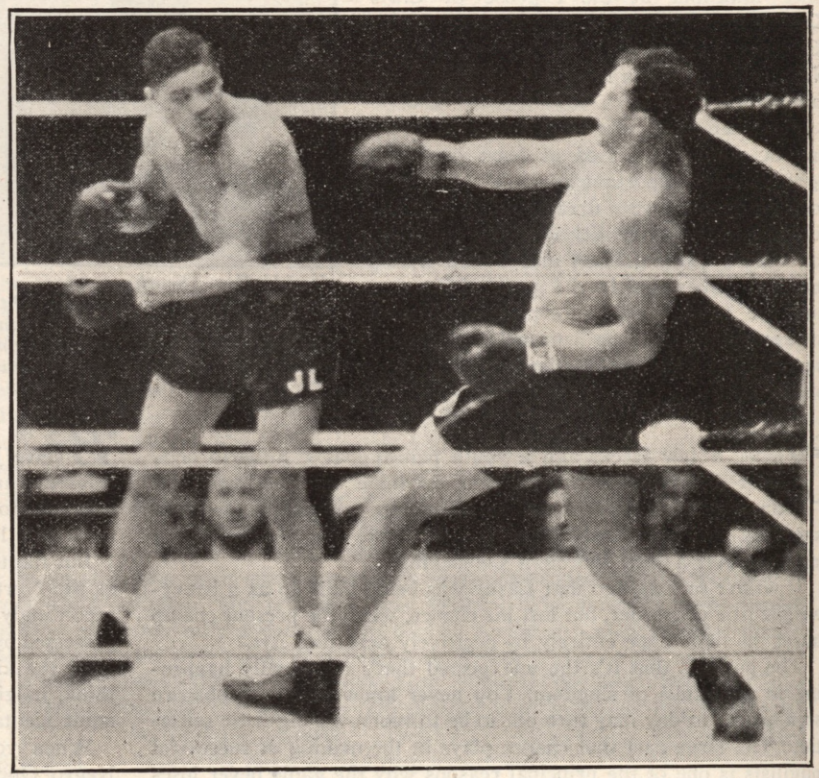
Right hand cocked, Louis, determination written all over his face, throws off Carnera's lead and is ready to apply the crusher. Note his shoulders.



Carnera, blocking a looding left, counters with a left to the chest of his aggressive opponent.

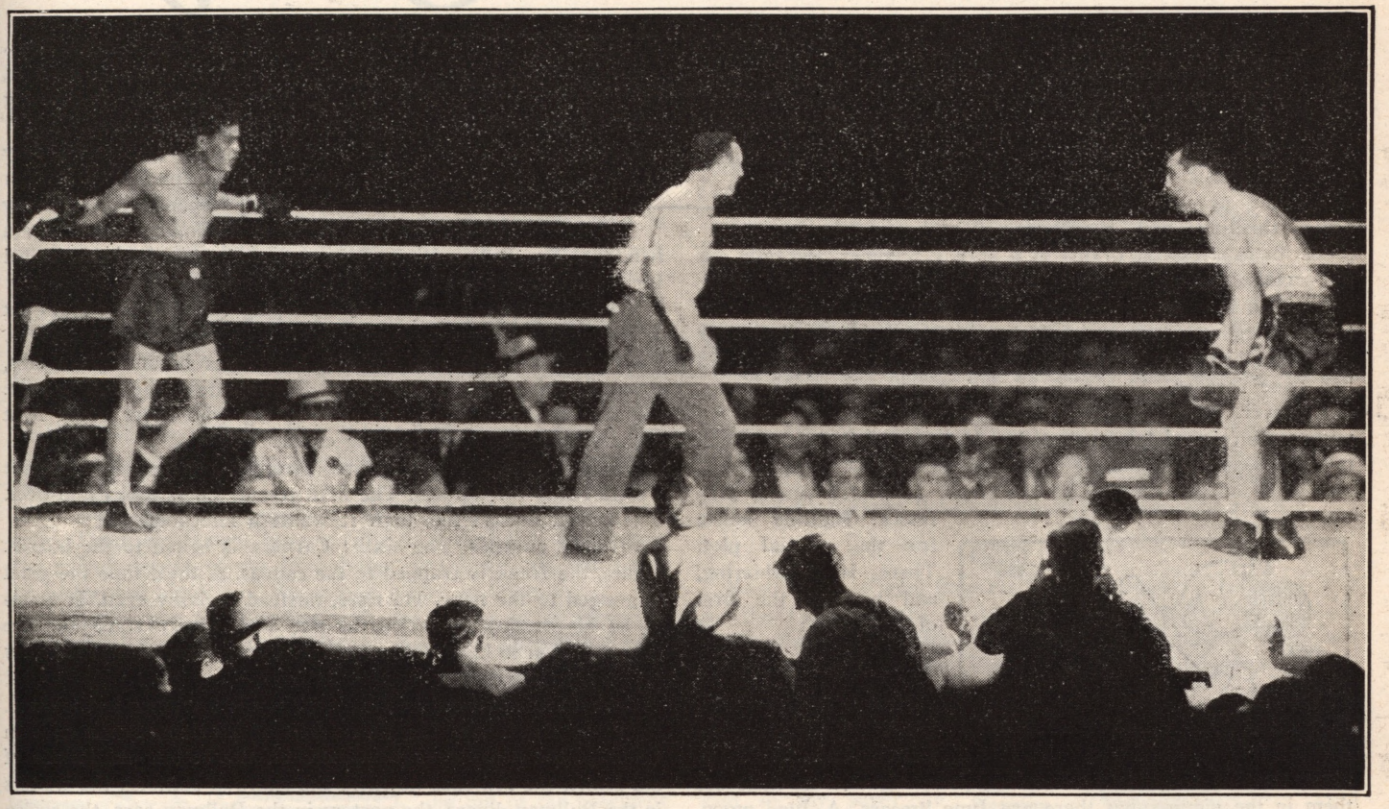


Joe, using the Jeffries and Dempsey crouch, is attempting to bring Carnera down to Joe's size. Louis has his right ready for a shot to the body.

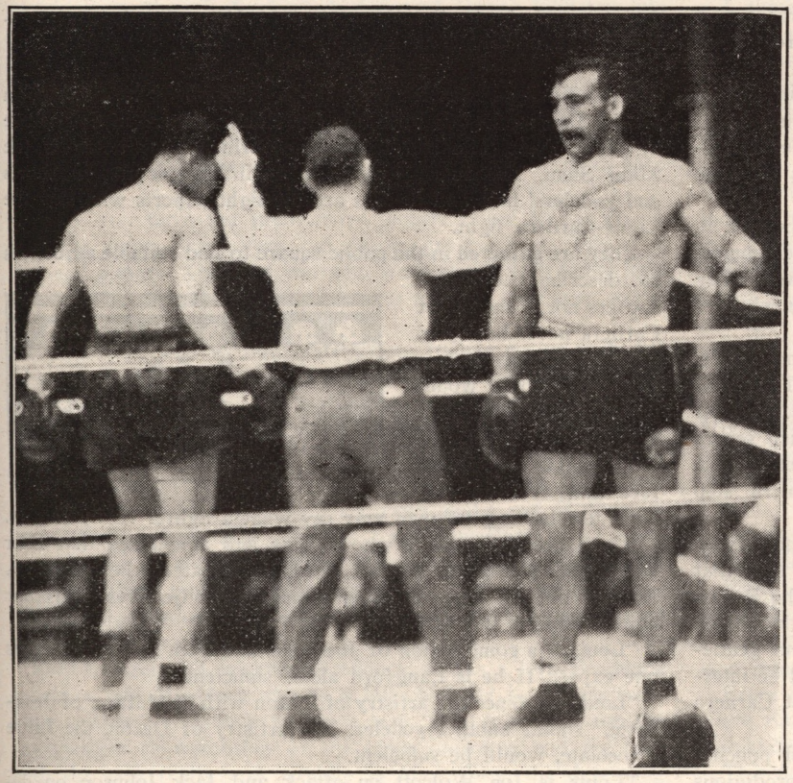


This photo shows perfect balance on the part of Louis. Note how he retains his position after having hooked his left to Carnera's jaw. Not many fighters can do that.

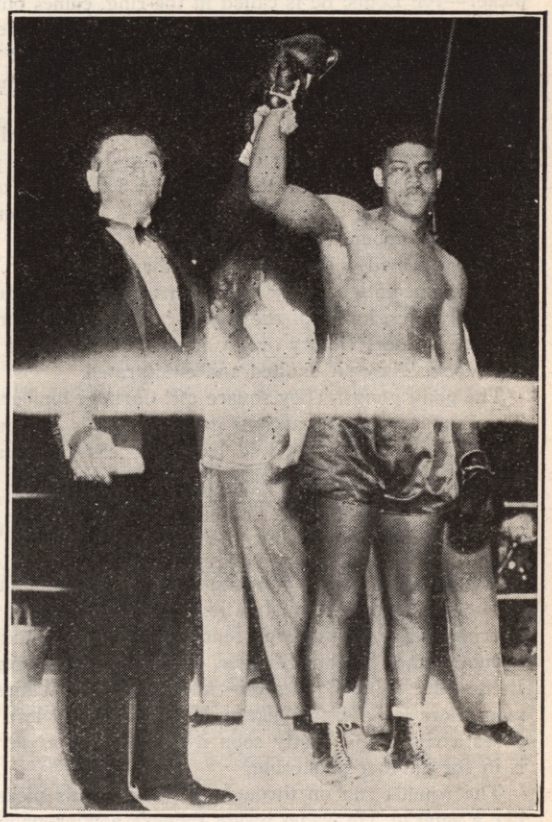
NIGHT *for* JOE LOUIS



The final effort of Primo to face his Tiger foe. Here we see Referee Arthur Donovan, who did a good job, walking towards the Man Mountain to halt the bout, while Louis, calm, without a quiver, looks on.



Referee Donovan, seeing Carnera helpless and holding on to the ropes, waves Louis to his corner and halts the contest.



The W-i-n-n-a-h, Joe Louis. Jack Blackburne, Joe's teacher, is in the center.

The RING'S

Louis, Carnera, Braddock, Baer stand out in fistic potpourri on the screen of the filming reporter.

A BIG show awaits us. Recent developments in the fistic world crowd our screen and fill our auditorium with mad music. From coast to coast, and across the Atlantic, come thrilling and throbbing scenarios to stress the drama of a brawly Summer, and hold out the promise of even more interesting things to come.

A grand show beckons. Heavies and lighter fighters contribute to the gorgeous pageantry which will flicker across the silver sheet and bring back the glories of the days which men said had gone forever.

However, there is much to be done and much to be seen. So, with a fanfare of trumpets and a blowing of bugles, we will take our seats in the theatre of the fist, sit back with expectation, and wait for the flashing of the show. A wilder tempo, professor. Battling music for the martial plot. There is a whirring, and we see the first of our films:

* * *

New York — Joe Louis Knocks Out Primo Carnera. It is night time in the Yankee Stadium. June night. You can't see them in the picture, but there are June breezes. A June moon, with June bugs and June brides and nearly $300,000 in the house, under the auspices of Sir Michael Jacobs, Bart.

Joseph Louis Barrow, Detroit son of an Alabama cotton picker—Joe Louis, he is called in the ring, comes out to do battle with Primo Carnera, son of a gondolier from Venice, who is called just plain Primo in the ring. This is the same Carnera who was belted to a frazzle by Max Baer, whom you may remember as a promising heavyweight from California.

Barrow is sepian. The Brown Bomber, they call him in the quaint argot of the fistic experts. Note Joe in the picture as he comes to the centre of the ring with Da Prime to get his instructions. There is no doubt that Joe is brown. Let us see if he is a real bomber.

In the crowd there are many other brown men. They sit in gleeful expectation. They see visions of another black champion, they feel the glories of the days of Jack Johnson revived. They glimpse a Louis victory over Carnera, then a Louis triumph over Braddock. They sit exalted and exhilarated.

The gong gongs. They square off. Carnera lumbers and shoves. The Bomber plays a cautious game. He feels him out. The Giant from Gargantua pushes and leers. He essays a punch, he tries a swing. He shoves forward a ponderous gondola which serves him for a shoe, but Joe moves adroitly from the menace of a crushed toe. He has been warned not to let Carnera step on his dogs.

They move around. The June moon snickers, but nobody in the house is paying any attention to the June moon, not even that adoring couple in the back seat of the grand stand. The Brown Bomber, the Sepian Slugger, the Negro Nudger, the Black Belter, the Dark Dynamiter—take your pick, ladies and gentlemen, there is no extra charge, Louis crashes a left and he interposes a right, and pretty soon it becomes apparent that Carnera is in for another plastering.

The rounds run on through our film. Louis picks off punches like a veteran. He wades inside Primo's ponderous and prodigious swings, like a thirsty patron coming through the swinging doors of a saloon for a quick beer. Louis comes in and takes his beer, and Primo thinks he is crossing the Adriatic in a storm.

The storm grows in its fury and intensity. The Brown Bomber belts the Italian like a hungry transient walloping a rug for a handout. The Italian is about as resistant as a rug being belted for a handout. It is very annoying to Primo.

While the Sepian Slugger is walloping the Venetian blind, let us watch Louis closely. Never a smile on his face. Imperturbable. Cold. As he wades into Primo, Joe's eyes become little slits, through which peers the spirit of determination, the will to hurt. Carnera is just a big, good natured lug who never could fight and never should have left the circus.

Straight punches. They hurt. Straight punches. They leave Primo ready for the kill. The fifth round. Louis looks him over. The crowd doesn't like that. It wants a knockout.

Straight punches. The sixth! Carnera is belted to the boards. Again, the freak is frapped to the canvas. A third time the giant is gouged to the floor. He rises, unsteady, glassy eyed. It seems to be his destiny, unvaried, to rise with glassy stare and the determination to have no more of it. Carnera mumbles to Arthur Donovan, the referee. Soon it is over.

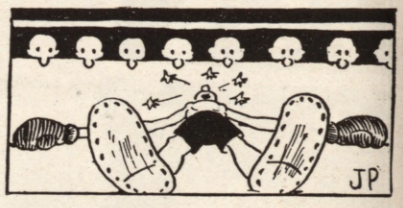
Carnera knocked out in the sixth! Louis a winner in the sixth. Bring on Braddock. The Black Belt of Harlem, South Side in Chicago, the negro tenant farmers on the cotton plantations of old Dixie, the red caps down in the railroad stations, the waiters in the Pullman diners, the porters in the Pullman cars, the sepian elevator runners and the negroes from Tahiti to San Juan Hill in New York rise up and shout, "Jordan River."

'Tis a race liberated, you would think. This Detroit negro went into the ring with a mission. He performed what he set out to do, and now awaits the chance to go on with his fistic destiny, perhaps to the championship. More music, professor. Let us have "Old Man River."

* * *

New York—Fight Experts Seek Adjectives to Fasten on Louis. You see in this little film the Public Square in the village of New York. The broad boulevard which runs north is the Main Stem. The funny looking birds in the picture, in shorts and yodelers' hats and blouses are the fight experts who saw the Louis-Carnera fight.

They are gathered in the public square to find suitable adjectives to describe Louis. It matters not to them that Carnera never hurt Joe, and that nobody knows yet what Louis would do if somebody mashed his lips and sent the blood trickling down his face and over an eye. That test lacking, no man may say what a fighter really can do.



These are the experts who a year ago announced that Baer was the ne plus ultra, the last word, the greatest, the inimitable. But we live by superlatives and thrive on adjectives. It is our human fodder and folly.

"Louis is a combination of Joe Gans and Sam Langford," says one expert. If he is Langford alone, sufficient.

"Louis combines the artistry of Dixon with the hitting of Jeannette," shouts another yodeler. The artistry of Dixon, the Little Chocolate, would be sufficient.

"Louis is Joe Wolcott on attack and Jack Johnson on defense," screams another, who never saw Wolcott and never

GLOBE TROTTER

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

glimpsed Johnson. The fighting spirit of Wolcott would be enough.

The truth of it is that Joe Louis is Joe Louis and nobody else. He is a fine fighter in his own right.

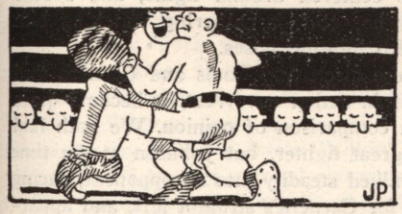
* * *

New York—Braddock Takes Title From Baer. Ah, here is the classic fight film of all time. In so far as technical class is concerned, you will find it somewhat deficient. It has nothing of the ferocious quality which you saw stressed in the Louis-Carnera picture. It lacks the skillful demonstration of titular combat. You will see none of the drama of the Baer-Carnera imbroglio. You will see hardly anything to arouse your aggressive sensibilities, or urge your heart to pump a bit faster.

In short, the management wishes to warn you that this Baer-Braddock film is a flop and a phoney and about as dead and zestless a picture as ever has been taken of a championship fight.

But there are other qualities which make this film worth while. There are human factors. The drama of the unexpected. The grand theatre of the biter bitten, the down and out risen, the under dog victorious, the second placer in front.

Of course, you are familiar with the picture as it presented itself before the fight. Baer rampant, Baer the playboy a 6 to 1 favorite. Braddock, loser of twenty-four fights, going into the ring merely for cakes and coffee. Braddock just off relief, Braddock's family just rising out of the basement apartment into which it had been driven by adversity.



Braddock fighting Baer only because of certain party lines in boxing which tossed Jimmy Johnston into a cul de sac and left him with no other opponent for Baer—and Baer demanding a fight or a release from his contract.

In other words, when the bell rang for the Baer-Braddock fight, the outlook for a real contest was as slim as a cat's whisker, and Braddock's chances were fancied only by those who had a hunch rather than anything tangible on which to base their dream.

There you have the preliminary picture. Now let us go on with the fight. Some very sad music, professor, as this is a very sad picture. Those of you who were at the fight know how poor an exhibition it was. The pictures make it look even worse than the fight really was.

It might be well to skip quite a few rounds, as we will not miss them. Ah, it is the old playboy himself. He goes along, round after round, like a policeman patrolling a very quiet neighborhood. He grins and he laughs and he slaps, and stutters fistically.

The customers look on in amazement. Examine the blank stares of the paying guests. They can't make out if Baer is drunk, or the fight is a fake, or they themselves aren't quite in possession of all their buttons. It is very baffling, and nobody is more baffled than the fistic experts as they sit at the ringside and wonder what the folks will say about those predictions of "an early knockout."

Baer traipses and snickers. Braddock shoves a left. Braddock shoves a left. Braddock shoves a left. Nobody is getting hurt. Baer snickers. Braddock pushes a left. This is a fight for the heavyweight championship of the entire universe and the bird with the grin really and actually is Max Baer, the defending champion.

It is not a four round exhibition in Waterloo, Iowa, but a fifteen round battle, at championship prices, in the Garden's big saucer out on Long Island.

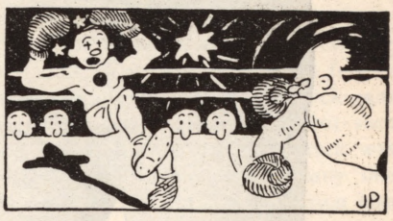
Braddock shoves a shot, and Baer acts. He makes his knees sag. Nero playing a fiddle while Rome burned was a sane guy compared with this Baer clowning while a title slipped from his hands.

Note the looks on the faces of the spectators. Note the look on the face of Braddock. He is the most surprised man in the Bowl. He went to the fight expecting a FIGHT. He discovered he was not in a fight, but at a Christmas festival, with Baer playing an unwhiskered Santa Claus, and outclowning any Santa that ever Santa-ed.

The reels reel along. The customers keep waiting, hoping. Baer keeps puling. Braddock keeps waiting for something to happen. Finally it does HAPPEN. He gets the decision! Nobody dissents. Baer lost the fight more than Braddock won it. A terrible mess. But let us have a little mad music, professor. "Hail The Chief," because Braddock deserves a world of credit.

* * *

New York—Fight Experts Hold Autopsy. Once more you see the Public Square in the village of New York. The birds in the Bavarian yodeler costumes are fight experts. They are gathered for an autopsy. They wonder what happened to Baer. But let them make their own comment:—



First Fight Expert—Why, the lousy bum! I said in my paper he would win by a knockout in thirty four and one fifth seconds. I think he just laid down.

Second Fight Expert—I think Baer broke his hands! He winced a little in the fifth round. I said he would stop Jim in two heats. The dirty so and so.

Third Fight Expert—I had ten seeds on the fight! I never saw a champion fall down on his friends the way that Baer did. He is nothing but a bum!

Fourth Fight Expert—Baer is nothing but a bum!

Fifth Fight Expert—The bum never tried! He was not in shape to try. He never got serious because he always was clowning. I will say that he is nothing but a bum.

Sixth Fight Expert—Last year I said in my paper that Baer is the greatest fighter since Jem Mace or somebody! Well, you can take it from me, this Baer is nothing but a bum. To quit on his friends, when we said he would win inside of five heats!

Seventh Fight Expert—Baer is a pusillanimous roustabout! His exhibition was a stench in the nostrils of every right minded and clean living citizen. His exhibition was a direct contravention of the United States Constitution and the NRA. He is just a bum.

At this point Baer comes down the main stem, laughing, "Hi, pallies. My hands are busted. Sorry."

Fight Experts (In unison)—Oh, just a lotta tough luck, Max! You'll get him next time. He can't hold your gloves.

Exeunt all of them, laughing and joking. While Jimmy Johnston stands on the curb and laughs himself sick.

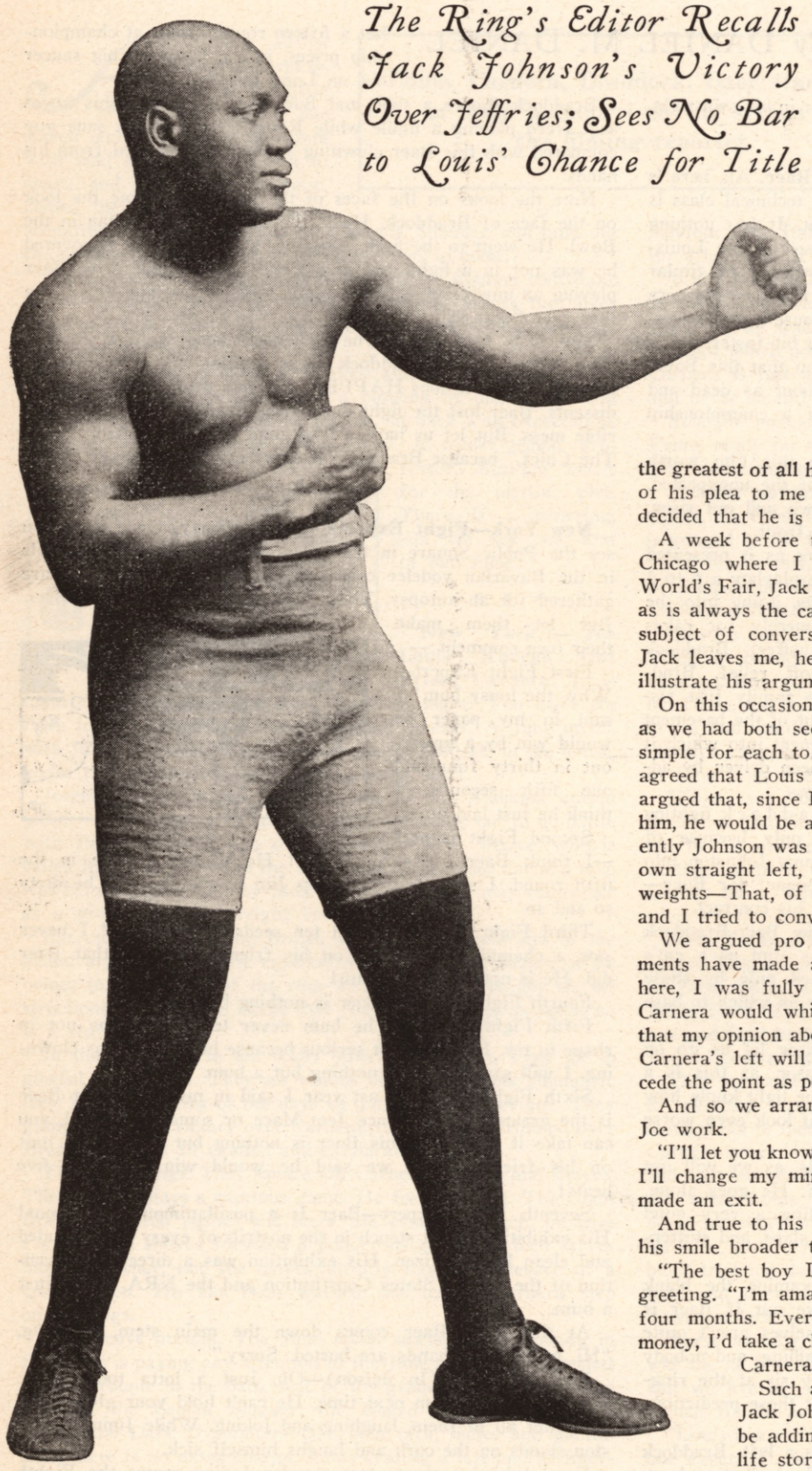
From behind a cigar store wooden Indian romps the Eighth Fight Expert. He whispers, "This Baer is nothing but a bum—a stumblebum, is what I mean!"

This no doubt gives you the inside on the fight, and explains why Baer failed to beat Braddock in the Battle of the Beaneries.

(Continued on page 46)

Race Riots, Color Line,

The Ring's Editor Recalls Jack Johnson's Victory Over Jeffries; Sees No Bar to Louis' Chance for Title



SEVERE attacks on Jack Johnson, following the report in a New York newspaper that he had turned against his race and had wagered fifteen hundred dollars on Carnera to beat Joe Louis, has caused friends of the former world's heavyweight champion to come to his rescue.

I was as much surprised as were the Negro admirers of Joe Louis, to read that Johnson had made such a wager against the boy who some day hopes to win the title that Johnson had held, because I'm in a position to know that Johnson has no such money available and that even if he wanted to place $1500 on Carnera, he would have had a mighty tough time raising the coin.

Johnson himself denies that he bet on Carnera, and declared to me that in Louis he sees the next world's heavyweight champion. Furthermore, I'm in a position to know that Jack didn't wager $1500, or even a small part of that sum. How do I know? Well, I'm an admirer of Jack, whom I've known for upwards of twenty-five years and who I regard as one of the greatest of all heavyweights since Sullivan's time, and because of his plea to me to place him right before his people, I have decided that he is entitled to the defense I'm offering for him.

A week before the fight, after an absence of six months in Chicago where I had obtained a position for him with the World's Fair, Jack came to my office to pay me a visit. Naturally, as is always the case when Jack comes to THE RING office, the subject of conversation is centered around fights, and before Jack leaves me, he usually has quite a gathering watching him illustrate his arguments with fighting poses.

On this occasion, we were discussing Louis and Carnera and as we had both seen Louis in action out West, it became quite simple for each to offer a comparison of opinion. We both had agreed that Louis was a great fighter, but Johnson at the time argued that, since Louis walked steadily into an opponent, facing him, he would be a target for Carnera's straight left, and apparently Johnson was estimating the value of Carnera's left, by his own straight left, the best ever on view among modern heavyweights—That, of course, was something the Italian didn't have, and I tried to convince Jack of that.

We argued pro and con, and Jack remarked; "Your arguments have made a big impression on me, Nat. When I came here, I was fully convinced, much as I hated to say it, that Carnera would whip Louis, but now that you have pointed out that my opinion about Joe's straight stance is incorrect, and that Carnera's left will be knocked down by Joe, I'm willing to concede the point as possible but only after I take a look at Louis."

And so we arranged to go to Louis' training quarters to see Joe work.

"I'll let you know the day before the fight," said Jack, "whether I'll change my mind about Louis' chances," and with that, he made an exit.

And true to his word, Johnson did return and this time with his smile broader than ever.

"The best boy I've seen in years, Nat," he said by way of greeting. "I'm amazed at what he has accomplished these past four months. Everything you told me is correct. If I had any money, I'd take a chance, hook, line and sinker on Louis stopping Carnera."

Such are the absolute facts in the case, and to place Jack Johnson in any other light with his people, would be adding another sour chapter to this great fighter's life story. Not alone did he pick Louis to win, right in my office before half a dozen scribes, but he collaborated with me on my final broadcast for the eve of the battle, and when I insisted that I would name Louis the victor within seven rounds, he urged me to make it five, but I stood my ground!

I know that Jack rooted heart and soul for Louis. The colored

Just a Lot of HOOEY

By THE RING EDITOR

race cannot believe that Johnson had urged his friends to bet against Louis, nor can I, knowing what I do. The report has been broadcast that Johnson tipped all Harlem to bet against Louis, presumably because he knew some inside dope on how Louis would be jobbed to help Carnera, and not because he actually thought that Primo had a chance.

There's my story, and I'll stick by it in defense of the former world title holder, who, it seems to me, has had sufficient troubles without getting into any more hot water.

As for the gloom in Harlem, I spent two hours in the vicinity of Lenox Avenue and 141 Street after Louis's victory, and let me tell you that not since the triumphant march of Jack Johnson into New York following his knockout of Jim Jeffries, had I seen such a joyful, noisy gathering as the thousands who jammed the streets to obtain a flying glimpse of Louis. If half of Harlem had wagered on Carnera as has been said, then it certainly was not in evidence in that throng.

Speaking of the Johnson-Jeffries fight, I shall never forget the doings following the report in New York that Johnson had knocked out the boilermaker. I was then a reporter for the old New York *Press,* which later was absorbed by the *Morning Sun,* of which I was sports editor, and I was assigned to cover the New York Negroes' reaction to Johnson's victory.

Harlem then, was not like the Harlem of today. In those years, the Negro had not penetrated into that section of New York to any extent. The section which now is a Negro city in itself, at that time, was just as thickly settled with the good old Irish folk, as it now is with colored people, and the heart of the Negro section of New York was the San Juan district, extending from West 35th Street, to 66th Street.

The week after the fight, when Johnson was due to arrive in New York to begin a vaudeville tour, I was told to keep close tab on Jack and Baron Wilkins' Hotel, the rendezvous of New York's leading colored sportsmen.

The Baron, one of Johnson's chief backers, was with Johnson in the west, but his place of business and the streets where his hotel was situated, was the hangout of Negroes from every part of the city during the week following Jack's great victory over Jeff. In fact, the scene in New York's colored section and that of Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Boston and Frisco, was an exact duplicate of what took place in Harlem after Louis's triumph over Carnera.

* * *

ON the occasion of the Jeffries-Johnson fight, it was feared that if the Negro won, there would be race riots all over the country, especially in New York.

But no riots developed. It was on the afternoon of July 11, 1910 that I came into New York with Jack Johnson from Chicago, and unlike the predictions that had preceded our arrival, instead of race riots, Johnson and his party were surrounded by an admiring throng of 10,000 or more Negroes who cheered themselves hoarse at the sight of the conquering hero.

The greeting in New York was only part of the big reception that Jack received all along the route of the 20th Century Limited, and as a result of the throngs that packed the stations where our train stopped, we reached the Big City just five hours late. Captain Langtry, with his 125 policemen who stood guard with their big night sticks handy, found the crowd so good natured that there was no necessity for any rough stuff being pulled.

And what happened then—just a quarter of a century ago—was duplicated when Louis knocked out Carnera. The days of the race riots are over when it comes to sports. Naturally the Negro race was eager to see Louis win, just as it was to see Johnson carry off the world championship, but the colored race is a fine sporting people.

I don't think there is any reason whatsoever for attempting to bring the color line into boxing now in an attempt to keep Louis away from a championship bout, as has already been strongly hinted by those who control Braddock.

When the police were able to clear a path for Johnson after the train had reached the Grand Central Station, Jack was ushered into a big waiting automobile, and with about 50 other cars loaded with the elite of the Black Belt and about thirty reporters from America's leading newspapers, including yours truly, we started on our way towards Johnson's stopping place near Eighth Avenue and 35th street.

The police gave full credit to Johnson for the fine manner in which the entire affair was handled. When he reached New York, in his first interview, he said:

"Why bring in the Black race against the White race. My battle with Jeffries was not a contest between Black and White, but between two athletes who were out to establish their right to the heavyweight championship. Let's treat the whole matter in a sporting light and avoid any talk that is likely to antagonize either my people or the white folk."

In Chicago, where there was a turbulent black section and an equally turbulent white, it was Johnson's presence of mind and his general attitude that averted a riot. He avoided the big drinking parties that were tossed in his honor and on the ride to New York, he likewise avoided such parties. Whatever drinking he did, was done in his own drawing room where he and his wife remained throughout the trip.

* * *

WHEN our train reached Albany, there was quite a commotion caused by a wreck, and for a time there was a feeling of uneasiness because of a false report that the wreck was caused by some cranks who were out to get Johnson, but such fears soon died down when it was learned that the wreck was purely accidental. We shifted to the Boston and Albany line to Chatham and then went over the Harlem River division into New York.

Good-sized crowds packed every station where a stop was made on orders, but no amount of persuasion could get Johnson to do any speechmaking. In fact, only at one station, when a huge crowd of boys had gathered and pleaded for Jack to take a bow, did Johnson come out of his drawing room and say a few words to the lads.

On the same train with us, was Jim Corbett, but aside from nodding to Johnson and his wife, Gentleman Jim didn't speak to the heavyweight king. It will be remembered that Corbett helped condition Jeffries for his fight with Johnson.

In the evening after his arrival in New York, Johnson made his first stage appearance since winning the title, and to an audience that packed the theatre, the Negro said:

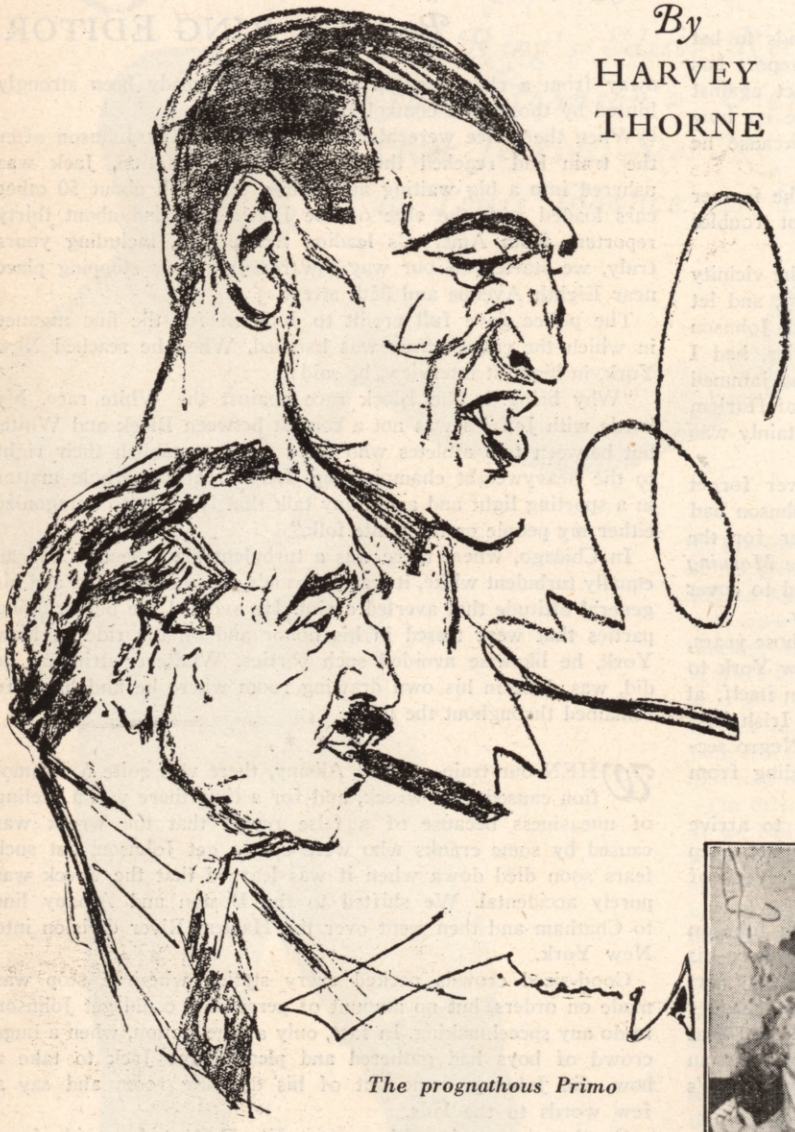
"I won, and all I can say is that it is my purpose to defend my title against all comers. I believe the better man won the title. I made up my mind to fight a fair, honest fight despite many big temptations that were put my way by cheapskate gamblers, and I did just what I went out to do. I wanted the title clinched beyond the shadow of a doubt and no amount of money could have bribed me to toss the title back to Jeffries, as some would have me do. Had Jeff licked me, I would have been the first to tip my hat to him and offer him my hand."

Despite reports to the contrary, there were no race riots in New York to speak of. As was the case last week and is the case every time any famous fighters engage in a bout, here and there, some fist fights took place, but that must be expected. That is why I feel that we need have no fears about any troubles arising over Louis's growing popularity.

All kinds of queries were fired at Jack by the reporters just before he went out on the stage. One fellow asked him in what round he believed he had won the fight or to what punch Johnson thought he attributed Jeff's downfall. *(Continued on page* 45)

BAER *and* CARNERA

By HARVEY THORNE



The prognathous Primo

THE shouting has died down. Baer beaten by Braddock. Carnera knocked out by Louis. The fistic public is sitting back, trying to sum up the situation, and wondering what will come next. It is somewhat familiar with the political lines in the promotion angle and it wonders whether these little business jealousies and peccadilloes of rivalry will assist in keeping from the fight fans the type of contests they should get.

The shouting has died down. Men still wonder what happened to Baer. But in the aftermath of the Louis victory over the Tower of Babel, Signor Carnera, there isn't the strong resentment which Baer sensed soon after his wretched showing against Braddock. The fight fan believes that perhaps it was just as well that the situation got so scrambled. The customer no longer is so much interested in what has happened, as he is in what is going to be.

It is the history of the world that idols are set up only that they may be broken down. That is especially true in sport, doubly true in boxing. The fistic game is a sort of kaleidoscope. A shake and it looks prismatic one way. Another shake, and there is a different arrangement—far different than anything we had seen before.

And so it is in the ring. Louis beats Carnera, Braddock beats Baer, and now the public wants a Braddock-Louis fight for the championship. But will it get it? Already there is a lot of dissimulation. The color line is being dragged in—but only by those who find it to their convenience and profit to drag it in. They have no deep-seated convictions, but they have set purposes which guide their announcements and limit their activities.

* * *

IN Baer and Carnera we discover that, in so far as fight efficiency is concerned, Dame Nature, which now and then errs, was guilty of a couple of mistakes.

Baer has the physical make-up. He is built for fighting. He seems to have the inherent will to fight, though that now must be admitted as being open to question. A real fighter would not have dawdled against Braddock as Baer did, even if it had been true that Baer's hands were bad. How bad they were I do not profess to know.

Nature gave to Baer the ideal make-up in so far as his body was concerned. But when she got past his Adam's apple, she went into a frolicsome mood. She decided to play tricks with him, and tossed a few shakes of goofy dust into his brain pan. As a result, we find in Maxie a physical specimen made for fighting, but a mental study which discourages the fistic enthusiast.

Your fight fan likes a little goofiness with his more serious moments. He will laugh uproariously at some bit of comedy relief. But he wants this placed in the right spot. He doesn't like the sort of stuff Baer pulled while he was letting his cham-

Baer, the Playboy, in a characteristic mood.

Show Nature's ERRORS

Max Was Gifted With Too Much Comedy While Primo Got Overlavish Treatment Physically

pionship go to Braddock—reeling from a light blow while Braddock was piling up the points and the customers were waiting for something interesting to happen.

When Baer pulled the reel in the Carnera fight, it was good theatre. Max was winning. The little by-play added to the zest of the entertainment. It made things more interesting for those who had come to see Baer win. It took away from the sadness of the scene for those who had come to see Carnera triumph. It was well placed tomfoolery.

* * *

OF course, it would have been better for Baer had he been born with the serious turn of mind of, let us say, a Jack Dempsey. But then Baer would not be Baer. There is a certain goofiness about the fighter which attracts. It is up to him to strike the happy medium—to arrive at the right mixture for the championship carburetor, if he means to get back to the pinnacle from which he dropped so ingloriously, so ridiculously, in the Braddock fight.

Now let us take a look at Carnera. Nature made a serious mistake with Da Prime. She was overlavish with size. But she was too skimpy with grace, fighting spirit.

There is no doubt that Carnera is a glandular case. He has all the markings of a hyper-pituitary subject. Let me explain. At the base of the brain there is a little gland not bigger than a small walnut. This is the pituitary gland. It controls growth.

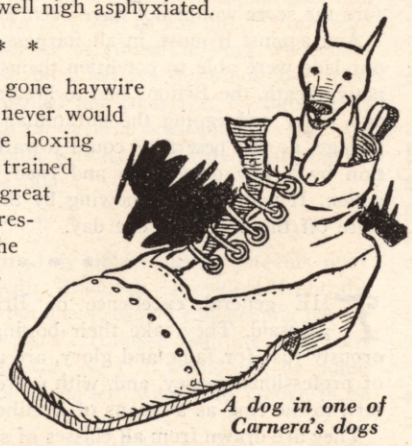
Sometimes Nature goes haywire with this gland, and it piles up certain substance which makes the subject keep right on growing. Spaces between the teeth, tremendous bone joints, large feet, a prognathous jaw—these help to mark out the pituitary freak from the natural giant.

Training, especially its limitations on food, is all wrong for a man like Carnera. His tremendous body craves food—plenty of it—all the time. You will recollect the fight with Loughran at Miami. There was a postponement of a few days, and Carnera, famished, got away from his handlers and consumed a carload of spaghetti, properly seasoned with a load of garlic. Carnera went into the ring logy.

And to make matters worse, Carnera kept blowing those whiffs of garlicky perfume into Loughran's face, so that Tommy was well nigh asphyxiated.

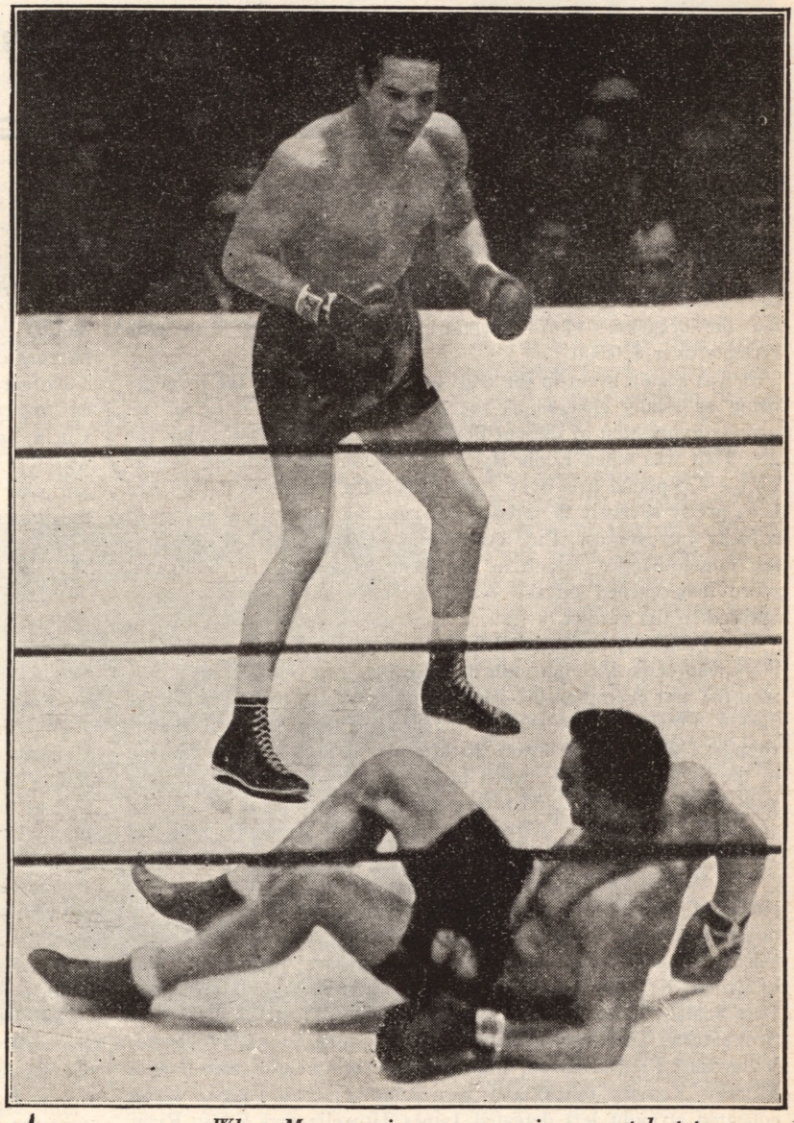
* * *

HAD Nature not gone haywire with Carnera, he never would have got into the boxing game. He was spotted and trained for the ring because of his great size. He had done some wrestling, and that's where he should have remained. There still is time for Primo to go back to his first love and make some money. He is about washed up in the ring. He knows it, and if he wants to remain healthy, he had better quit while the quitting is good.



A dog in one of Carnera's dogs

In Carnera, we find a sort of fistic Tower of Babel which has crumbled in confusion. In Baer we discover a lack of coordination between mind and body.



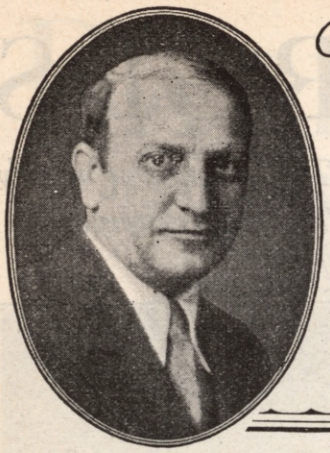
When Max was in a more serious mental state in the Carnera fight

In Louis, we find a most primitive type of fighter. He has the physical make-up essential for success. And he is a marked contrast with Baer. Louis refuses to smile. He refuses to talk. He seems to have been drilled to silence. "If you never say anything, you never can say anything wrong," seems to be the philosophy which Joe's handlers have driven home to him. And he has followed their advice.

Louis is all business. Baer is all fun. Louis likes to hurt. Baer likes to hurt. But basically, Louis is more the fighting mechanism. He is no mental giant, but he can figure things out for himself once he gets into the ring.

Braddock is a special type and a special study. His background has been painted in often enough. We know how he had gone into the background, how he had gone on relief, how Fortune had kicked him around unmercifully, to test him out, and lift him to his feet again.

Braddock is big and strong, but he lacks youth. He is a new Braddock. But an older one. And fighting shouts for Youth! In Louis boxing has youth and skill.



Nat FLEISCHER says:

British Boxers Show Class Against U.S. Entry
Miller's Feat Unparalleled in Recent Years
Baer Has Only Himself to Blame for Criticism

VICTORY perched exultantly on the British standard by a score of eight to three matches, when the crack English amateurs faced our Golden Glovers at the Yankee Stadium on the night of July 2. The greatest crowd that ever witnessed an amateur boxing tourney turned out for the occasion—44,674 spectators, to be specific—with gate receipts over $50,000.

It was a gala event in the true sense of the phrase, the invaders being as loudly cheered as the home talent. Only once did an audible expression of dissent float in a booing chorus through the air. That was when Eddie Ryan of London was declared winner of the 126-pound title over Johnny Cabello, after the Briton had been pretty severely battered in the opening frame, and sustained a badly cut eyebrow. But Ryan came on strong with a devastating double-handed attack in the latter stages of the bout that more than evened up the American lad's early lead, and was entitled to the verdict.

George Coyle, Sedgwick Harvey and James Lambert were the boys who came through with flying colors for Uncle Sam. Coyle won the first championship bout from the Welsh flyweight champ, Jackie Pottinger, by sheer aggressiveness in three blistering rounds. Harvey, the colored crack, scored a spectacular knockout in the lightweight class, when he stopped Francis Frost of England after one minute and fifteen seconds of milling in the second round; while another Afro-American, James Lambert, took the welter title by decisively outpointing Davey Lynch.

The British victors included Antony Stuart, London Fire Department athlete, who gave away eight pounds to two-hundred-pound Larry Green, and kayoed the United States Negro in the third; Alf Shawyer, middleweight winner over Johnny William of Brooklyn; Bert Barnes, Welsh bantam, who got the duke over Pete Scalzo; Tom Griffin, scorer of a technical kayo over Tommy Scappatura; Tim Case, who edged out a neat decision over Charley Villereale; Fred Simpson, a hard-hitting lightweight, who floored Murray Kravitz twice, and won handily; Pat Floyd, whose educated straight left defeated James Howell; and Eddie Ryan, whose defeat of Johnny Cabello has already been referred to.

The show opened with Canadians pitted against a New York squad in a four-bout series that wound up with a fifty-fifty break. In the substitute international bouts, which did not count in the scoring, the American team took honors in two out of the three events scheduled.

Financially, the big amateur Stadium show was a success, but still better—it registered as a triumph for good sportsmanship and a harbinger of international good-will. The invading boxers, losers as well as victors, appreciated to the full their hearty welcome by the American public and their square treatment by the Gotham newspapers, whose writers greeted them enthusiastically, and dispensed sincere tributes of admiration to their valor, skill and victories.

These visiting boxers left our shores with a better understanding of, and kindlier feelings toward, America than they could have gained by a lifetime of hearsay, or information derived from the printed page. That they will spread the gospel of mutual respect between two great nations derived from a common stock cannot be doubted. The writer has always claimed that international sport competition, properly arranged and staged on an absolutely fair basis for all contestants, can do more toward establishing world peace and eliminating racial hatred than all the misplaced efforts of governmental so-called official diplomacy, which, up to date, has barely managed to keep a gigantic, steaming pot of hell-broth, seasoned with malice, spite and envy, from boiling over and flooding a panic-mad world with all the dire horrors of war.

Defeat of our gallant mitt-men, while in one sense regrettable, has its compensations, as proving to the universe at large that Uncle Sam is a true sportsman who can appreciate and honor warriors worthy of his steel; and establishing a precedent of fair play and hospitality which will serve as a guiding star for the future.

* * *

UNQUESTIONABLY the British team was composed of the very best amateurs the United Kingdom could provide, boxers to whom it was no disgrace to lose. That America was not represented by our best talent is also undeniable. The Golden Glove victors who came through last winter's elimination bouts were our top-notchers.

But shortly before these latter were to have competed at Chicago and the inter-city matches, a row arose over expense money between the boxers and the powers that be, with the result that at least twenty of the rebels were removed from the amateur eligibility list. This untoward happening deprived us of the toughest opposition we might have offered the Britons, as a second-best team had to be hurriedly contrived from among the tournament winners in the semi-finals. With few exceptions, every boxer representing the United States was defeated one or more times by those who had bolted the team because of what they termed was unfair treatment.

This statement must not be considered as an effort to tarnish the well-won glory of England's glovemen. It is purely an assertion of cold facts, made in justice to all concerned in the Stadium affair. Had the original Golden Glove team met the British, I'm sure the score would not have been so one-sided.

And against it must, in all fairness, be set the fact that where our lads were able to condition themselves at their ease on their native heath, the Britons had to break their regular land training and, after undergoing the unfamiliar experiences of a deep sea voyage, do the best they could toward attaining physical perfection by a few days' gym and road work before stepping into action. It was a great showing by the visitors, considering they were off the boat only one day.

* * *

THE general excellence of British amateurs cannot be gainsaid. They take their boxing very seriously, fight vigorously just for fame and glory, are utterly oblivious to the lure of professional money, and, with extremely few exceptions, never turn to the ring as a means of livelihood.

They are drawn from all classes of society, the Army and Navy, the medical and legal professions, authors, etc., as well as tradesmen and laborers, but invariably stick to their amateur status. It has always been that way! For example, the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in his youth was one of England's premier heavyweight amateurs. In the late nineties, when Frank Craig, the

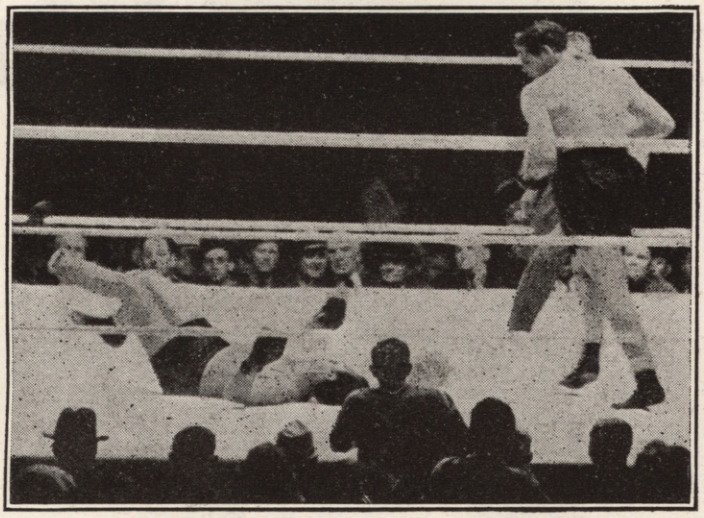
Harlem Coffee Cooler, was in his prime, he invaded England and kayoed all the leading British middle and heavyweights. Joe Steers was then amateur heavyweight champion of England.

Steers was a clever performer, so clever that repeated efforts were made to have him turn professional, if it was only for the sake of defeating Craig. But Steers, although a poor man, refused to be tempted. Finally, some prominent English sportsmen hit on a scheme, which Steers approved. He would box four rounds with the Cooler, retain his amateur standing, and receive a gold cup from the club; while Craig would be paid two hundred pounds, or one thousand dollars in American coinage. The bout took place, and Steers quite easily outpointed the colored man, who up till then, had whipped every British opponent.

Incidentally, it may be observed that most of the members of the English team that competed at the Stadium were boxing for years. In this country, as soon as an amateur shows promise, he is snatched up by some astute manager and thrown into the professional field. Some of our best pros have come straight from the winning ranks of the Golden Glovers. Which is, no doubt, all to the good for the United States professional game, but may explain why England, though admittedly shy on top-notch regulars of the commercial ring, is rich in the possession of seasoned, ring-wise amateur boxers.

* * *

FREDDIE MILLER'S most recent victories over Nel Tarleton and Seaman Watson have further increased his prestige, and stamp the American featherweight as the best in his division since Johnny Kilbane was at the helm. I was surprised a few weeks ago to learn that the New York Commission had censured Miller for not coming back home and meeting the men designated by that board to settle the matter of international supremacy. What finer mission could we have sent Miller to carry out than what he has been doing for these past ten months?



The knockout of Frank Wotanski by Buddy Baer. Buddy carries a hefty wallop into the ring.

Miller has clashed with every featherweight and lightweight of note in Europe, and out of a total of thirty-three contests, he lost only two, drew once and won thirty bouts, in addition to engaging in two exhibitions. That's a record we Americans should be proud of, and instead of censuring Freddie, we should give him a vote of thanks for the manner in which he has upheld American boxing. True, there are a number of American boys who could take the measure of Europe's best, but we must not lose sight of the fact that Miller performed his great feat by fighting as often as three times a month on several occasions.

Name another world champion who has duplicated that activity in recent years! It cannot be done!

* * *

THAT Max Baer has an army of friends despite his poor showing in the fight with Braddock is evident from the number of letters I received from RING readers condemning me for my "sarcastic editorial" on Baer's collapse and my broadcast over Station WNEW of Newark, N. J. I would not be doing justice to this publication nor to myself were I to ignore those messages.

I cannot agree with those who are willing to pass off Baer's flop as unfortunate, due to broken bones in his hands. That, in my opinion, is letting a champion down too easily.

Several days before the fight I was in Baer's training camp and I was much impressed with his mental attitude. "Nat," he said when I asked him how he felt and what he expected to do when he entered the ring in defense of his title, "this is one battle I must win. Don't let anyone tell you that I'm being fooled by the experts' opinion that I'll knock Braddock silly in a couple of rounds. I've made very little out of my championship and I feel that I'm entitled to get my pile before I pass out of the picture.

"I'm going to get after Jimmy from the start. No clowning, no kidding, just plain fighting, the kind I know I can deliver. It's do or die in this fight, because I realize that my next shot, against the Louis-Carnera winner, will get me into the big money."

"How are your hands?" I asked Baer.

"They're O.K. The one I hurt against Simms in Cleveland has healed O.K., but I've got to go easy with it. I can't take any chances. I don't think I'll be bothered with either. You can bet your last shirt that even if they aren't, I break both if I have to, to win this bout. There's half a million waiting for me after this fight, and Jimmy won't stop me from getting it."

* * *

I THEN went over to Ancil Hoffman, his manager, and asked Ancil the same query. I said:

"Ancil, you know I'm on the air in my own RING program over Station WNEW every Tuesday and Friday night at 8 o'clock on a special boxing talk, and I don't want to pull a boner. Tell me candidly, how are Max's hands?"

"O.K.," he replied. "You can say that Max and his staff of handlers expect the fight to end within seven rounds with Baer the winner by a knockout."

And in the face of that line of talk, what happened is well known. Without any apparent reason, Baer decided—at least so the spectators whose good money he had pocketed had figured—that he didn't want to fight. He had no gumption about carrying off the eighty-nine thousand dollars which was his share of the battle, but who in these cold days of national depression would turn back such a sum when it is handed to him on a silver platter!

Baer just didn't feel like fighting Braddock, for a reason still unknown, and when he and his mentors blame two poor hands for the atrocious showing, they are trying to pull the wool over our eyes, for Max certainly did display real fighting ability in the last three rounds, long after his hands went back on him, and what he did in those sessions he could undoubtedly have exhibited in the earlier rounds.

If Baer had fought in the early sessions as he did in the last three, I for one, without taking any of the glory away from Braddock, who so richly deserved his hard-earned victory, feel that the result would have been otherwise. Baer let his friends down, he let boxing down and he doesn't deserve one iota of sympathy for his pathetic display—an exhibition that was worthy of a palooka, not a world title-holder.

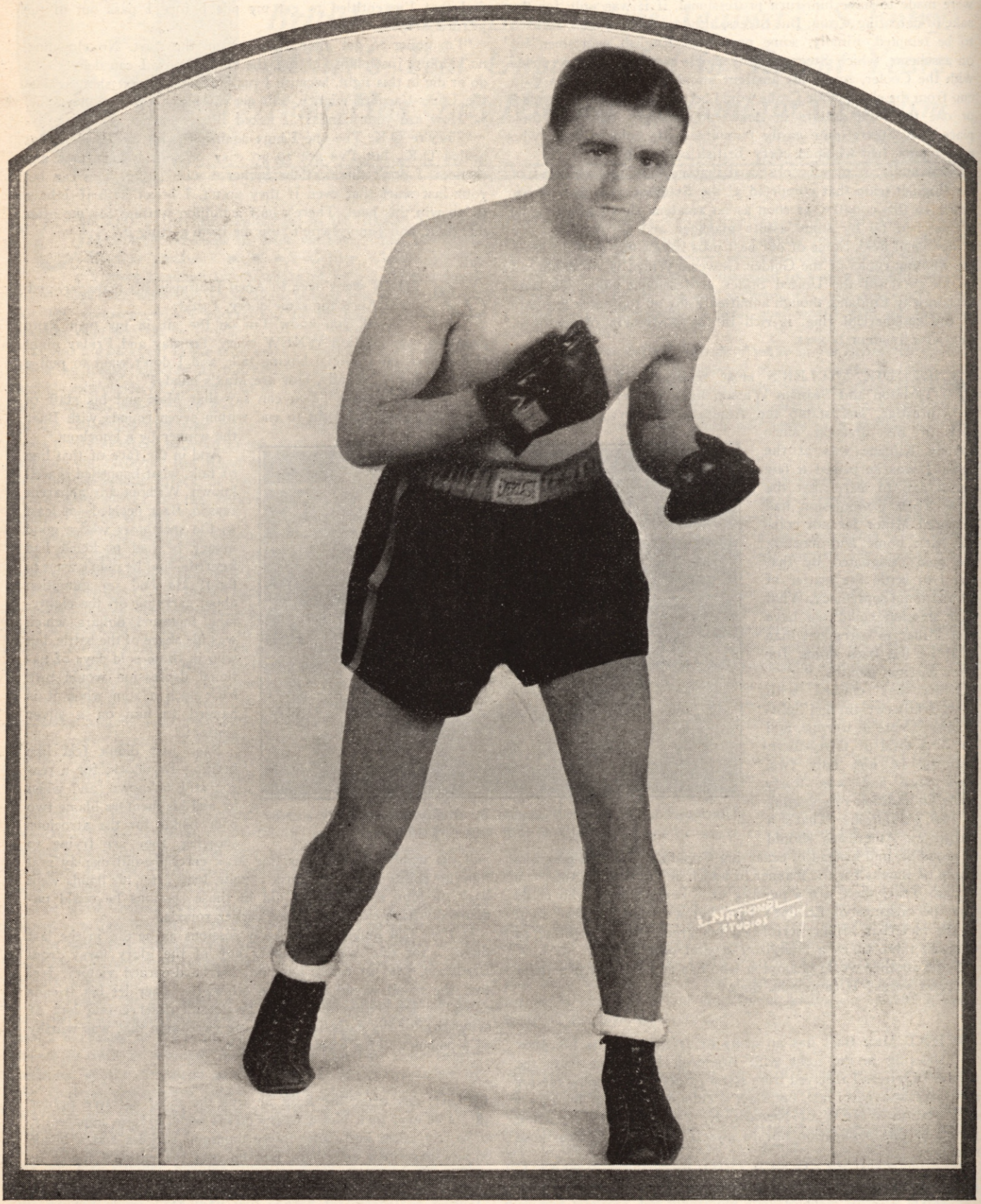
* * *

THE day after the fight he was the most carefree fighter I've ever met. Not a worry on his mind. Happy, apparently, at having taken into camp thirty thousand suckers and a horde of newspapermen who built him up into the national figure he now is. He took the worst panning any champion had ever received, yet took it with a smile. No apology needed, he seemed to think. He had lost the title and the thousands that go with it, yet there was a smiling, contented ex-champion, still full of the ego that was his when he faced the fighting Braddock.

I like Max Baer, and I like Jimmy *(Continued on page 44)*

The RING's Album of Famous Fighters

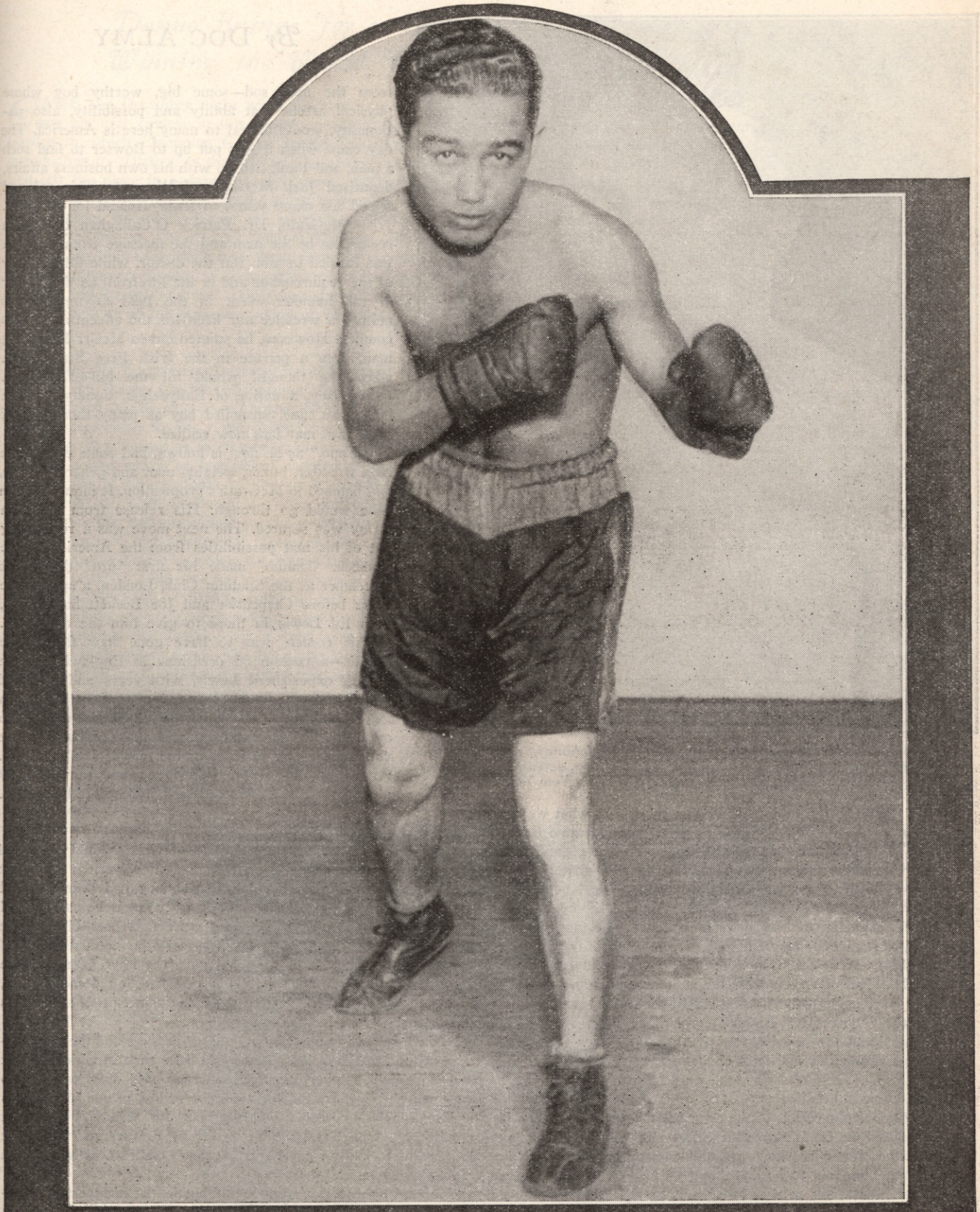
No. 8



Lou Salica—Born in Brooklyn, November 16, 1913, of Italian-American parentage. Started career as amateur. Won Metropolitan 112-pound title in 1931 and 1932. Won National A. A. U. 112-pound laurels in 1932. Defeated Steve Enekes, Olympic champion, at flyweight limit. Began pro career in 1933. Has an impressive record, including victories over Pablo Dano, Filipino champion, from whom he won the California bantam crown on June 11, 1935. He scored four knockdowns over Dano. Beat Young Tommy, Joe Tei Ken, Midget Wolgast, Indian Quintana, Antol Kocsis and Pete De Grasse. Managed by Hymie Caplin, who handled Al Singer, lightweight king, and Ben Jeby, middleweight champion. Has had thirty-two fights as a pro and is now at top of his form. A clever little boy.

The Ring's Album of Famous Fighters

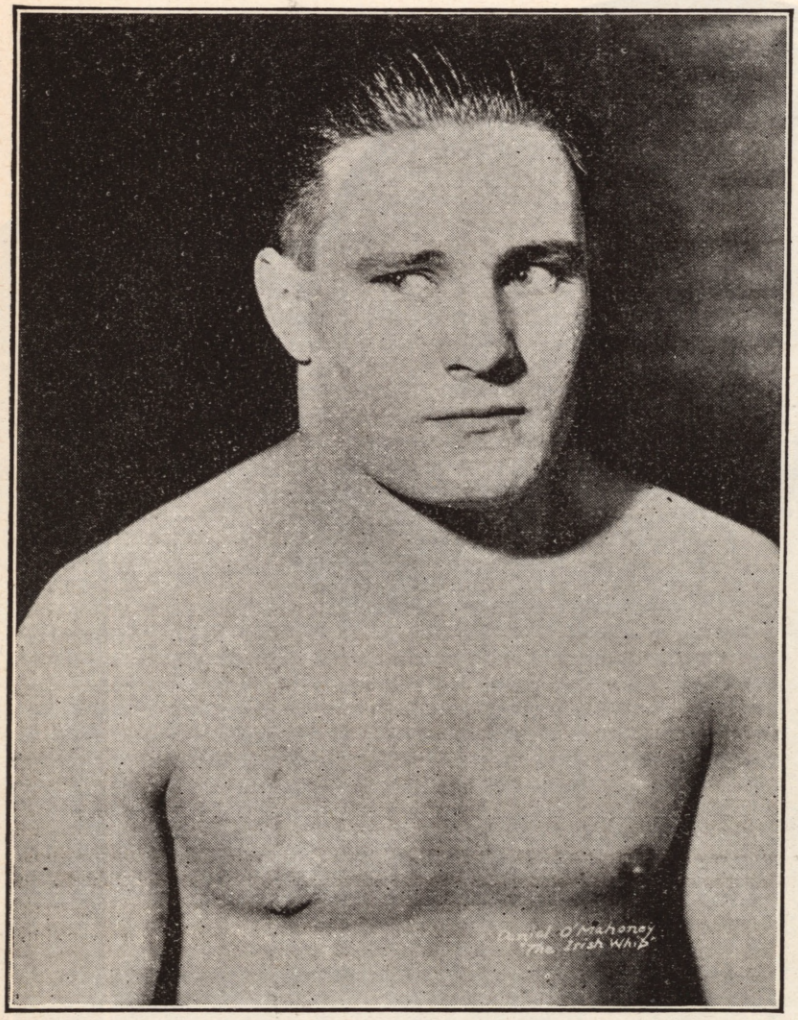
No. 9



Sixto Escobar—Born March 23, 1913, at Barceloneta, Porto Rico. Graduate of public schools. Started boxing as amateur. Won twenty-two bouts and lost one. Turned pro in 1931. Had seven bouts in San Juan. Fought in Venezuela for two and a half years. Lost only three and drew in one out of total of twenty-seven fights there. Came to this country in 1934. Knocked out Bobby Leitham, Canada's champion, in Holyoke bout in seven rounds, then repeated in five in Canada to win championship belt. Knocked out Baby Face Casanova, champion of Mexico, in nine rounds in Montreal and won the N. B. A. title. Beat Eugene Huat of France in fifteen-round bout and is now on a par with Salica for United States honors. Is a very hard hitter and a clever boy. Managed by Lou Brix.

O'MAHONEY ADDS

By DOC ALMY



The new heavyweight wrestling king, Danno O'Mahoney, who won the title from Jim Londos in Boston, then successfully defended it against Chief Little Wolf at the Yankee Stadium in New York.

ABOUT a year ago, the mat moguls of what we are pleased to term the "Eastern Wheel," came to the realization that the wrestling game, as regards box office returns, was beginning to slip—that the end for them as big leaguers was in sight.

Ed Don George, the champion of our section and Jimmy Londos, the Greek claimant of the title, both fine chaps and skilled wrestlers, had ceased to be great cards except when in there facing the possibility of defeat. Gus Sonnenberg, whose advent in the game in 1929 had given it a tremendous impetus, was on the way out. The various ex-collegians attracted into the sport by the fame of the "Dynamiter," had not come along far enough to be top-notchers, and the be-whiskered freaks, funny men and visiting foreign champions and near-champions, were fraying on the edges.

Of the various headline promoters of the mat business, while the majority felt the effects of the depression, probably none more keenly realized the drab future ahead than Paul Bowser of Boston —ex-wrestler, live-wire showman and keen business man at all times. Something had to be done, and that quickly—a new star who could fill the bill as a wrestler and, at the same time have a personal appeal, was absolutely necessary.

* * *

THERE were numerous councils and consultations of the mat barons, Bowser contending on each occasion that what the game needed was a real honest-to-goodness Irishman—a "Harp" from the ould sod—some big, worthy boy whose physical assets, mat ability and possibility, also nationality, would appeal to many here is America. The day came when it was put up to Bowser to find such a man, and Paul, tied up with his own business affairs, deputized Jack McGrath of Worcester, his pal and friend for many years, to scour Ireland for the man.

To McGrath, Dr. Patrick O'Callaghan of Dublin seemed to be the man and the message from America was carried to him. But the doctor, while filling many of the requirements and in the forefront as the winner of the hammer event in the 1928 Olympiad, was neither a wrestler nor keen for the adventure in this country. However, he pointed out to McGrath a young man, then a private in the Irish Free State army, whom he thought would fill the bill—Daniel A. O'Mahoney, a native of Ballydehob, County Cork, a big, clean, fine, unspoiled boy as many thousands of American mat fans now realize.

"Danno," as he now is known, had some experience as a wrestler, boxer, weights man and general athlete, and listened to McGrath's proposition. It interested him —he would go through. His release from the Irish Army was secured. The next move was a real trying out of his mat possibilities from the American angle of such. "Danno" made his first "pro" debut last December at the Stadium Club, London, a spot where years before Carpentier and Joe Beckett had fought, with Ed Lewis in there to give him the once over.

This contest was to have gone four five-minute rounds—a custom on occasions in England, but the skilled, experienced Lewis, with years and years of wrestling background, was far and away too much for O'Mahoney. The Irish boy, undoubtedly much awed by his surroundings and the presence of the veteran grappler in front of him, never had a chance. After stumbling through the first round, he was easily pinned by Big Ed in the third minute of the second.

* * *

SEEMINGLY, that was the end—McGrath would be forced to resume his quest. In reality, however, it was but the real beginning. Though O'Mahoney had been whipped and humiliated, in his brief encounter with Lewis he had showed courage, strength and willingness—future mat possibilities. The great adventure for O'Mahoney was on—the confused "news" despatches to this side of the pond gave the impression that the Irish boy had more than held his own and on December 14, McGrath, with what has proved to be the answer to a showman's prayer, arrived in New York.

Though somewhat upset by the winter passage and the immenseness of the Big City, O'Mahoney had little time in which to look about or ponder over his new situation. He was whisked to Boston by plane, his first air ride, put to bed in one of Boston's leading hotels—another new experience for "Danno" and, next day, after a tryout and the once over by Bowser and other mat lights, was formally signed to a five-years contract with McGrath his acting manager.

Confused by America's hustle and bustle, the unexpected adoration of the hordes of those of Irish blood who milled about him —his real introduction to the wrestling tactics that prevail on this side of the water, for several weeks O'Mahoney was one lonesome, homesick boy. But, he had the stuff in him—the "it" and wonderful athletic possibilities which have made him, at 22 years old, one of the world's foremost matmen today.

to IRISH PRESTIGE

Danno Brings Joy to Erin by Dethroning Jim Londos and Winning the World Heavyweight Wrestling Championship

CAME the December night when the tall, rosy-cheeked lad saw his first contest in this country—a fray at the Boston Garden in which Champion George settled Len Macaluso—the introduction of "Danno" to the Hub's followers of the sport. The Celt left the place in a daze, but still game, and next day, and for days after, was put through the paces by Freddy Moran and other veteran wrestlers—taught the sport from the ground up.

The boy, having a particular hold of his own, the so-called "Irish Whip," but in reality a near-flying mare, he was encouraged by his trainers to develop it to its uttermost. This lock, backed by speed and the boy's natural tremendous strength, has accounted for the majority of his unbroken string of victories.

* * *

O'MAHONEY made his American debut the night of January 4, at the Boston Garden, his opponent being Ernie Dusek of the rough and tumble clan from Omaha, Neb. It did not start off any too auspiciously for the visitor from Erin—the vastness of the arena, the huge throng of spectators which nearly filled the place and the stories which he had heard concerning the rough and ready tactics of his opponent, all having their effect upon him. For a while, it looked as though the Irish Army had lost a good soldier, and the mat game had gained merely another wrestler.

Then "Danno," encouraged by his corner men and the thousands of his well-wishers about the ropes, came to himself and snapped out of it. Loth at first to use elbows or fists, mat stuff all new to him, Daniel finally sailed in and, during a melee, caught Ernie by the right wrist and executed the "whip." It was a surprise package for Dusek—landed him with a crash to the canvas, both shoulders down. The time was 10:17.

In the second heat, O'Mahoney looked much better. He got hold of himself and carried the battle to his foe. Again the "whip" settled Ernie, this time in 16:50.

* * *

BUT this victory, the Irish boy's initial triumph in America, was not altogether what made him. Rather, it was the immediate aftermath. No sooner had Dusek been pinned for the second fall and win, and while the spectators, fully 14,000 in number were cheering and acclaiming the victor, than Rudy Dusek, corner man for his brother, rushed into the ring and attempted to assault the Irishman.

Seeing him coming, the Celt, not really knowing exactly what to do, did just what the average chap, particularly one of Celtic blood, would do under the circumstances. Backing into a corner, he doubled up his fists and let them go.

In the general confusion and hardly knowing friend from foe, "Danno" not only biffed Rudy and Ernie, but winged Sam Smith, the referee, who was trying to fill the role of peacemaker. Jack McGrath, the boy's manager, finally pinned Rudy; police, seconds and ushers ended what had developed into a general melee. As for the lanky Irish lad who, until quiet had been restored, had been punching right and left—slamming whoever came near him—he was made. He could and would fight in a jam.

* * *

OTHER contests in Boston and elsewhere followed for O'Mahoney, a long string of 55 which is not our purpose to go into. It is sufficient that he won them all, mostly in jig time without a fall being registered against him. His greatest victory came up a few weeks ago when close to 30,000 fans saw him flatten Jimmy Londos, the Greek star, with a flying body scissors in 1:16:05 at Fenway Park, Boston, thereby acquiring the Hellene's various titular claims.

From time to time, such "shots" as "in the bag," "suitcase bout" etc., etc., have been hurled at O'Mahoney, more often than otherwise by would be smarties, all too dumb to realize that this big boy, more than six feet in height and weighing 218 pounds, sustained by clean living and good habits, personal strength and fighting courage above the ordinary, has been developed by a corps of the best instructors into a wrestler of the first class. "Danno" to-day is no longer a green, country boy though he retains his brogue and naturally retiring and bashful ways.

As a wrestler, however, he has fully arrived—a chap admired and loved today, not only by those of Irish blood, but by thousands of others all over the eastern section of the country. A he-man always has his appeal, and Daniel A. O'Mahoney, seemingly the heir-apparent to the world's heavyweight wrestling throne, has thus far filled that bill to the letter.

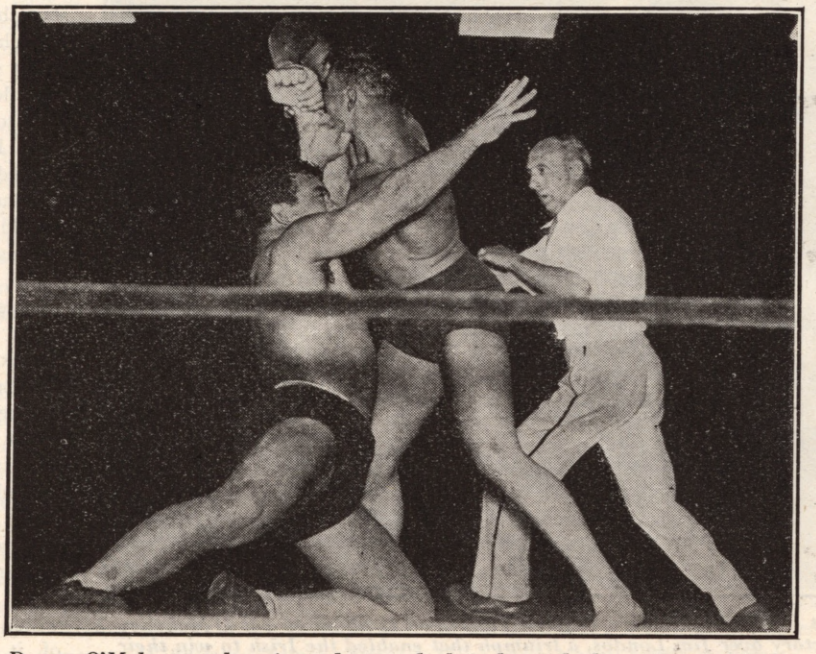
* * *

IN his six months in this country, Danno has won 54 straight bouts, with his famous Irish whip doing most of the damage, but in his last bout this weapon was nothing more than a threat that came in handy in the last wild moments.

In his bout with Londos in which he won the world crown O'Mahoney showed real wrestling skill. In fact, he surprised those who hitherto had ridiculed him.

For more than an hour Danno tossed the veteran all over the ring with a neat repertoire of orthodox wrestling holds, and on occasions, he absorbed brief punishment to show that the Londos strength meant nothing to him.

The spine-tingling end that sent the pro-Irish crowd in ecstasies, was the climax of five minutes of super-speed



Danno O'Mahoney, clamping a hammerlock and wristlock on Jimmy Londos during their title match at Fenway Park, Boston.

in which the tide turned twice after Londos had taken the offensive with a series of flying mares.

Close to 30,000 mat enthusiasts saw youth again served, the greater strength, height, reach and weight of Danno, carrying him along to shatter the years of experience of one of the world's foremost matmen. In the windup, Danno, after confusing his foe with a barrage of fists, tried his whip. It failed to work exactly as he had intended but, as Londos slipped loose, the force hurled him into the ropes. As he came out on the rebound, Danno, waiting for him, met his rush with a flying mare and then repeated the process when Londos staggered to his feet.

Twice more this happened, but after whipping Londos into the ropes for the fourth time, Danno launching a flying body scissors, weighed the Greek to the canvas and straddled him for the victory.

The Londos defeat was the first Jimmy had suffered in six years, discounting the disputed one-fall loss to Joe Savoldi two years ago, and whatever title claims he had went into the ring with him that night.

Going out of the raised square, Londos had only the past with him while the admired Irishman was wearing a new set of laurels.

The crowd, slightly smaller than that which saw Londos and Ed Don George wrestle for three hours and two minutes last summer in the same ring, swarmed into the aisles and around the ring to form a solid block around the overjoyed Irish youngster, who danced and waved his appreciation from the center of the mob.

It took Danno a quarter of an hour to reach his dressing room under the stands and he fought his way through another huge mob on his way to hold court in a downtown hotel room.

Ted Tonneman was the referee.

* * *

O'MAHONEY, securing a bodylock from behind, brought Londos to the canvas for the first time, about the 10-minute period, they mauling and wrestling all over the ring. Jimmy tried for a chancery over shoulder, and after a dozen tries, finally secured it. However, they piled into the ropes and were brought back to the center of the ring again.

At 9:30, just as a few drops of rain were beginning to fall, Danno secured a wristlock, brought the Greek to the carpet with a crash and, following up with a head scissors, nearly pinned his foe for a fall. The Greek put up a fight to escape, but the Irish man's scissors remained put and it was a good three minutes before the hold was broken.

As Jimmy came out, he tried for a headlock, but failed to make the connection, the fans cheering Danno. Londos, following up, gained a wristlock and arm bar and toppled the Irish boy. He lost his advantage, however, when he put his arm across the Celt's throat, Referee Tonneman ruling a strangle and separating them.

After tossing a body lock from behind, Jimmy put his fist to jaw, but, on trying it again, lost his wrist to the Irish boy, who, putting on a lock with a bar, floored the titular claimant. After a maul, Londos came up under the hold, but was downed almost immediately. Jim tried for a head scissors, but it failed to work. However, the Greek cleared, secured a hammer and, while holding with one hand, biffed Danno a few with the other, also used knee to body, all of which aroused plenty of booing.

Coming out of it, both tried some fistic stuff, but were interrupted by the referee. Then Londos clamped on a headlock and, on tossing it, tried a second. Losing this also, the Greek came with a combination head and hip and, after considerable pulling and hauling and groaning, put Danno down. Again, however, the ropes spoiled the tactic.

Danno missed with a right for jaw, but took two himself when in close. As the Celt worked in on his man, Jimmy butted to face. There was a tangle which ended in the hempen ring boundaries. Jimmy worked a couple of cart-wheels and a chancery over shoulder, but, on following up, was caught in a body scissors—a squeezing process with plenty of juice behind it

Londos pulled a feat when he finally worked up under the hold but, failing to free himself, was again brought to the canvas, the Irishman retaining the lock. Another struggle and Londos, partly turning, gained a headlock from in front, but again the pair became tangled up in the ropes and were brought back.

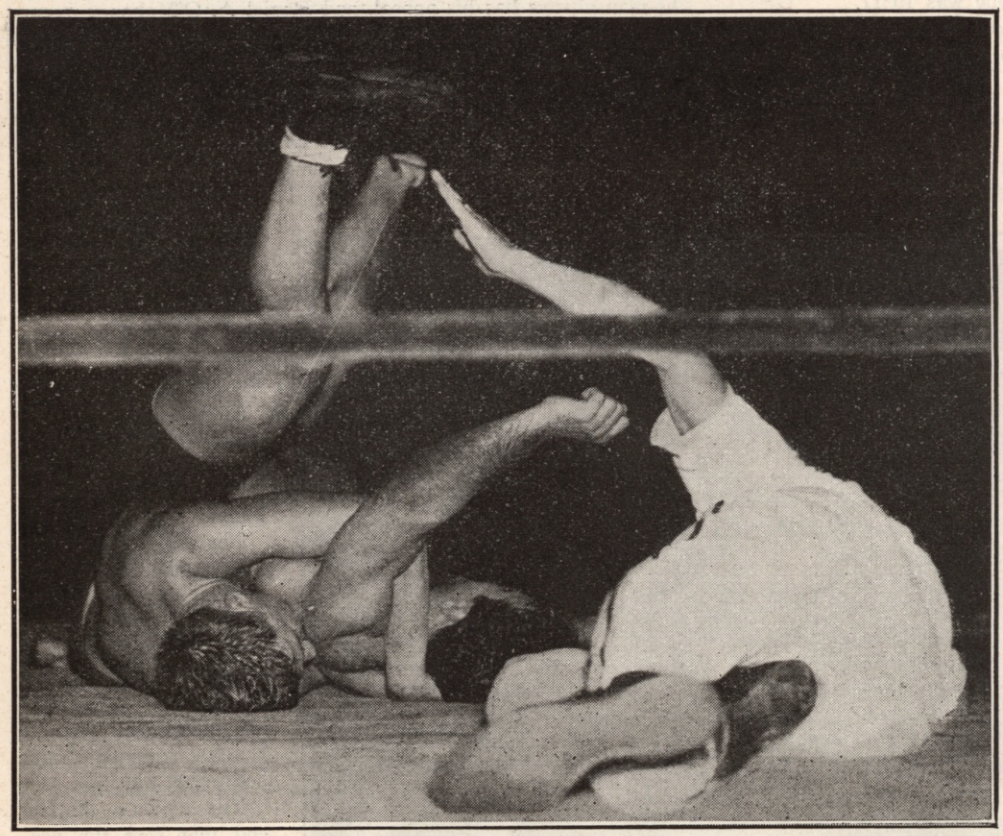
Out in the center at 40 minutes, Londos dipped for a leg and, getting it, clamped on a toehold. "I am going to break your foot," he announced. The twisting and the groans from Danno, all right. He was in a mighty tough spot. They got in the ropes and the referee ordered Londos to break the hold, but he gave Danno an extra twitch before doing so.

At 45 the rain was again coming down, but the fans stuck it out, so the matmen mix with their fists. In the midst of this, Londos gained an inside crotch, and, but for the interference of the referee, would have p i t c h e d Danno through the ropes.

At it again, the Celt got a double leg lock which he shifted to a double toe hold, but the Greek, working to the ropes, escaped.

Then came some more fistic and elbow work, Londos the aggressor. In a mix, Danno worked a spread, a bad one for Jimmy because of his short legs. "Fifty minutes," was tolled by the timekeeper while they were on the floor, Danno working on a toe to which he had shifted. Coming out of it, the Irish lad secured a

(Continued on page 46)



The end of a perfect night for the Irish. Here Referee Tonneman is about to pat O'Mahoney on the back in token of victory over Jim Londos, a triumph that enabled the Irish to win their second heavyweight championship in sports in a fortnight. The end came in an hour and sixteen minutes of keen, rough wrestling.

Who'd He Ever Lick?

By ED. W. SMITH

'TWAS ever thus from the days of the mighty John L. Sullivan right down to James J. Braddock—in every case of a beaten champion that terrible cry has gone up: "Well, when you come right down to it, WHO'D HE EVER LICK?"

When the first of the wonder men named James J. came into international prominence by thoroughly trouncing John L., then considered so unbeatable that the public had put him on a pedestal totally unwarranted by the facts of the case, there was a rude awakening. Corbett's fiery left had knocked the might completely out of the hapless and decaying mighty John L. and in so doing had laid bare the fact that John L. had always had feet of clay.

And the roar that went up in response to that since ever-ready query, "Well, who'd HE ever lick?" disclosed that John L. was the first to draw the color line with that famous defi of his: "I'll fight any white man living for ten thousand dollars a side; niggers double price!"

That was a smart-aleck crack to make in the presence of a few friends and sounded big. When it was put into cold, merciless type, it looked simply horrible. Same as a casual remark sounds all right in a little group of pals but in print—wow! And the next day there was a storm of protest and calumny on the devoted head of the "Boston Strong Boy" that swept him off his feet. Eagerly they denied that he or his handlers ever had said such a thing but the damage had been done and Sullivan never quite lived it down.

Al Wolgast, former World Lightweight Champion.

After Corbett had beaten him easily and badly, the big gladiator by that time being fiercely shot by dissipation and inactivity, they recalled that he wasn't such a brave man. They recalled that he had been challenged frequently by Peter Jackson and his two fellow Australians, Frank Slavin, known as the "Sydney Cornstalk," and Joe Goddard, caressingly known among his fellows as the "Barrier Boy." Both were tremendous hitters and hard men to handle. Likewise they found that Bob Fitzsimmons also flaunted money in the Sullivan face but the idolized champion preferred to take on the middleweight, Charley Mitchell, and Jake Kilrain, who was big and strong but never of championship material.

And Corbett was figured to be an easy mark who couldn't knock John L.'s jaunty derby off his devoted head and that his ten thousand dollars as a side bet would be a soft pick-up. And look what happened!

Coming on down the line, "they" wondered how Corbett had ever stood up there until he ran into Fitzsimmons. Corbett, as in the case of a Tunney thirty years later, wasn't highly regarded because of his actorish ways and dudish mannerisms. Ol' John Public thought he was high-hatting them and resented not only that but his defeat of Sullivan also grated on the Irish despite the fact that Corbett was just as Hibernian, just as good a Mick, as Sullivan, though of a totally different type—non-spending and non-mixing, something that is always resented apparently.

Besides that Corbett made mistakes that were not overlooked. He would never give that famous old brewery helper, Peter Maher, a great Gaelic puncher and likable character, a chance, two or three times trying to give his title away, once to the inefficient and inadequate Steve O'Donnell, poor chap. Jim was laughed down for such tactics and the public didn't come to realize his true worth until long after the blunderbuss of publicity had been stilled and Jim had declared himself out of the racket.

Ol' Fitz was past a reasonable fighting age when Jim Jeffries licked him, and when Jeffries went through the list, beating all of them and then repeated on most of the good contenders, they couldn't say much detrimental about him. Yet when Jim made the mistake of trying to toss off the effects of an eight-year retirement and stepped out to fight Jack Johnson, the same scathing criticism went up: "Who'd HE ever lick?"

Johnson escaped much of these disparaging remarks despite his color and what the public thought was reprehensible personal conduct. His own group didn't go for that either, in sharp contrast to the excellent demeanor of the Joe Louis of this day and age. Yet there was always a strong inclination to pick his record into small bits when the critics had nothing else to write about.

The unfortunate but well-managed Jess Willard, who got more money with less fighting than any of the other champions, came in for thunderous potshots of adverse criticism, and he was unjustly labelled as a "cheese champion" and the old query of "Who'd HE ever lick?" was heard the length and breadth of the land. During his four-year reign, he fought only once, that being a ten-rounder in New York with Frank Moran that drew a great house but didn't enhance the Willard reputation

Jess got most of his money with dandy circus and wild-west contracts, the champion finally winding up by buying one of the ranch shows, the Miller Brothers of the 101 Ranch evidently thinking it was cheaper to unload the show on the big fellow than to be forced to pay him his five hundred dollars a day salary indefinitely.

Jack Dempsey didn't escape. After he licked Willard in such convincing style in 1919 in Toledo, the country rang with his praise but it didn't take long for the yelpers to get on his trail. It started when he required twelve rounds to flatten the late Bill Brennan, continued when Georges Carpentier, a small man, nearly upset him in Jersey City and then Luis Firpo had him out of the ring for a long count, many thought.

Then it was that "they" began inquiring in the same old manner as to "who'd he ever lick?" and kept it up until Tunney satisfied them that Dempsey wasn't such a much when opposed to a great boxer. And repeated a year later, defeats being just what Dempsey needed to make him one of the country's greatest pugilistic idols.

Soon after that Tunney went into a buttoned-up life and told the boys to take it or leave it. Tunney, for my dollar, was the last of the really good champions and will remain in that category until a real one comes along. The fact that there have been five of them, Sharkey, Schmeling, Carnera, Baer and Braddock, since Gene gave it back to the wolves,

(Continued on page 43)

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EDWARD MERRILL

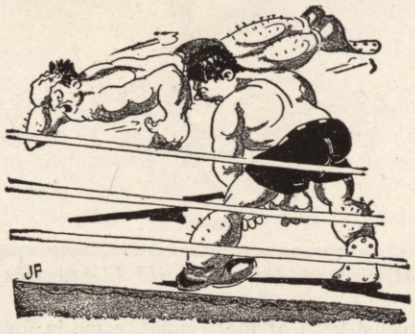
THE surprise victory of Danno O'Mahoney over Jim Londos, and Danno's triumph over Chief Little Wolf a few weeks later, have paved the way for a banner attraction in Boston between the New England king of the grapplers, Ed Don George, and the Irishman. Although the boys are in the same stable, reports to the contrary notwithstanding—Paul Bowser being the man at the helm, with Jack McGrath as his field agent—the interest in such a match is at high pitch in the Hub and should draw a gate of upwards of sixty thousand dollars. The reasons for Danno's popularity is because he is Irish and the strongest Irish center in this country is Boston. Regardless of what others might think of O'Mahoney's ability, don't ever let a Boston Irishman hear you say that he is not the best man in the world. Such a remark would be inviting trouble.

Personally, I have my doubts about Danno being the best heavyweight in the world, but the fact remains that he is now the world champion and, as such, he commands international attention. THE RING has never recognized George as anything other than New England title-holder, hence cannot agree with our Boston readers and the Hub scribes that O'Mahoney shares the championship with George. Such is not the case. Nor does O'Mahoney share the championship with any other title-holder.

The "Crowning" of Everett Marshall out West a few weeks ago is the type of procedure in wrestling that keeps the sport from again attaining the popularity it enjoyed three years ago. There is only one champion at this writing, and his name is Danno O'Mahoney. His victory over Londos assured him of the crown and neither George, Marshall nor any other wrestler can dispute that claim.

* * *

PAUL BOESCH, former Long Beach, Long Island, high school all-around athlete, is taking things easy at Long Beach, where he at one time was a life guard with a record of more than five hundred rescues to his credit. Paul is a popular boy and is the idol of the Long Beacherites with whom he is frequently seen wrestling on the hot sands. Paul has several apt pupils on the beach, among them two high school lads, Stanley and Bernie, who have mastered many intricate holds.



* * *

STRANGLER LEWIS is taking it on the chin from many wrestlers who have no right being in the same ring with this veteran. There is one fellow, however, Vincent Lopez, the Mexican who recently downed the Strangler, who is not rated in that division. Lewis says that Lopez knows what it is all about and will bear watching. Lopez is the fellow who downed Chief Little Wolf twice recently on the Coast and broke up Lou Daro's championship tournament by crossing the man who was to have been declared the champion.

Ernie Dusek, Kalmikoff, Sandor Szabo, Man Mountain Dean, Paul Jones, Mike Romano, Hans Kampfer, Tony Felice, Vic Christy, Willie Davis and Joe Malcewicz are among the stars of the game who are now performing in California and will remain there until the fall season opens in New York.

* * *

FUNNY how Man Mountain Dean attracts wide public attention on the Coast and when he was in the East he could scarcely obtain enough for a daily menu of ham and eggs. In California, Dean has started automobile races, motor cycle races, opened night clubs, made special appearances at social affairs and takes a bow at the fight clubs whenever he is not engaged in a mat tussle.

Those whiskers and the three hundred pounds of beef certainly have made Dean a hero in the Golden West.

* * *

ACCORDING to the Colorado Boxing and Wrestling Commission, blond Everett Marshall of La Junta is the world's heavyweight wrestling champ. How did he win it? Simply by tossing some fellow by the name of Young Gotch. Just how a fellow can win the championship by pinning a grappler of Gotch's caliber is rather vague to me. But since the other states have a system of selecting their own world's champions, I suppose the local outfit decided to create one of their own. Marshall being a native son, of course, got the award.

* * *

JIMMY GURNETT, our Nashville, Tenn., correspondent, writes:

From the streets of Nashville, Tennessee, his home, to a place among the elite in his profession has been the meteoric rise of Dick Lever. Lever in the past few months has been going great guns against all opposition down South, and it won't be long before the Nashville 220-pounder has to be considered with the top flight of the heavies.

Lever's career in the ring reads exactly like one of the dime novel stories, such as "From Rags to Riches." The death of his father when Lever was thirteen years of age forced the Nashville lad into the streets of his native city to sell newspapers in order to support his widowed mother. For the next three years, Lever, who is now twenty-three, gave up all schooling in order to gain the sheer necessities of life. In spare moments Dick would haunt the local gymnasiums watching boxers and wrestlers condition for bouts.

Lever then got the boxing bug in his ear and donned the mitts for his first professional engagement on his sixteenth birthday and started with a blaze of glory, knocking out his opponent in the second round.

For the next two and a half years, the Nashville heavy continued the boxing and in 238 contests lost but nineteen. The decline of the boxing game decided Lever to go into professional wrestling and in the past three years has zoomed to the top ranks of the heavyweights.

To the winning column of the quiet-voiced southerner have been added the names of Sol Slagel, Marshall Blackstock, Sid Westrich, Herby Freeman, Bobby Stewart, and a host of other first flight wrestlers of the heavyweight division. Draws with John Pesek, "The Tiger of the Mat," Abe Coleman, Lou Plummer and Billy Edwards, "The Texas Terror," also grace the record books of Lever.

Lever seems to be one of the best heavyweight prospects to hail from below the Mason and Dixon line in many years. Folks around Nashville way believe in their fellow townsman and are lending moral support to the ambition of the former paper boy.

* * *

DIXIE DOIN'S, as picked up by our Texas correspondent, Bernice Sandboe:

It is with a great deal of regret that your Dixie correspondent regards the downfall of that mighty monarch of the mat, Jim Londos. I suppose every title exchange is accompanied by both rejoicings and weepings but, though I admire the young lad; O'Mahoney, I still cannot join in the ranks of the rejoicers. To me, no one will ever wear the purple mantle of the ruler of rasslers with the solemn dignity and kingly grace of the little Adonis.

For the first time in many moons, Texas became the focal point for the eyes of all wrestling fans, when Jim Londos met Strangler Lewis here. The match was promoted by Houston's genial impresario, Morris Sigel, and was a result of repeated insinuations of localities that Londos was never permitted to meet a worthy foe here in Texas. This so irked our little promoter that he forthwith and immediately began dickering for the big match. Londos at first was hard to sign for a finish encounter with his traditional enemy, but when State Commissioner Nichols stated that he would be banned in the state unless he accepted the match, the little Greek signed on the dotted line without further ado.

* * *

On June 29, Ed Strangler Lewis celebrated his forty-fourth birthday. Last year the portly Strangler was in Houston on this occasion and fans gave him a big hand. He was presented with a big birthday cake in the ring, as well as a basket of beautiful roses which he distributed among the lady ringsiders. (I still have mine tucked away.) After the show he was given a party at one of our swankiest night spots.

* * *

With the coming of summer time begins the steady migration to these parts of wrestlers who have learned the joys of the sunny southland. Doc Sarpolis has been here since early spring and we regard him now as almost a citizen. The Doc's favorite haunt is the Galveston beach, where he trains on the sands and soaks in the sun. Karl Davis is another Galveston fan and spends many week-ends there, as do Abie Coleman, Dan O'Conners, Lew Plummer and many others. Fishing, too, draws many of the burly boys who are rod and reel enthusiasts.

* * *

Not because he hails from my home town, Des Moines, Iowa, (okay, I'm a hayseed—wanna make something of it!), but because he is a most uncanny contortionist of legs, do I give this note to Sam Leathers. Sam is a long, lanky, leggy fellow who has a pair of pins that do things you wouldn't believe without seeing. For instance, it's all in an evening's work to Sammy to have his legs twisted around his neck, or to sit like a Hindu on a prayer rug and then get up and walk on his knees. It gives you the shivers! And, of course, he specializes in all varieties of scissor holds.

* * *

Likeable Karl Davis is developing into a comedian of considerable ability. Movie studios, please note Karl, who is constructed along the lines of Victor McLaglen or Jess Willard, and has the expression of a mischievous young scamp, capers about the ring cutting up like a big bad kid. And do the fans love it! He stomps on toes, tweeks ears and pulls more stunts than a barrel of monkeys.

* * *

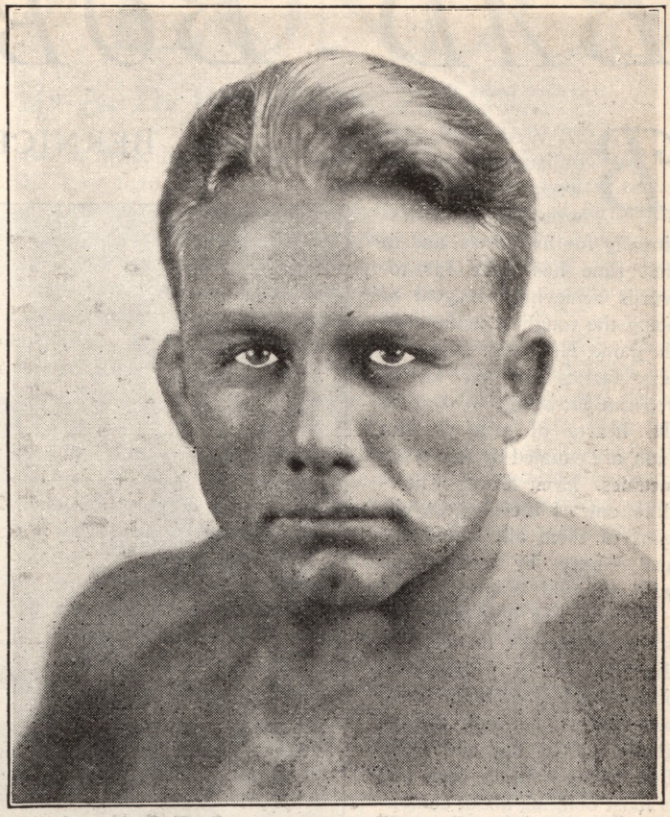
Are you financially distressed? Do you need money? Learn in one easy lesson a new way to have riches literally tossed in your lap. Classes daily, conducted by Professor Bob Savage, who used his head and his beard to make a hit in the mat game.

Not long ago just another mediocre wrestler, this big fellow figured that he was getting nowhere fast and decided to do something about it. And guess what he did? Merely let his curly brown locks grow to a bewitching Garbo-length, grew himself a beard, rigged up in some old overalls, adopted a fancier moniker, a new family history and "kin-folks" and then began "goin' to town."

Now he is known to the unsuspecting as Leo Daniel Boone Savage, the Leviticus of wrestling, who hails from the whiskey-flavored hills of old Kentucky, by cracky.

Offring, he appears in always the same outfit, a dirty pair of overalls, and is always accompanied by his manager and dear friend, Art Mondt (it seems to run in the family, Toots discovered Man Mountain Dean). In the squared arena, he ambles about in his unhurried way and manages to bowl over not only every opponent he has met but all the fans as well, for they stare open-mouthed at this rare specimen.

Nothing seems to daunt him, punch, gouge, tackle or do what they may, his opponents always wind up in the same place—clasped in his big arms in a bear hug. And that spells the finish to the match.



Everett Marshall, who has been dubbed "world heavyweight champion" by the Colorado Boxing Commission for reasons puzzling to the wrestling fraternity.

The other night he wrestled Louie Bacigalupi, a big favorite in this vicinity, and the auditorium was packed to the rafters. In fact, a check-up revealed that the biggest crowd ever to turn out for a non-title bout was in the cheering squad.

So there it is, fellows. Only don't all of you go hill-billy on us. Fancy Jimmy Londos with a flowing black beard, or Nick Lutze with long, golden curls!

* * *

RAMBLIN'S ON RASSLERS—Our little town was seething with celebs here for the Londos-Lewis match . . . . the two big shots both stayed at our swankiest hotel, the Rice, but had four floors between them . . . . Pete Schuh had his tonsils taken out . . . . he's all excited about his trip to South America with Ed Lewis . . . . they'll be "flying down to Rio" about November . . . . Strangler Lewis is the most gracious of the wrestlers about autographing . . . . everywhere he goes, he is besieged by seekers, yet he never turns anyone down . . . . Bill Hawkins from up Iowa way, travels to all the matches round about via plane . . . . happy landings, Bill . . . . Leo Daniel Boone Savage, a runner-up to Man Mountain Dean, whiskers and all, wanted to wear long khaki pants in the ring instead of regulation wrestling trunks because, he explained, "there'll be ladies present" . . . . the colorful "Daniel Boone" is Bob Savage in disguise . . . . Art Mondt discovered him . . . . my girl friend and sister correspondent, Bette Hardeman, recently middle-aisled it . . . . it's too bad, boys . . . . near tragedy stalked into the Louie Bacigalupi snake collection a few weeks ago . . . . Botchy's cotton-mouthed moccasin took a bite out of his favorite spreading-adder and for a while it looked like the little darling was going to die . . . . but Botchy's pet pulled through and so all is well now . . . . Botchy snoops around the Louisiana swamps pursuing reptiles for his collection . . . . Gordon Schafer, popular local wrestler, and Karl Davis are buddies.

(Continued on page 46)

BAD BOB WAGNER

By BERNICE SANDBOE

BOB WAGNER, part Indian and part Norwegian, has been wrestling professionally for five years, and in that time has gone far towards achieving his goal of being the roughest matman in the game. His assault and battery tactics and his kill-if-you-can brawling, so dear to the hearts of true 'rasslin fans, are equaled by few other meanies. Even Chief Chewchki, one of the biggest villains of them all, looks pale and dainty by comparison with the wild Wagner.

Perhaps our hero owes his startling success to the fact that he was a professional boxer—and a doggone good one—before he took up the gentle art of tug and push. Bob packs a mean sock and is most obliging about demonstrating his skill with same. In fact, it is most difficult for his opponent to avoid being treated to a series of Wagnerian wallops.

But Bob by no means depends entirely on his sensational skill with his fists. Like all masters in their line, he has many stunts and tricks to refer to. For instance, there is the very effective method of tossing one's opponent with reckless abandon through the ropes, then dusting off the referee's chin with a haymaker and proceeding with the evening's festivities by flinging said opponent outside the ring every time he endeavors to crawl through the ropes.

This, as a general rule, results in a victory of a sort. Almost invariably, the opponent is rendered very much *hors de combat,* but this, unfortunately, is usually accompanied by the referee coming to at the crucial moment and disqualifying Bob.

* * *

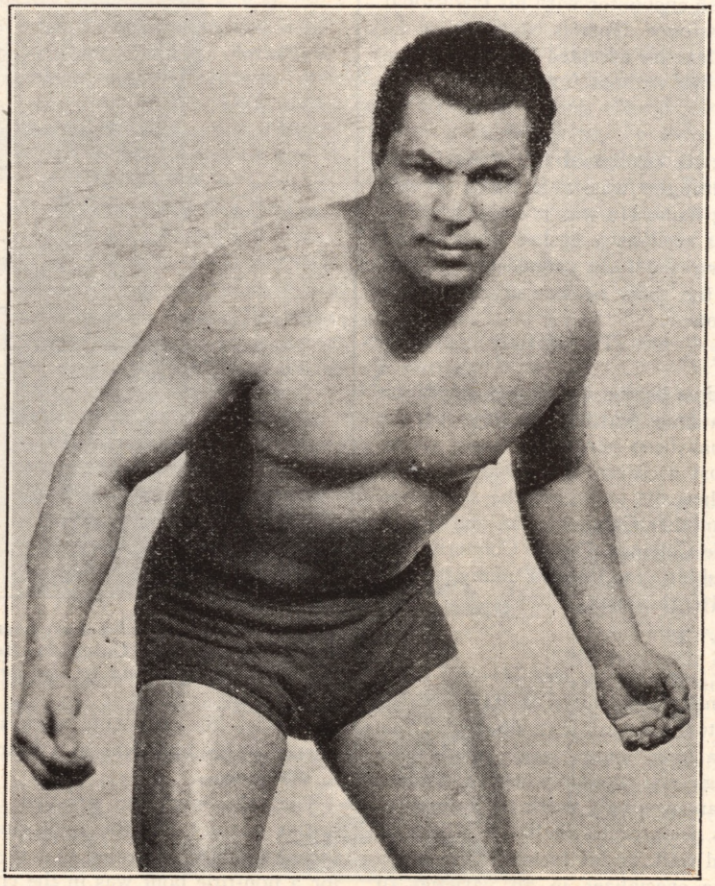
FREQUENTLY Bob resents the referee's unsolicited interest in his activities, and endeavors to completely annihilate him. But this, too, has proven impractical, says Bob, for he often finds himself whisked off to a nice, quiet cell in the local jail.

But Bob is not one to be daunted by such small inconveniences. He carries on nobly, despite all drawbacks, with his goal as monarch of the meanies, always foremost in mind.

This rough and ready young man hails from the great, untamed North-West. He was born in Tacoma, Washington, but when a youngster his family moved on a farm near Portland, Oregon. There Bob was raised, leading the life of an average farm boy. He attended high school in Portland and then went back to his native state to attend the University of Washington.

After leaving college, he led a varied and interesting life. He became a professional football player, professional baseball player, worked in a paper mill, was a race-track driver, a professional boxer and, finally, five years ago, he turned to wrestling.

He was a great success on the Pacific Coast as a fighter and had just won a technical knock-out over Young Firpo, Pacific Coast heavyweight champion, when his foot was seriously injured in a paper-mill accident and he was forced to leave the ring.



Bob Wagner

* * *

BOB'S foot had caught in some machinery in the paper-mill where he was working, and was so badly crushed and mangled that doctors were completely amazed when he came out of the ordeal, after a long siege of suffering, fully recovered. But of course his hopes for returning to the boxing profession were blasted, for that particular sport calls for intricate footwork, so Bob, being athletically inclined, turned to wrestling.

He took scientific exercises and soon built up the strength in his injured foot, which is now almost as good as before the accident.

But his misfortune seemed to have left a scar on this young fellow's temper, for because of his surly and hard-boiled behavior in the ring, he had, in no time, won himself a reputation as a big meanie.

So he began mowing his way through the wrestling world in his hectic, slam-bast style, plowing down one opponent after another, getting rushed off to jail here, suspended there, and almost invariably being disqualified.

* * *

FANS turn out in droves to see him down here in Texas. And, somehow, they like this wild boy. Because Bob isn't the underhanded sort of a rough wrestler, who sneaks in his punches, gouging and kicking. Everything Bob does, he does "right out loud" and it's just a matter of someone trying to stop him. Usually the referee devotes his entire evening to this matter, but as before stated, Bob has no qualms whatsoever, about doing away with the referee entirely.

Bob is just twenty-seven, and a good-looking young fellow, resembling his Indian ancestors in a dark, handsome way. He's of medium height and weighs in at 215 pounds. He's happily married and has a small son.

Like the proverbial Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, he is a likable and good-natured fellow outside the ring. He likes the life he leads, the traveling and excitement, the many thrills afforded by the wrestling game.

Bob keeps in trim by several outdoor exercises. His favorites are golf and swimming. He plays a top-notch game of the former and is a grand swimmer. Too, he likes fishing and hunting.

Only a few months ago, he went fishing in the Gulf and had considerable difficulty getting back to shore when a squall—one of those powerful ones of tornadic effect—struck loose. There isn't a better master of the Australian crawl and the trudgeon strokes than Bob Wagner.

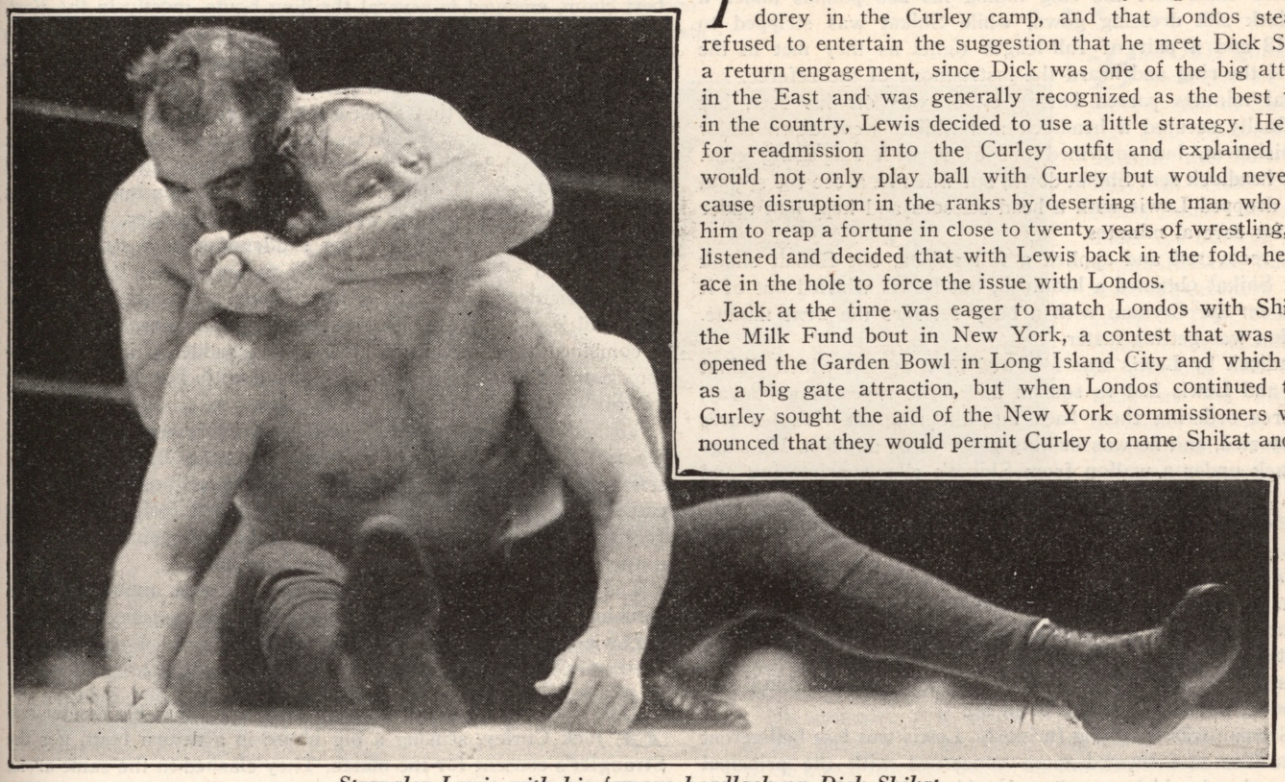
From MILO to LONDOS

CHAPTER XXXV

By A. D. PHILLIPS *(World's oldest active sports writer)*

WE have reached the stage in our history of American wrestling that is so complicated that it requires the wisdom of a Solomon to keep the records straight. As I remarked in a previous chapter, starting with the year 1929, there began to branch out several combines around the country, each laying claim to a champion, with the result that at one time we had Lewis, Shikat, Sonnenberg, De Glane and George listed as world title holders, but by degrees, the promoters, matchmakers, wrestlers and even the managers came to their senses and began to see the wisdom of eliminating a few of the group in order to add interest to the mat sport and to halt the newspaper ridicule that had been hurled at the pachyderms because of the complicated situation.

It will be recalled that after Londos had defeated Shikat to be crowned New York and Pennsylvania State champions, support that automatically gave him the advantage over his rivals, he continued to defend his title for the Curley group of promoters until such time as he was asked to clash with his Nemesis, Strangler Lewis. Then he balked. It was that refusal that brought about a break between Londos and Curley and eventually enabled Lewis to rise to the top again for the fifth time as world champion, so far as New York and its allied states were concerned.



Strangler Lewis with his famous headlock on Dick Shikat.

* * *

WHEN Lewis defeated George on the Coast, there could be no further doubt about the supremacy of the Strangler over all the men who were claiming the title around the country. The triumph of Don over De Glane, clinched only the Canadian and New England title again for George, but as Sonnenberg had lost his crown to George and Don, in turn, was whipped fairly by Lewis, Ed had a better claim on the national honors than did Londos, who beat only a New York and Pennsylvania title holder and had already been defeated fourteen times by Lewis.

But you couldn't prove that to the partisans of Londos and Don George. They had their own ideas about the national champion and to them, Don and the Greek were the big shots. But little did they figure that the situation would be still further complicated by the arrival of a football star who was to introduce the flying kick into wrestling and who was to defeat Londos and cause greater commotion in the mat sport. His name was Joe Savoldi, Notre Dame football star, and of his victory over Jemmy, we will have more to stay shortly.

The biggest drawing card in the sport at the time, and for that matter, since the Frank Gotch period, was Londos. Wherever he went, he packed them in. He became to wrestling what Jack Dempsey was to boxing and in the short space of a year, he amassed close to a quarter of a million in exhibitions throughout the country. He was bitter against Lewis and though the Strangler tried repeatedly to get him into the ring with him in order to settle the matter of supremacy, Jemmy turned a deaf ear to the plea.

* * *

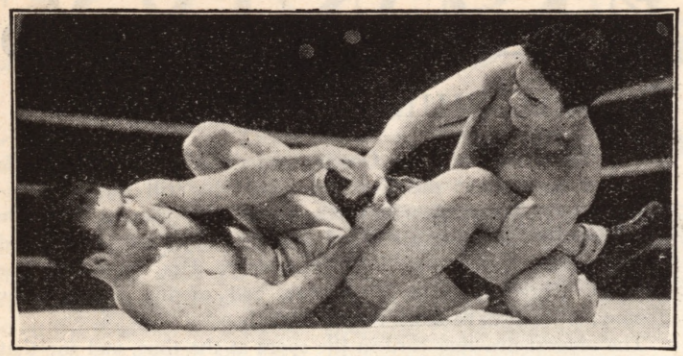
THUS, when Lewis learned that everything was not honkey-dorey in the Curley camp, and that Londos steadfastly refused to entertain the suggestion that he meet Dick Shikat in a return engagement, since Dick was one of the big attractions in the East and was generally recognized as the best wrestler in the country, Lewis decided to use a little strategy. He applied for readmission into the Curley outfit and explained that he would not only play ball with Curley but would never again cause disruption in the ranks by deserting the man who enabled him to reap a fortune in close to twenty years of wrestling, Curley listened and decided that with Lewis back in the fold, he had an ace in the hole to force the issue with Londos.

Jack at the time was eager to match Londos with Shikat for the Milk Fund bout in New York, a contest that was to have opened the Garden Bowl in Long Island City and which loomed as a big gate attraction, but when Londos continued to balk, Curley sought the aid of the New York commissioners who announced that they would permit Curley to name Shikat and Lewis as challengers and the winner of a bout between them would get first chance at Londos.

They also informed the Greek Adonis that he would have to consent to meet the victor or be shorn of his crown. Thus was paved the way for a solution of the mess into which wrestling had gotten but apparently Londos was not yet ready to bow to the dictates of the powerful New York Boxing Commission.

* * *

THE match between Lewis and Shikat was staged at the Garden Bowl in Long Island City on June 10, 1932 before a huge gathering and Lewis emerged the victor. Thus for the fifth time in his career, Ed became a champion. 15,901 persons saw the grizzled, hog-fat Lewis, panting like an exhausted hound from more than an hour's grueling punishment at the hands of the powerfully built, trim German athlete, score a surprising victory over his younger and cleverer opponent. The time was an hour six minutes and seven seconds. Three headlocks, applied



A stirring moment in the Savoldi-Londos match in which the Greek Adonis lost to the Notre Dame football star.

in rapid succession, in combination with body slams, brought about the surprising climax.

Shikat was as fresh as a daisy when the end came while the victor was all in. While the bout lacked spectacular wrestling, it was by far the most scientific match seen in more than a decade.

* * *

LEWIS came into the ring hiding his 236 pounds under a black silk dressing gown, while Shikat was stripped to 218 and a pair of full-length tights as they met in the center of the ring and heard the instructions of the referee.

Several minutes passed before either was off his feet, but Lewis finally secured a headlock and Shikat went down under the punishment, but squirmed out of it with surprising ease. Another headlock sent Shikat down, but when he arose the second time he dropped Lewis with a head scissors and kept him under control for several minutes.

Lewis recovered and applied a full nelson, but Shikat shook him off. Shikat obtained a headlock, but Lewis whirled out of it and was on the German with a body scissors the next minute. The action was getting faster.

A headlock by Lewis was followed by a spread which Shikat secured and Lewis had to squirm under the ropes to get away, the referee ordering them back into the ring. Lewis's features were distorted, and he was making gestures of anguish. He staggered back under a wallop from Shikat's elbow, grimacing and rubbing his jaw, which made the skeptics smile. It was beginning to look less genuine after they had been in the ring thirty-five minutes.

Up to this point Shikat had held whatever advantage there was. He had inflicted the greater punishment and had been the aggressor most of the time, besides looking less worn than Lewis.

Shikat continued to harass Lewis with torturing toe holds, heartless head locks, head scissors and almost everything else in the book, but Lewis broke them all.

The German was frowning furiously. Lewis was less belligerent in appearance and seemed more concerned with the principal problem at hand, which was throwing his opponent, not frightening him.

After an hour of wrestling, Lewis was going better, but not so good that it looked as though he would win. In fact rain threatened to fall before either of the athletes and the crowd started cheering for something decisive. They clapped, stamped and cheered in unison. The action became more brisk and the end came suddenly. Lewis applied four successive headlocks, tossed Shikat over his shoulder as many times and finally scored a fall.

* * *

ARISING the second time, Shikat was in a daze and offered no resistance and Lewis again headlocked him. The German's resistance weakened fast, but this time he managed to partly break the hold. But when he reeled away from the clinch, Shikat's face was purple and his tongue protruded. Lewis kept jumping so fast that there was no adequate defense and the fourth slam to the mat ended the bout.

In bringing his man to the floor this time, Lewis went down with him, and, by applying the proper leverage, turned the broad-shouldered German over as they hit the floor. Shikat was only half conscious by this time and his shoulder blades quickly settled to the mat. Gunboat Smith, the referee, threw himself down beside the man, tried to insert one hand under Shikat's back, counted five with his free hand swinging and then pounded Lewis on the back as a signal that it was all over.

A week following the match, the New York commission laid down the law to Londos when he refused to accept Lewis as the challenger. He informed the board that under no circumstances would he agree to such a bout, and the general impression prevailed that the Greek's refusal was due to the many previous times in which he was beaten by the Strangler. The commission ruled Londos out of the state and announced that it had shorn him of the championship and declared Lewis the new title holder in New York.

But Londos was still the champion in other territory, he had the backing of the National Boxing Association in his fight with Curley and that made him the crown wearer in twenty-nine states.

* * *

THUS the situation stood for a time, with Londos, George and Lewis plying their trade and parading as champion in whatever locality the fans would accept them. Lewis, with the best claim, engaged in several thrilling bouts, mostly in the East.

On January 24, 1933, he had one of his toughest, a bout with Jim Browning in Madison Square Garden, which he won in 34.52. It was that contest that paved the way for a return engagement a month later that caused the title to change hands again.

In their first bout, the veteran, harassed by the airplane scissors king, turned when the outlook was darkest for him and pinned Gentleman Jim to the surprise of the seven thousand spectators who figured that Browning would beat the Strangler.

The finish came with startling suddenness in a struggle that was crowded with action from start to finish. But it was not a popular victory, albeit it was fair. Lewis, squeezed between the powerful legs of his foe in two successive body scissors holds for a combined time of 11 minutes, turned suddenly in seeking to escape the second hold and came erect with Browning clinging to him.

Then the champion lurched quickly as if falling and slammed his rival down. The force of the fall broke Browning's body scissors. Lewis then twisted Browning into position for an application of the headlock that was brief but effective, gradually forcing Browning's shoulders to the mat and keeping them there until the fall was called by Referee Jed Gahan.

The combination that produced the fall was announced as a combined body slam and headlock.

Lewis weighed 240 and Browning 230.

* * *

BROWNING was not satisfied that Lewis was his master and Jack Curley, sensing a big house in a return bout, got the Strangler's consent for the match. They clashed in the same arena on February 21, and this time a new champion was crowned. The Kentucky veteran was pinned in 57 minutes and 50 seconds.

With a quick turnover and his favorite body scissors Browning, aggressor through the match, the man on top in the majority of times they went to the mat and with a wider and more punishing, more effective variety of holds, pinned the shoulders of the champion who, in a wrestling career extending over about twenty years, has been thrown only about half a dozen times.

Conquerors of Lewis who come to mind are the two Zbyszkos, Wladek and the elder Stanislaus, Joe Stecher, Wayne (Big) Munn and one or two others.

When Referee Jack Denning tapped the body of Browning in signal of victory, creating a new champion, Browning was astride an almost inert Lewis, his full weight of 230 pounds pressing Lewis flat on his back near the defending champion's own corner.

The finish was a surprise. Lewis has been winning so consistently since he was recognized as champion here last Summer upon the failure of Jim Londos to meet his challenge that it was taken more or less for granted that the Kentuckian would add to his conquests.

Particularly was this expectation encouraged by the fact that Lewis, about a month ago, had downed Browning in a spirited struggle. But if the victory was surprising it was not unpopular. No wrestling champion of recent years received an ovation to match that accorded Browning after his victory which brought recognition by the State Athletic Commission as the title holder.

* * *

BROWNING was Lewis's master at all times. He manhandled the defending champion in clean wrestling, which had not one single objectionable incident.

Lewis's headlock was conspicuous by its absence, not particularly because the hold has lost its effectiveness, although it is fair to assume it is not as dangerous as of yore, but specifically because Browning refused to be drawn into any trap that exposed him for long to the hold.

Only once did Lewis apply a real, punishing headlock. This came when the men had been grappling thirty-six minutes, and it lasted for only one minute before the powerful Bostonian tore himself free and almost tossed Lewis into the laps of spectators.

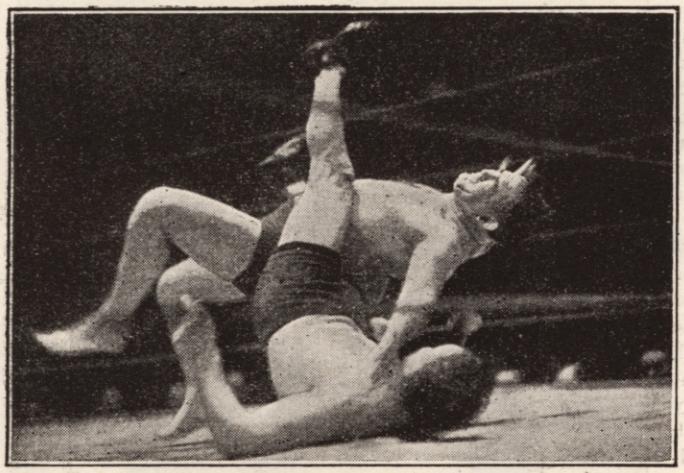
As the match passed the fifty-seven-minute mark, Lewis appeared to take a new lease on life. He brought into play the hip and headlock with which he customarily gives forewarning of a succession of headlocks calculated to reduce a foe to submission.

Five times Lewis tossed his rival about like a sack of meat, each time Browning coming erect head down, groggy to all intents and purposes, but leading directly at his foe.

The sixth time Lewis tried for a headlock, his hold slipped. The Kentuckian pitched face forward to the floor, landing on all fours, unbelieving. Quick as a flash Browning turned and, with the one motion, pounced upon Lewis who was an open target for a body scissors.

In the wink of an eye Browning fastened the hold, went down on his own back, twisted and twirled Lewis high in the air, dropped the Kentuckian solidly on the ring floor, on his back.

Then he came up astride Lewis, putting all the pressure of which he was capable into his powerful legs, until Lewis lay prostrate and flat and Referee Denning tapped Browning with the signal that brought the Bostonian victory and the championship. Lewis weighed 238 pounds.



Strangler Ed Lewis whirled through space by Jim Browning's airplane scissors.

* * *

WITH Browning crowned king in the East and Londos continuing to make trouble for the Curley-Mondt group, plans were laid for the defeat of the Greek, or at least, to discredit him with the wrestling public, and the means adopted was to take him off his guard and match him with a grappler friendly to the Curley combine, but unbeknown to Londos and his mentor. The medium was Joe Savoldi, famous Notre Dame football star, who had only recently tossed his lot into the professional wrestling field and who, it was thought, would prove an easy mark for the Greek.

Toots Mondt maneuvered the affair and with the aid of Chicago politicians, he was able to get Londos' consent for a match to be staged at the Chicago Stadium on April 8, 1933. There, before 8000 fans, Jumping Joe gained a fall from the champion in 20 minutes and 26 seconds and was proclaimed the new king of the heavyweights. And that decision started a new wrestling war. The real fireworks had just begun.

Ed White, manager of Londos, claimed that the match, limited to one fall with a 90-minute time limit, was not a championship affair simply because of a ruling by the old Illinois State Athletic Commission that all wrestling matches were merely "exhibitions." The spectators howled White down.

Then Londos issued a statement in which he denied that Savoldi had thrown him, blaming Referee Bob Managoff for everything that happened.

"It was not a fall," Londos said. "I had a Japanese scissors on Savoldi from an underneath position. I was partly on my side and on my shoulder. Savoldi's feet were tangled in the ropes. Referee Managoff tapped me on the shoulder with orders to break. I understood from that we were to start wrestling all over again from a standing position because Savoldi's feet were tangled in the ropes. I let go and the next instant the referee tapped Savoldi in token of victory. I repeat, it was not a fall."

Referee Managoff declared that he had given the bout to Savoldi because Joe had legally won the fall. The affair was then taken before the Boxing Commission and Joe Triner, the chairman, ruled that the bout was not a championship and that therefore Londos could not have lost his title.

Then, to still further strengthen Londos's hold in the controversy, the National Wrestling Association, which was a 100 per cent Londos group, ruled in Jemmy's favor and thus, when Savoldi was brought east to tackle Jim Browning for the championship, there was little interest in the bout.

* * *

BEFORE going into this, however, we will give a short sketch of Savoldi. Jumping Joe, christened Giuseppi Savoldi, was born in Milano, Italy, in 1909. He attended Notre Dame University where, under the tutelage of the great Knute Rockne, he starred for that organization during the years of 1928, 1929 and 1930. After his graduation, he took to coaching for a time and then, at the suggestion of Strangler Lewis, he became a professional wrestler.

Savoldi worked his way through college. When he wasn't on the football field, he was doing odd jobs to make both ends meet. He joined the ranks of professional wrestlers because he saw more money in that than he could earn at coaching and has been making plenty since. Naturally, his reputation on the football field aided him considerably in wrestling.

His specialty in wrestling is the flying tackle. In fact, no man in the game who uses that dangerous tackle, can hit a fellow while going through the air as can Savoldi. Several of the boxing commissions, deeming Joe's tackle too dangerous, have banned it.

Normally, Joe scaled about 204 pounds. He is a husky fellow, stands 5 feet 11 inches, is 26 years old, is an affable, intelligent man, and his whole life seems to be absorbed in his vocation.

* * *

"MY being born in Italy was purely an accident," says Joe, "for had it not been that my folks, who at the time were living in Three Oaks, Michigan, were told to hasten back to Italy, where my mother's father, keeper of a restaurant, had been attacked by bandits and fatally knifed, I would have been born here. My grandfather had driven his team from Castano Primo to replenish his supplies in a distant town, and was on the way back when the robbers closed in on him. He was left for dead in the bottom of his wagon and the horses continued the trip without being guided.

"The stabbing had left my grandfather close to death and my mother was advised to hurry back to Italy if she again was to see her dad alive. She sailed with my father, a few weeks before I was born. She traveled with all haste *(Continued on page 44)*

Tom Finds Travelling Right Down His Alley

By ALEX SULLIVAN

WRESTLERS are noted for the great amount of travelling they do, but Tom Alley probably has done more travelling than any grappler in the business. Travelling seems to be right down Tom's alley. He figures that he has travelled one million miles since he started wrestling.

Alley is the inventor of the "surf-board" hold, a grasp that forces his opponents to yell quits. He has been active in Australia and all the surrounding South Sea Islands, various parts of Asia, Africa, Europe, South and Central America and all over Canada and the United States.

A hop across the ocean is just like a railroad commuter's trip for the Australian champion, who prides himself on the fact that he once defeated the Duke of York in a popularity contest, staged at the Mormon Church Sunday School class of Capetown, South Africa. The total number of ballots cast was sixty-six, which was the enrollment of the class, and when the votes were counted, it was discovered that the children preferred a sports celebrity to the second son of King George. Tom won by a majority of twelve votes.

* * *

ALLEY stands five feet ten and a half inches and weighs 208 pounds. Although born in this country, at Hatfield, Me., in 1901, he has spent so much time in Australia that they consider him a native. His father, an Australian, induced Tom to visit his native land after intestinal influenza nearly wrecked him physically.

Tom took up wrestling to restore his health and strength, and not only has the sport made him a perfect specimen of manhood, but he has made a tidy sum of money at it—and he means to follow it until he no longer can secure matches. And even then he declares that he will hie himself to the gym to have workouts.

It was intended that he become a teacher and he graduated from a teachers' college, but he figured the pay was not adequate and besides he is a nomad by nature, so he decided to devote his life to travelling and grappling. It was only recently that he returned from South Africa.

He holds the record for mileage as a wrestler. At least so Tom Alley claims. He has wrestled in every part of the world.

IT was Alley who introduced the "Down Under" style of wrestling in the East—which is the system of wrestling by rounds of ten minutes each, with a minute between rounds, as in boxing. This style is in vogue in the Northwest, and it is claimed that it speeds up the game.

Tom is a graduate of the Warrenburg, Mo., State Teachers' College. His first professional bout took place on July 4, 1919, the night that Jack Dempsey won the world's heavyweight boxing title from Jess Willard at Toledo.

Tom was a big favorite in Australia, where he defeated Billy Meske for the title, and he has had many offers to go back there. He has the wanderlust and promoters never know when he will go on a long trip, regardless of what lucrative matches are in sight.

McGUIRK, *N.W.A. Champion*

By JAMES WELLS

FRESH from a successful jaunt into the provinces of Mexico on which he defeated both the Mexican heavyweight and light-heavyweight wrestling crown bearers, LeRoy Michael McGuirk, who is recognized by the N. W. A. as the world's light-heavyweight champion, recently returned to the States and already has the southwestern grappling situation well in hand. Appearing in practically every city in the Mexican Republic, McGuirk won loud acclaim from all quarters.

The sporting fandom below the Rio Grande has become educated to the graceful moves and quick action of the Spanish, French and Mexican matadors of the bull ring, and the lithe Oklahoma A. and M. college graduate caught on immediately with his clever maneuvers and rapid-fire pace.

McGuirk was originally billed for only one appearance in Mexico, that against Luis Mayo, the Republic's light-heavy title-holder. He made such a tremendous hit with the clean-cut manner in which he disposed of Mayo, however, that the Mexico City wrestling impresarios, Don Salvador Lutteroth and Francisco Ahumada, were literally besieged with requests to match him with Charro Francisco Aguayo, the heavyweight crown bearer.

The Mexican proved a stubborn opponent for his slighter American adversary and the action was fast and furious before the Oklahoma youngster managed to hook his rolling double wristlock for a victory.

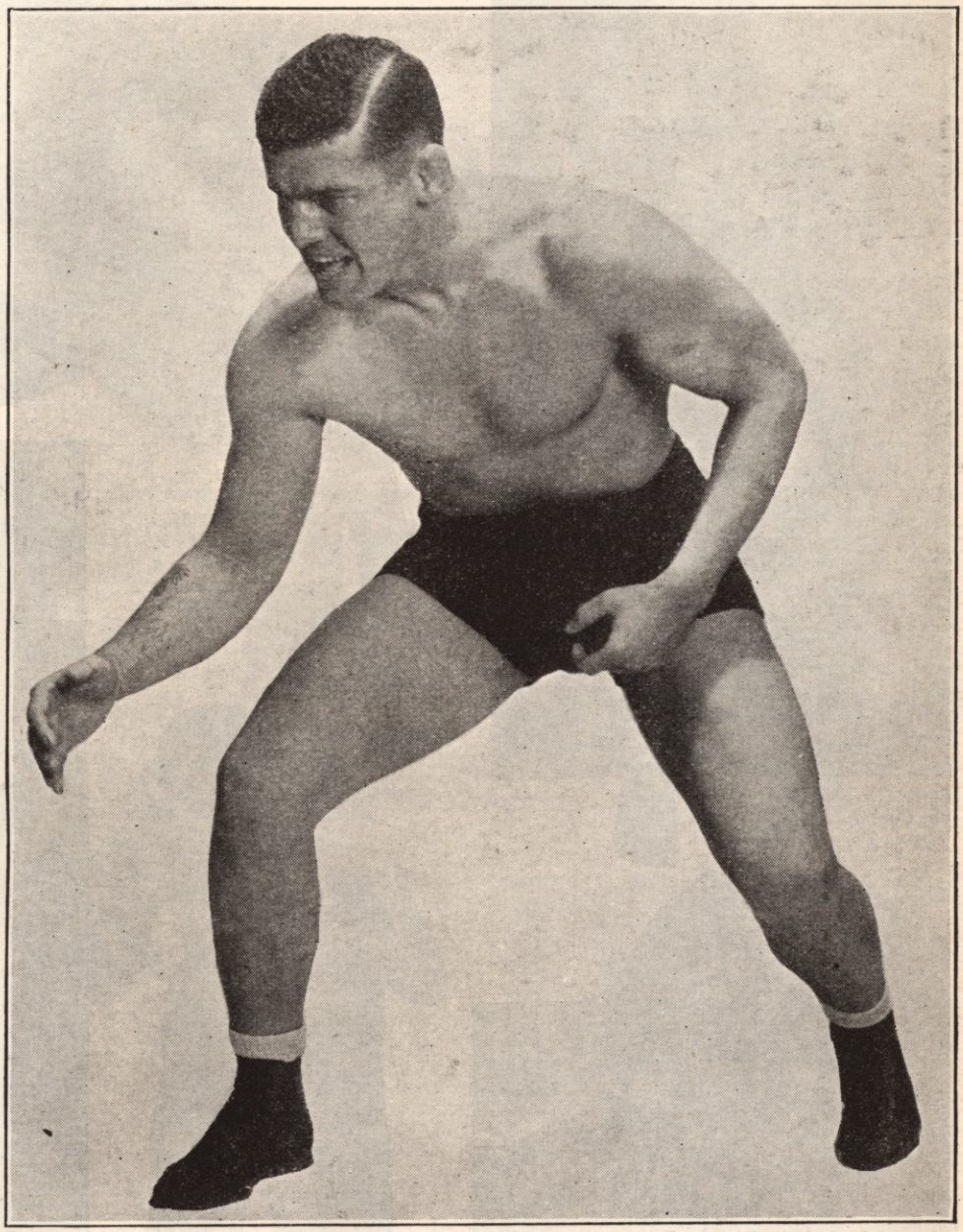
The champion has nothing but the greatest of praise for the promoters, Señors Lutteroth and Ahumada, who handled his bouts in Mexico City and also in Puebla and Guadalajara, cities located farther into the interior from the capital. "Those fellows deserve credit for their management of the sport," he points out. "They have brought it out of the doldrums to a stage of capacity houses. Strange as it may seem, the native fans care more for scientific grappling than the roughhouse type which has captivated the States."

* * *

UPON his return home, LeRoy found himself confronted with two outstanding contenders for championship honors in the persons of Barney Cosneck, former Big Ten champ from the University of Illinois, and Logger Jack McDonald, husky lumberjack from Seattle. The bout with the Jewish collegian was a natural. He and McGuirk had been rivals in the national intercollegiate tournament at Bloomington, Indiana, in 1932, with McGuirk, the intercollegiate title-holder, winning by a narrow margin.

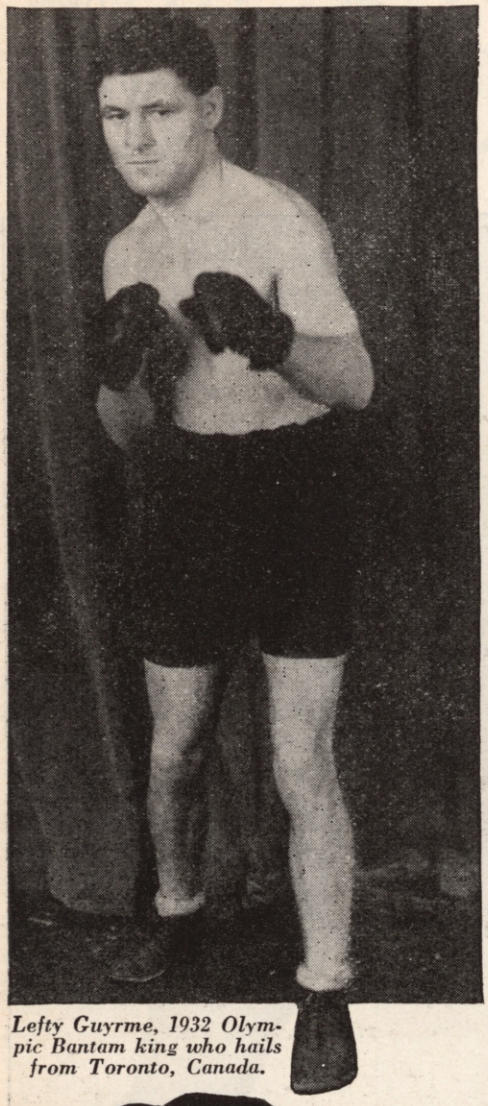
The two climbed through the ropes at the Market Square Garden in Oklahoma City, Ok., last January 15, with a complete sellout crowd in attendance. Colonel Harry J. Landry, Friars Point, Miss., colorful president of the National Wrestling Association, was present to award the titular belt to the winner.

Amateur dives, switches, blocks, and counters were mixed with the best known professional antics as the two youngsters sought a winning leverage. Finally, after one hour and forty-two minutes of spirited wrestling, *(Continued on page 43)*



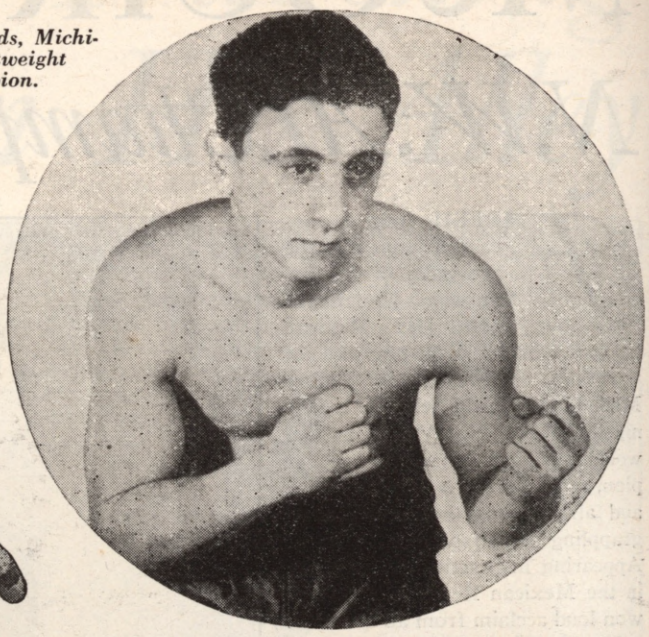
Le Roy Michael McGuirk, Oklahoma A. and M. athlete, who recently won the light-heavyweight championship from Hughie Nichols. His claim is recognized throughout the West and Middle West.

In the FISTIC SPOTLIGHT

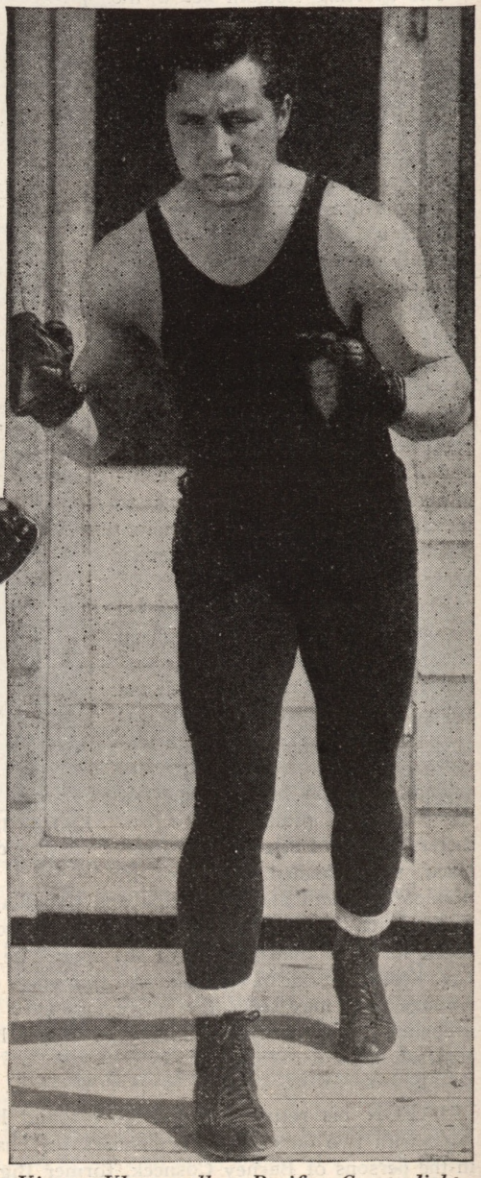


Lefty Guyrme, 1932 Olympic Bantam king who hails from Toronto, Canada.

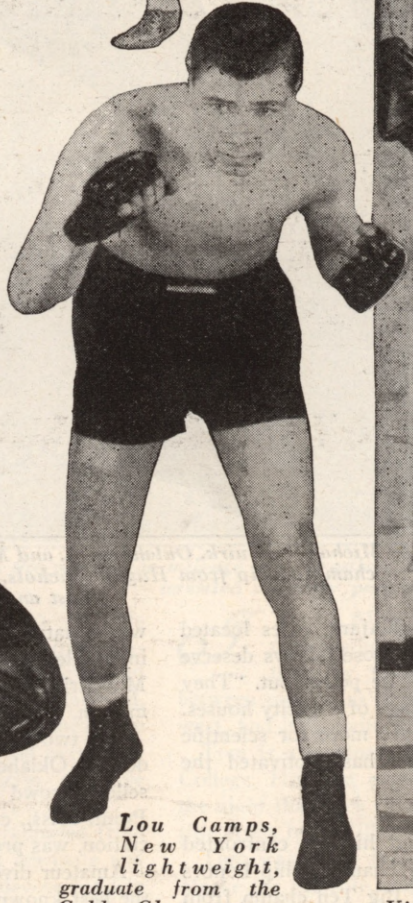
Chuck Woods, Michigan lightweight champion.



Cliff McWhirter, sterling Canadian featherweight.



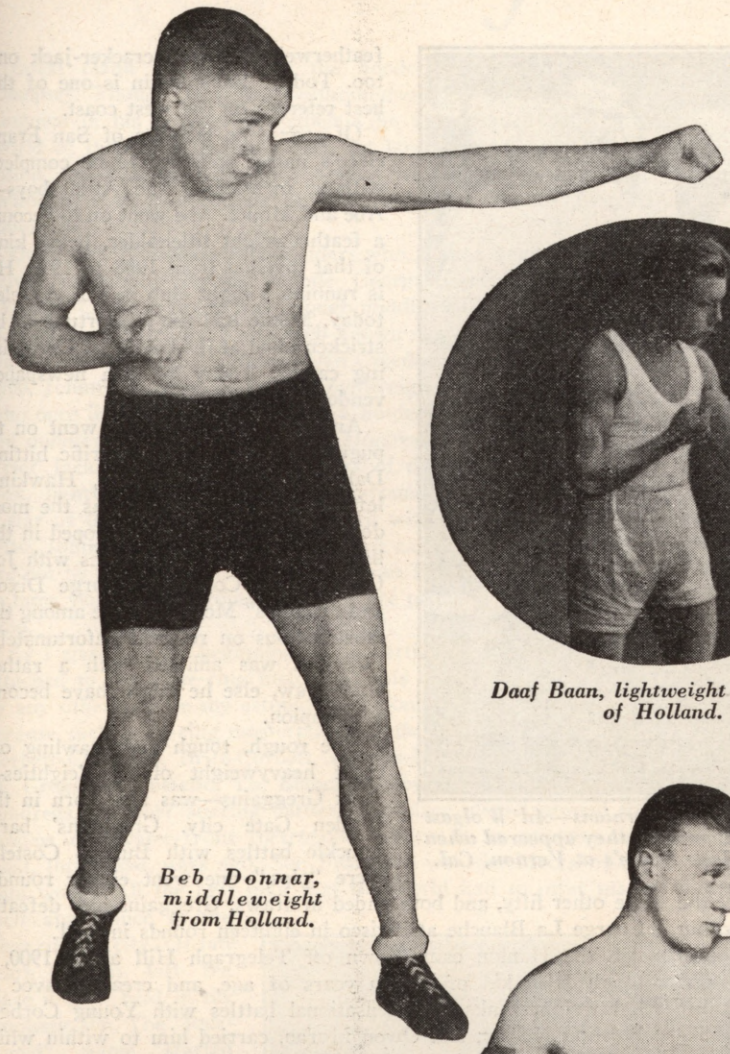
Sammy McLarnin, husky young fighting brother of the famous Jimmy.



Lou Camps, New York lightweight, graduate from the Golden Gloves tournaments, who has an impressive record.

Victor Vherarnello, Pacific Coast light-heavyweight who is being tutored by Jerry the Greek, trainer of Jack Dempsey.

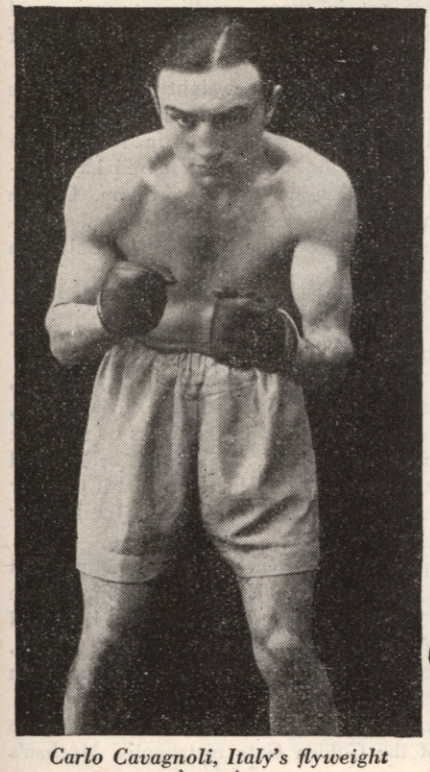
Foreigners Seeking Recognition



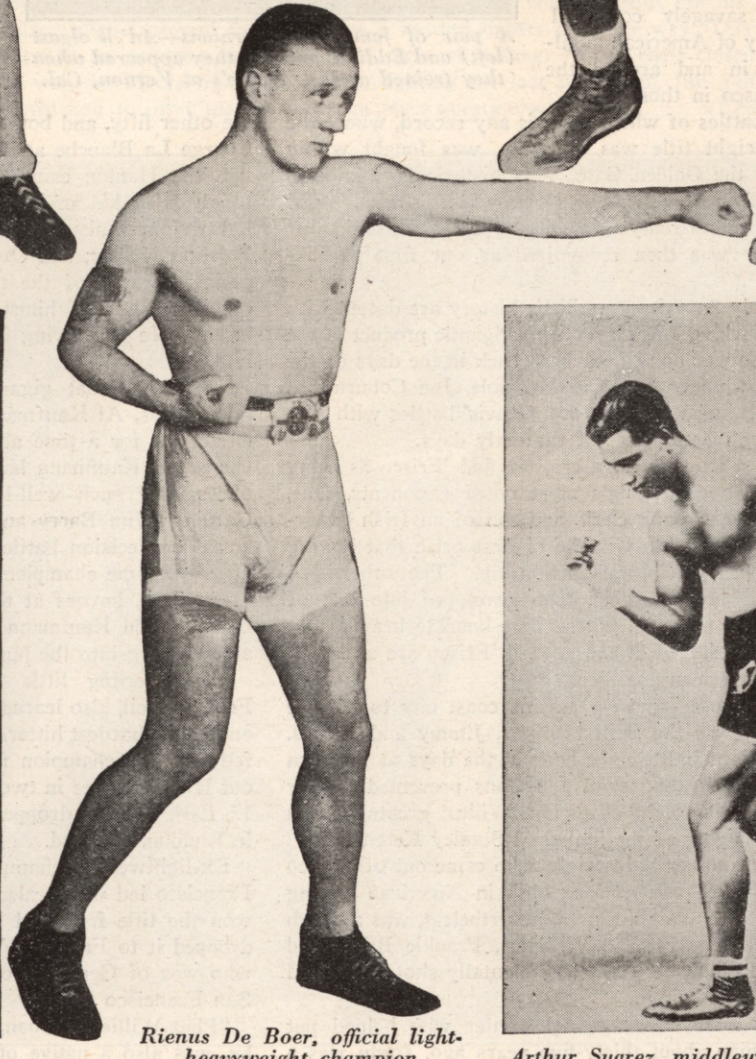
Beb Donnar, middleweight from Holland.

Daaf Baan, lightweight champion of Holland.

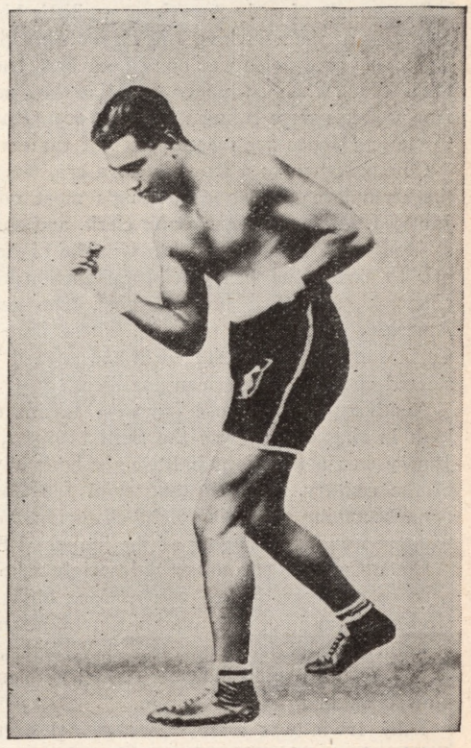
Kid Herrera, heavyweight champion of Jamaica, B. W. I.



Carlo Cavagnoli, Italy's flyweight champion.



Rienus De Boer, official light-heavyweight champion of Holland.



Arthur Suarez, middleweight leader of the Far East Area.

SAN FRANCISCO—

By
T. W. MCNIEL

PERHAPS you'd be surprised at the number of fistic marvels that first saw the light of day in this quaint, yet modern California metropolis. There is something intensely interesting in the pugilistic history of this Gem of the Golden Gate. Perhaps it is because it was the first city west of the Mississippi to give heed to the fistic game. As far back as the golden, yet forgotten, days of '49, 'Frisco was the Mecca of boxing along the Pacific coast. A trip back down through the musty archives of boxing to those halcyon days when California was truly a Land of Promise, show that such forgotten fighters as Bill Davis, John Swasey, Joe Roberts, and other burly bare-knuckle brawlers, were plying their trade before the motley crowd of Chinamen, miners, sailors and the usual scum of humanity that comprised the population of the hell-roaring young city of the early 'fifties. Some of the most brutal and savagely contested battles in the history of American pugilism, were staged in and around the water-front of 'Frisco in those days.

A pair of famous Californians—Ad Wolgast (left) and Eddie Campi, as they appeared when they trained at Jack Doyle's at Vernon, Cal.

One of the first battles of which there is any record, where the American middleweight title was at stake, was fought within hailing distance of the Golden Gate. This historic bare-knuckle fight was between Tom Chandler and Dooney Harris, a native of 'Frisco. Chandler won in twenty-three bitter rounds, for a side bet of $5,000. Chandler was then recognized as our first middleweight champion.

The annals of early American pugilistic history are dotted with the deeds of the rollicking Bill Davis. This gigantic product of the California gold fields was one of our best, back in the days of the Civil War, when such men as Mike McCoole, Joe Coburn and Aaron Jones were ruling the fistic roost. Davis' battles with McCoole and Jones are masterpieces of the early days.

Coming down to a more modern era, we find 'Frisco as being the birthplace of two of boxing's most noted exponents. One, James J. Corbett, dapper bank clerk, and son of an Irish livery-stable owner, who went on to win the highest prize that boxing has to offer—the heavyweight championship. The other, Joe Choynski, son of a Jewish Rabbi, who developed into one of America's most noted ringmen. Those bare-knuckle brawls that Corbett and Choynski staged in and around 'Frisco are still considered epochs of American pugilism.

Another pair who rose from the Pacific coast city to a place high in ring circles, was the Britt brothers, Jimmy and Willus. Jimmy was a top-flight lightweight back in the days at the turn of the century. Only the masterful Joe Gans prevented Jimmy from becoming the lightweight champion. Willus' greatest claim to fame was his managing of the immortal Stanley Ketchel.

Eddie Campi was another lightweight who came out of 'Frisco a score of years ago to win a place high in American boxing circles. Though not a champion, Campi, nevertheless, was a tough customer, as his battles with Kid Williams, Frankie Burns and Benny Chavez would indicate. Campi accidentally shot and killed himself about fifteen years ago.

Toby Irwin was another sensational battler who helped put California on the map about thirty-five years ago. Irwin was a featherweight, and a cracker-jack one too. Today, Toby Irwin is one of the best referees on the west coast.

Of course no mention of San Francisco's native sons would be complete without mentioning the Attell boys—Abe and Monte. Abe went on to become a featherweight titleholder, being king of that division from 1908 to 1912. He is running a night club in Los Angeles today. Monte had the misfortune to be stricken blind at the height of a promising career. Today he is a newspaper vendor in his native city.

Another native son who went on to pugilistic fame was the terrific hitting Dal Hawkins. Even today, Hawkins' left hook is still regarded as the most destructive punch ever developed in the lightweight ranks. His battles with Joe Gans, Eddie Connolly, George Dixon and "Elbows" McFadden are among the most vicious on record. Unfortunately, Hawkins was afflicted with a rather brittle jaw, else he might have become a champion.

The rough, tough and brawling old coast heavyweight of the 'eighties—Alex Greggains—was also born in the Golden Gate city. Greggains' bare-knuckle battles with Buffalo Costello were "pips," one went eighty rounds, the other fifty, and both ended in draws. Greggains also defeated George La Blanche at 'Frisco in eighteen rounds in 1891.

Eddie Hanlon came down off Telegraph Hill about 1900, a tough Irish kid of fifteen years of age, and created havoc in lightweight ranks. His sensational battles with Young Corbett, Battling Nelson, and Owen Moran, carried him to within whispering distance of the title. Unfortunately, Hanlon started too early and burned himself out in those gruelling twenty-round battles. He was living in Denver, Colorado, at last accounts of him.

Remember that gigantic Jewish heavyweight of the "white hope" days, Al Kaufmann? Kaufmann was a son of San Francisco, and for a time about 1908 he seemed destined to become champion. Kaufmann had a terrific punch and scored kayo victories over such well-known ringmen as Jim Flynn, George Gardiner, Jim Barry and Mike Schreck. He also boxed a ten-round no-decision battle with Jack Johnson after the Galveston Negro became champion.

However, kayoes at the hands of Al Palzer and Luther McCarty ruined Kaufmann as a fighter, and he retired about 1913, after falling into the human "punching bag" class.

That sterling little bantamweight champion of yesterday, Frankie Neil, also learned the fistic art in his native 'Frisco. Neil, one of the hardest hitters ever uncovered in the ranks of the little fellows, was champion from August 13, 1903, when he knocked out Harry Forbes in two rounds in his home town, until October 17, 1904, when he dropped a twenty-round decision to Joe Bowker in London, England.

Ex-lightweight champion, Willie Ritchie, was another San Francisco lad who scaled the ladder to its topmost rung. Ritchie won the title from Ad Wolgast by the foul route in 1912, and dropped it to Freddy Welsh in twenty heats in London. Ritchie, who was of German descent, is a trainer of amateur talent in San Francisco today.

"Phat Willie" Meehan, the roly-poly heavyweight of years gone by, was also a native of the Golden Gate metropolis. Meehan's

Cradle of Fistic Stars

greatest claim to fame was the hoodoo he held over Jack Dempsey. Though Jack was, without doubt, one of the greatest ringmen in his heyday, nevertheless he never failed to have a world of trouble with the 'Frisco fat boy. Meehan boasts a decision and a draw with Jack among his prize-ring souvenirs. Willie is a stage carpenter on the movie lots of Los Angeles nowadays.

Other San Francisco mitt-wielders who made a name for themselves in boxing circles include George Green, the original "Young" Corbett. Green was a tough middleweight of the 'nineties. Among his victims were such well-known ringmen as "Mysterious Billy" Smith, Charlie Goff and Dan Creedon. Green retired about 1900. Johnny Frayne, a topnotch lightweight of a generation ago, who once licked Freddy Welch in a no-decision go. Al Neill, the old middleweight, who beat Mike Donovan, Billy Smith, Young Peter Jackson and other first-raters of the 1905 period. Jimmy Fox, lightweight star of the "four-round" days. Lew Powell, a star of the 1910 period who clashed with Ad Wolgast, Young Otto, Johnny Marto and others of that caliber. These, of course, are not by any means all the sons of San Francisco who went on to fame via the glove route. But they are probably the best of the crop.

As I stated at the beginning of this article, there is a glamour attached to the prize-ring history of this city that isn't equalled by any other city, in my estimation. I don't know why. Probably because such prize-ring masterpieces as the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons, Corbett-Choynski, Britt-Corbett, Hanlon-Nelson, Ketchel-Thomas, Greggains-Costello, La Blanche-Dempsey and dozens, yeah hundreds, of other stirring battles took place in and around the famous old water-front metropolis. There is no question but what, thirty-five years ago, San Francisco was the Mecca of the fight world. All the best men that the world had to offer made their appearance in the rings of that city. Of late years it has lost the place it once held in the pugilistic sun. The "four-round" game started 'Frisco on the decline. Used to the stirring finish and twenty-five-round battles of other days, its population failed to take the interest in the short bouts. Then came the ten-round limit days. Still it hasn't caught on as have other cities. But there is no semblance of doubt that if finish fights or twenty-five-round bouts were inaugurated tomorrow, San Francisco would become the fight capital of the world overnight. Of course it won't, and the Golden Gate metropolis will continue to live over the memory of those stirring days that are never to return. The boxing traditions of 'Frisco are such as to preclude failure to anything but the finish and distance battles of yesterday — stirring fights that put a premium on human endurance and stamina. And where is there the boxing fan but what deep down in his heart would like to see a return to those days when knockouts decided the victor? At any rate, then there were no silly commission rules to respect, rules that today have sent boxing reeling to the brink of ruin. We need a page from the past.

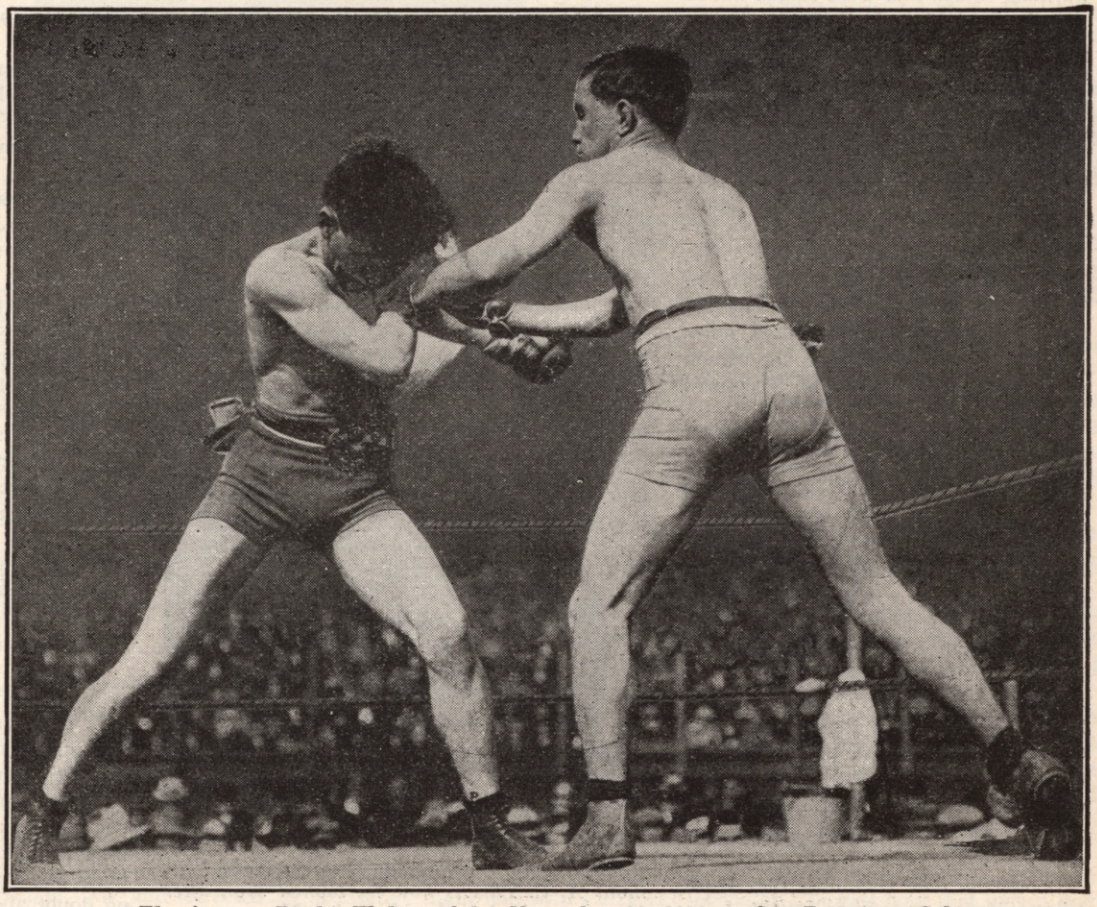
* * *

TWO fight clubs in California stand out in the memory of the old-timers—the Mechanics Pavilion and Woodward's Gardens. Mechanics Pavilion was as widely known in its days as was the old Madison Square Garden of New York and the National Sporting Club of London.

Hardly a fighter, big or little, has not performed on the spot once occupied by this immense building. Jeffries, Corbett, Sharkey, Fitzsimmons, Choynski, McCoy, Ruhlin, Goddard, Johnson, Munroe, Gardiner and Root are the names of a majority of the heavyweights who fought on Larkin Street. The names of the little fellows who fought there are many, suffice to say that nearly all of them now before the public have some time fought at Mechanics.

If no other fight but the Sharkey-Fitzsimmons had been held there Mechanics would live in memory. This was one of the gigantic fakes of the ring. Wyatt Earp, Danny Lynch and others robbed Bob Fitzsimmons of a hard-earned victory and its fruits. For a consideration Referee Earp awarded Sharkey a decision on a foul after Fitzsimmons had scored a clean knockout.

It was at Mechanics that Terry McGovern sought to recover his lost laurels from Young Corbett. McGovern made a gallant effort to win back the championship, but his struggle was futile. Though a natural fighter in every way, Terry met one better at his own style of milling. Jim Corbett closed his career at Mechanics, fighting his last fight with Jim Jeffries. It has always been an open question whether *(Continued on page 45)*



The famous Ritchie-Wolgast fight, November 28, 1912, at San Francisco, Cal.

In the Club

Billy Gibson, founder of the Fairmont Club.

"IN this corner, Leach Cross; in this corner, Packy McFarland. BOTH MEMBERS OF THIS CLUB!"

Ah, the "both members of this club" days—those were the days in little old New York!

Only about two decades ago, yet most of us speak of them as the "old days." The bird of time certainly does flutter!

Do you recall the Fairmont A. C., up in the old car barns on 137th Street and Third Avenue, and what cockle of the heart warming scraps that were staged there?

And the Sharkey A. C., Sixty-sixth Street and Columbus Avenue, where Jim Buckley used to cast his eagle eye around the ring and, noting some old familiar faces present, would announce with a brogue thicker than the mists which rise o'er Killarney:—

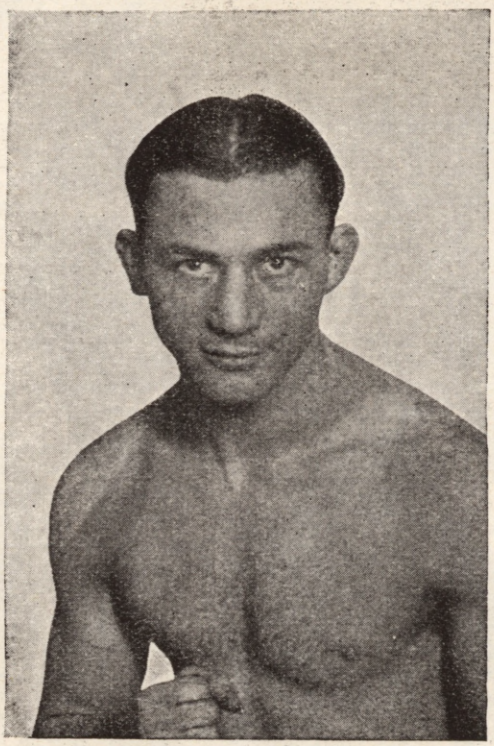
"Gentlemin, look out for yer bankrolls and jew'l'ry! Oi beg to sthate we have some ver-r-ry undersirable mimbers presint!"

Then there was the Longacre A. C., in the basement of a negro church, on West Twenty-ninth Street. While the fighters would be walloping each other all over the ring downstairs the parson would be wrestling with the Scriptures upstairs.

Will we ever forget the little bandbox of an Olympic A. C., 125th Street and Manhattan Avenue; the new Polo A. C., in Harlem; the Roman A. C., at Grand and Orchard; the National Sporting Club in its different quarters—Lyric Hall, the Amsterdam Opera House and the old horse market on East Twenty-fourth Street, where later the Pioneer S. C. was located?

It was at the old National where Stanley Ketchell and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien fought one of the fastest and fiercest battles in ring history, and where Jem Driscoll outboxed, outguessed and outfought the clever Abe Attell.

It was at that club also that many other famous scraps were fought.



Benny Leonard, who made his start at the Fairmont A. C. This is how he looked soon after winning the championship.

DO you remember the old Atlantic Garden, on the Bowery, and the night Sam Langford knocked out John Lester Johnson with a punch squarely in the center of that part of a fighter's anatomy which goes over the ropes last?

The fans thought John Lester Johnson had "resigned" and cries of "Quitter!" rang through the building. Langford's whale of a wallop to Johnson's stern, however, paralyzed John Lester from the waist down. It was several minutes before Johnson could make his legs behave.

It was at the old Atlantic Garden A. C. that Johnny Kilbane, world's featherweight champ, was held even by a youngster just then coming along. His name was Benny Leonard.

The Princess A. C., at Twenty-eighth Street and Broadway, was where Tony Bender knocked out Abe Attell, but Attell was saved from the ignominy of a K.O. by the slowest counting timekeeper that ever held a Waterbury.

Then there was the Drydock A. C., where Leach Cross became the pride of the east side by whipping the veteran Joe Bernstein, and the Manhattan, the Royal, Marlborough and Twentieth Century, and, we almost forgot, one of the best of 'em all—Brown's Gymnasium.

There never was any lack of action at Bill Brown's, present boxing commissioner. You betcha life, there wasn't. If a fighter didn't deliver the goods, old Bill himself would either take a wallop at him or throw him over the ropes.

* * *

BROOKLYN had a string of 'em, too. The Clermont, the Broadway S. C., the Greenwood, East New York A. C. and Homard A. C., and a whole lot more.

It was at the old Homard A. C., Seventeenth Street near Fifth Avenue, in the "both members of this club" days that the three McGoverns—Terry, Hughie and Philly—and the three Leons—Casper, Jack and Benny—engaged in the goshdurndest Donnybrook you ever saw.

Philly McGovern was fighting Benny Leon. Just before the end of the last round Philly knocked Benny flat. Terry McGovern, Terrible Terry, reached over and grabbed the timekeeper's arm so he could not ring the bell. Casper Leon detected his old rival's act and came at Terry like a tiger. Around one side of the ring, came Jack Leon on the run, from another Hughie McGovern appeared on the gallop. And in three shakes of the proverbial lamb's tail Terry and Hughie McGovern were battling Casper and Jack Leon outside of the ropes, while Benny Leon, who had got to his feet, was whaling away at Philly McGovern inside the ring.

It was such a perfectly gr-rand fight that the spectators had to take a hand in it and old long-legged, spindle-shanked Captain Reynolds called the reserves from the precinct house a block away at Sixteenth Street and Fifth Avenue to quell the uprising.

* * *

THE reserves were used to being called out in order to quiet down the McGoverns. Once in a while "Ma" McGovern used to get a bit obstreperous and she and all the little McGoverns used to make it warm, in fact exceedingly hot, for the "coppers." There was no doubt about Terrible Terry inherit-

Membership Days

Amusing and Interesting Incidents at the Old Fairmont, Sharkey and Other Fistic Halls in New York Recalled

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE

Jim Buckley, who ran the old Sharkey A. C.

ing his fighting powers from the maternal side.

One of the favorites at the old Homard A. C. was a colored boxer called Parson or Stonewall Allen. The Parson was a deacon in a colored church. Before a bout he invariably knelt in his corner, folded his hands and solemnly offered a prayer.

One night at the old Homard Club, Parson met a rough, tough sailor from one of the battleships anchored in the bay and was knocked out in a round or so. When Parson was brought back from the Land of Nod the boys started to josh him and one of them remarked that the Parson's prayers didn't seem to be of much avail.

"Boy," answered the Parson with a grin, "you all don't know what Ah prayed for. Ah knew all about this tough, rough sailor man, so Ah jes' asked the good Lord for a soft spot to land on."

Bill Brown, owner of Brown's Gymnasium.

It was at the old Homard Club, too, that one Slattery, a boxer from the police department, once was fighting, and about every cop in Brooklyn was on hand to see him. We are a bit hazy as to who Slattery's opponent was, but, if our memory serves us rightly, it was Andy Walsh.

The whole gallery was occupied by policemen. Wherever you looked you could see blue coats and brass buttons.

Slattery was knocked down repeatedly. He was courageous as a lion and tough as hickory and kept getting up. Finally, however, after about the sixth knockdown in a row, a big, burly cop leaned out of the gallery and bellowed in a voice like a foghorn:

"Blow your whistle, Slattery! Blow your whistle!"

Policeman Slattery certainly did need assistance.

* * *

THE Fairmont A. C., owned by Bill Gibson, who piloted Leonard and Tunney to fistic crowns, undoubtedly was the most successful club under the "both members of this club" régime. Billy Gibson ran the club with uncanny ability. It ran for a dozen years, week in week out, under most adverse conditions.

One must remember there was no protection in those days, no law, no order, no system Boxing now is legalized in New York, protected by the Walker law and directed by a State Athletic Commission.

The game has been systematized and put on a sound business basis. There are a hundred fans today to one of fifteen years ago. If Gibson ran a club successfully under the conditions which existed in those days, what would he do behind a big club of the present day?

Boxing patrons had no protection in the "both members of this club" era. Whenever a boxer in a star bout failed to show up, as frequently was the case, any old bout was put on in its place. Spectators had no redress. They didn't get their money back.

When something happened to the scheduled Al Kaufman vs. Bill Lang bout at the Fairmont A. C. Billy Gibson almost knocked the fans off their chairs by announcing money would be refunded to all those who had purchased tickets.

John W. Gates is said to have won $10,000 from a Wall Street friend of Big Tim Sullivan on Gibson's act.

Sullivan's friend, when it was announced that Kaufman and Lang wouldn't fight, remarked that the spectators would get stung as usual, whereupon Gates coolly bet him $10,000 that Gibson would refund every penny the "members" had turned in at the box office.

John W. Gates won his bet. It took six months to refund the last cent. One cheque followed a member to Europe and back again. Gibson made good to the last penny.

There were some great fights staged at the old Fairmont A. C. The first two fights Jack Dempsey had in New York were at the Fairmont A. C., both gruelling ten-round affairs, one with Wild Burt Kenney and the other with giant Andre Anderson.

We have heard it remarked that Dempsey did not shape up as much of a fighter when he first showed in New York. That is a mistaken impression. From the start, Dempsey had the prime essentials of a first-class fighting man—courage, toughness and remarkable hitting ability with both hands. It only needed seasoning experience and training to mould him into a champion.

Benny Leonard was developed at the Fairmont A. C. His first fight was with Patsy O'Flannagan. The first bout that gained him publicity was that with Irish Patsy Cline. In that contest, Benny

showed even the most sceptical that he had the makings of a marvellous boxer.

It was at the Fairmont A. C. that Packy McFarland fought Leach Cross. Leach succeeded in landing cleanly on the Peerless Packy only once in ten rounds. Leach hit Packy on the same spot in which Sam Langford registered his peculiar knockout of John Lester Johnson, only Leach's wallop did not carry the dynamite that the Boston Tar Baby packed in both hands.

It was at the Fairmont club that Kid Burns gave Packy McFarland the only black eye McFarland received in his whole ring career. The black eye Burns gave McFarland incidentally gave Willie Ritchie, afterward world's champion, his Eastern reputation.

McFarland was matched to meet Young Erne, of Philadelphia, in Philadelphia the next night. Packy did not want to take any chances with his damaged optic, so Ritchie was sent to Philadelphia to substitute for McFarland against Erne. Willie made such a wonderful showing against Erne, who was Philadelphia's pet and pride, that Ritchie jumped into the top flight of the American lightweights.

* * *

FOREIGN fistic celebrities all showed at the Fairmont, among them the wonderful Jem Driscoll, Owen Moran, Charlie Ledoux, Marcel Moreau, the French middleweight champion who gave his life for his country in the World War, and Louis de Ponthieu, the French lightweight, who lost an arm fighting for his beloved France against the Germans.

Ledoux came here with a great European reputation, but had a fearful crimp put in it in his first match here at the Fairmont club. Battling Reddy was picked as his opponent and was considered little more than a set-up. Reddy surprised every one by holding the vaunted Frenchman about even.

Two great contests at the Fairmont Club were the Jem Driscoll versus Matty Baldwin and Jem Driscoll versus Leach Cross bouts. Driscoll was a thin, scrawny, anemic-looking individual. After his fight with Cross, the pair happened to meet in a Turkish bath. Leach gazed at the skinny, scrawny little British boxing master and exclaimed:

"Well, I'll be jiggered! Are you the fellow that just handed me a fine pasting at the Fairmont club?"

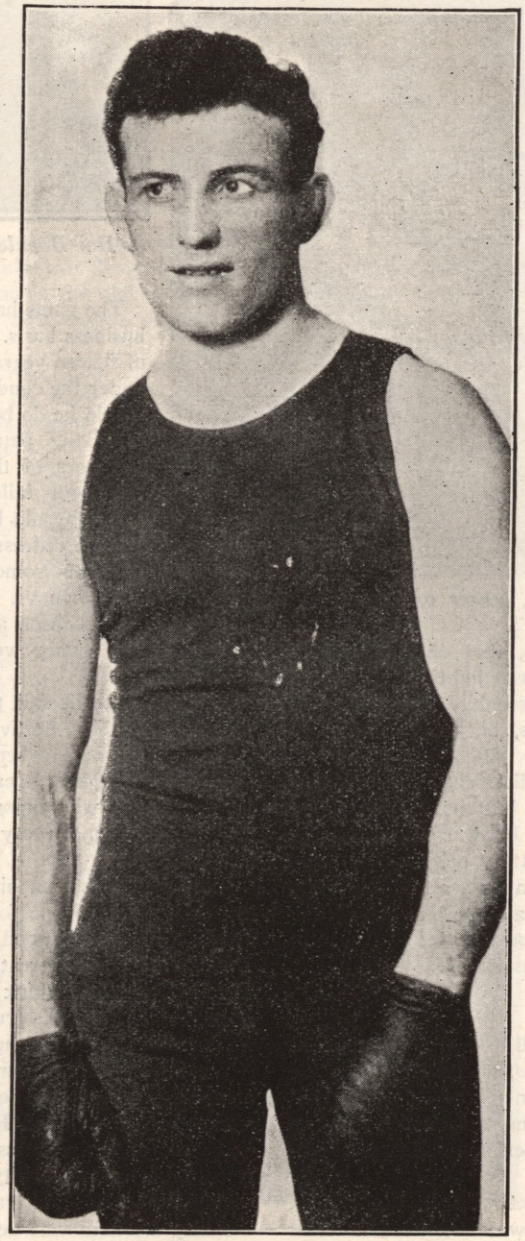
* * *

THREE of the most peculiar knockdowns we ever have seen took place at the Old Fairmont club. One was Soldier Kearns' knockout of One Round Davis, of Buffalo, and the other two were double knockdowns.

In the Davis-Kearns bout, the Buffalo scrapper was giving Kearns a severe lacing and apparently was on the way to victory. Kearns suddenly unleashed a terrific uppercut. The blow swished up to the jaw with such force that it lifted Davis into the air and turned him over in a back somersault.

Davis landed with his shoulders on the canvas, his head bent under him and his toes resting on the floor, and was counted out in that posture.

It first was feared that Davis' neck was broken, but he was uninjured.



Packy McFarland, who packed 'em in at New York Clubs.

Twice at the Fairmont A. C., Referee Billy Joh was forced to count over two boxers at the same time. In the Boyo Driscoll and Biz Mackey fight, there was a slugging exchange. In the midst of it, Boyo was sent spinning one way and Mackey another and both were jarred so badly that neither was able to arise before Joh had reached "seven."

The other double knockdown was scored in the sensational Willie Lewis *versus* Sailor Burke encounter. Lewis spotted the husky Brooklyn sailorman about ten pounds. The fight was savagely contested from the bell.

We do not recall what round the double knockdown happened in, but, anyway, Burke started a right and Lewis attempted to beat him to it. Each right hand shot flush to the jaw with snap, venom and weight behind it.

Burke pitched forward on his face.

Lewis' knees sagged and down went Willie on top of the Sailor.

For a second or so, the startled referee did not seem to know what to do. Then he commenced the count over the pair.

Burke stirred and attempted to rise, but Lewis' weight held him down. Lewis wriggled and was just getting to his feet at the count of "six" when the gong rang, ending the round.

* * *

FROM a newspaper man's viewpoint, there was more fun at the old Sharkey A. C. in the old "both members of this club" days than at a burlesque show. This largely was due to the irrepressible Jim Buckley.

"Shamus," as he then was known, was all the time scrapping with the sporting writers. The scribes used to "ride" the excitable Celt just to get a "rise" out of him.

One day Tad Dorgan, the noted cartoonist, wrote something about Buckley and the Sharkey A. C. which aroused Jim's ire. At the next show of the club Buckley, with fire in his eye, clambered into the ring and grasping the ring ropes directly over Tad with one hand, he raised the other and announced:

"Gintilmin an' fellow mimbers, there's a newspaper man in the house who has been sayin' some mane things about me in the paper. I'm not sayin' a wor-r-d, but he's a cross-eyed, pigeon-breasted, hump-backed liar!"

Then glaring directly down at Tad Buckley added:

"Oi'm not mintionin' any names, but Oi'm lookin' right at him!"

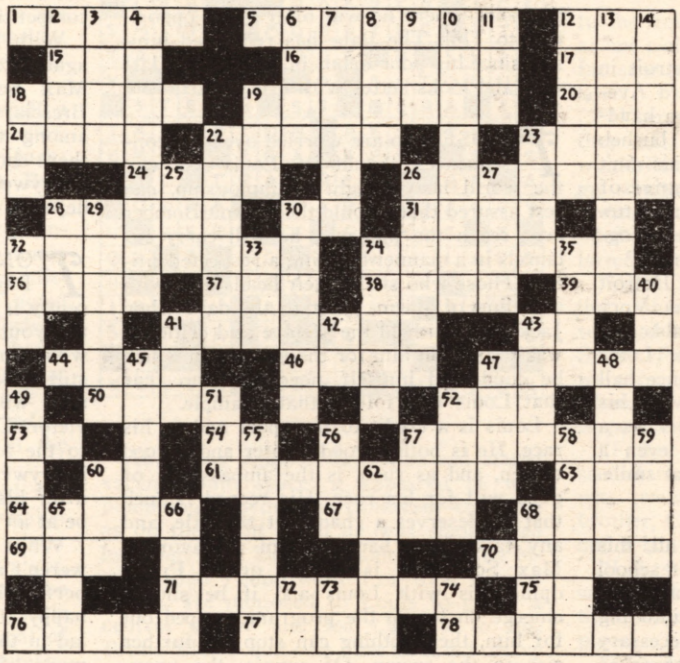
When Tad went looking for Buckley after the show, Jim had quieted down. Considering discretion the better part of valor, Jim blarneyed mollifyingly:

"Shure, an' now, Tad, I didn't mintion your name at all at all. Be aisy, now, an' if ye can't be aisy be as aisy as ye kin. Begorrah, ye're as foine a lad as Oi know, an' it wuzz the felly alongside o' ye I wuzz talkin' to, anyway."

Because of the brogue Buckley then had, it sometimes was next to impossible to understand his announcements. Good old Shamus continued his ring activity by managing and teaching fighters, but his famous brogue is almost all gone. The Sharkey A. C. has gone. The "both members of this club" days are gone, too. Ah, those were the good old days!

CROSS WORDS

CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?



HORIZONTAL

1. Classes, as in boxing.
5. Featherweight champion in 1912.
12. Polish welterweight.
15. The side towards which the wind blows.
16. Bellowed.
17. Put over the eye to keep from swelling.
18. Old Jeff, who made his mark in Australia and gave Greb his hardest fight.
19. The average fight fan imagines Carnera as one.
20. Tumor of the eye.
21. Scented powder.
22. When these go on a fighter, he's through.
23. Used in jumping from snow hills.
24. Sixty minutes.
26. City in Pennsylvania, noted for auto racing.
28. Harsh.
30. Slashing Sam (Abbr.)
31. A natural cave.
32. English welter who made good in this country.
34. Takes in; as a sponge.
36. One of the Dusek brothers.
37. Period of time.
38. Highest degree.
39. Printer's measure.
41. Dai Dollings was one.
43. Great Ringmen (Abbr.)
44. Vegetable.
46. Man's name of Swedish origin.
47. Trousers that are not pressed.
50. A person born in Serbia.
52. Girl's name.
53. Either.
54. Old grapplers (Abbr.)
57. Heavyweight who dethroned Jack Johnson.
60. Heavyweight Unit (Abbr.).
61. Newly crowned heavyweight champion.
63. Girl's name.
64. Nationality of Eddie Cool.
67. Sand hill.
68. Husks of ground corn.
69. To fix in place. 70. Bending forward.
71. Wrestling grip. 75. An article.
76. San Francisco lightweight.
77. Inhabitant of a monastery.
78. Former Harvard wrestling coach.

Answers on page 45

VERTICAL

2. Girl's name.
3. Bantam champion in 1908.
4. The "Michigan Assassin."
6. Mr. Grim was known as ".....Joe."
7. The "Greek Adonis."
8. Holder of the Junior Lightweight title in 1929.
9. Lasky is his last name.
10. Not wanted.
11. Eastern Division of the Ring (Abbr.)
12. Eddie "Babe" and Johnny the "Rubber man."
13. Chemical reaction of the sun's rays.
14. Girl's name.
18. Same as 20 Horizontal.
19. To spoil.
22. A person who goes hunting.
23. To fly high.
25. Raw metal.
26. The "Herkimer Hurricane."
27. Horse's gait.
28. Langford was his last name.
29. Kid McCoy was full of these.
30. Slow fighters are compared to these.
32. The average boxing contest goes this many rounds.
33. Girl's name.
34. Wrestler who came from Esthonia.
35. The "Whitechappel Windmill."
40. To utter.
41. A sailor.
42. New Arena (Abbr.)
43. Scottish Highlander.
45. Picture puzzle.
47. Baffle.
48. Nationality of Freddie Miller.
49. The "Brown Bomber."
51. Fitzsimmons was his last name.
52. Plural of mouse.
55. Canzoneri jumped into spotlight when he defeated "Bushy" .....
56. Descriptive of Rosenblooms style of boxing.
57. Triumphed.
58. Boy's name (Pl.).
59. Unit of force. 60. To punch.
62. Ernie and Rudy. 65. Genuine.
66. Short for the "Russian Lion."
68. Small nail. 72. Refusal.
73. Central National.
74. Yale Juniors (Abbr.).

Who'd He Ever Lick?

(Continued from page 27)

doesn't speak very well for the class of men that has bobbed up in the interim and tried vainly to hold it for more than a year or so.

There's a lot of clumsy botchery somewhere along the line. It may be a soft age, lack of class, disinclination to train properly, perhaps the lack of knowledge of what to do and nobody to tell them—but there are no more Dempseys or Fitzsimmons in sight or coming over the horizon.

The big birds seem to be strictly on the down beat.

It isn't the public alone that asks this gauche question that titles this story. The first time I landed in Los Angeles I was quite ill and received a call from Jack Dempsey and his then wife, Estelle Taylor. That was in the spring of 1926 and Jack was worrying over his next opponent. He had the choice of Harry Wills, then a serious "black menace," or Gene Tunney, then coming along sharply. Asking my opinion, I suggested that he might have more trouble with the colored man, but inasmuch as the public did not seem to want the black fighters, that Tunney probably would draw better.

Jack said he felt the same way about it. He wasn't afraid of Wills BUT—

"And, after all, when you come to look at it, who did either of them ever lick that would cause anybody to fear them?" he piped out suddenly.

Just three months later Gene Tunney, then in Los Angeles to work in a movie serial called "The Fighting Marine," came out to the same house to partake of a good old plebeian feed of corned beef and cabbage, of which he was extremely fond, at that time at least. His taste may have changed since. Chatter covered a variety of topics but finally turned to the ring.

"Why do they think this Dempsey man is such a whale of a fellow?" Gene blurted out like a flash. "Who did he ever beat that I couldn't? I'll be matched with him sure and you may congratulate me right now. I'll be the next champion of the world." And Gene gave various reasons for so thinking.

A friend who was present and who bets a lot, was so impressed that before the battle was decided he had staked a total of eleven hundred dollars on Tunney's nose to win. He explained this by saying: "Tunney is convincing with his argument. At any rate, either he's crazy or I am, and I'm taking a chance that I've got my full senses."

So you see, sensible fighters seldom see much merit in their prospective opponents and are prone also to ask that age-old question: "Well, who'd he ever lick?"

McGuirk, N.W.A. Champion

(Continued from page 35)

McGuirk clamped Barney's shoulders to the canvas for a quick fall. During the remainder of the two-hour period, both boys brought all their heavy artillery into play but neither was able to do much damage.

Two weeks later, the Oklahoma Scotsman stood off Logger McDonald's title bid with a convincing victory at catchweights in the Tulsa Coliseum. Sixty-eight hundred excited fans, one of the largest houses since LeRoy took the championship toga from Hughie Nichols last March, were on hand for the bout. With Ed C. Gallagher, veteran Oklahoma A. and M. college coach and tutor of countless amateur champs, in his corner, the champion appeared at his best in that bout and won two out of three falls.

Sepia Socker Louis Mauler with Mission

(Continued from page 7)

gave Louis a birthday party in Detroit in May. At a dance hall on Woodward Avenue. Three thousand Negroes, just a handful of whites. Adulation by the bushel. Some small tinge of jealousy. "Louis ain't heah yet, but it is the high prerogative of royalty to come late," sneered a mulatto. "I went to school with Louis. He recognizes me now if we meet in the street."

A suave Negro lawyer, Louis's Detroit manager, telling how great Joe was. Very suave. Another Negro in Chicago also had the handling of Joe. Very suave. Louis standing around in that Detroit dance hall without knowing what to do with his hands, a blank stare on his moon face, a dead pan if ever there was one, even a sour puss. No Jack Johnson and that smile. No!

* * *

A STRANGE fighter, after all, this Joseph Louis Barrow. Left school in the seventh grade, before he had mastered arithmetic. With his entry into big business in the ring, it became necessary for Joe to master the art, so he began to study by himself. Tenacity, there!

Now, what for Joe? Will the fates permit him to fulfill the exuberant hopes of his many admirers by winning to the throne that Jack Johnson has been the only member of his race to occupy?

If the Louis-Schmeling fight should take place this fall, and Joe should halt the further comeback of the German, then a Louis-Baer fight will be in order and the winner of that will be the logical man to fight Braddock. If Louis knocks out Max, he and Baer will stand alone as the two who stopped both Schmeling and Carnera and what a natural a Baer-Louis bout would then be!

Baer and Schmeling may hit harder, as most critics declare, but when it comes to general ring ability, Louis has it on all his rivals. That's why the Detroit Bomber at this writing, looms as the next world's heavyweight champion.

Nat Fleischer Says

(Continued from page 21)

Braddock. But when it comes to choosing between this pair in the matter of praise, I'll stick by the lad who gave all he had, fought against great odds, stuck to his last like a good cobbler until his job was completed and now will reap his reward.

Let us not forget, in trying to find an excuse for Baer's poor work, that there is more to fighting than mere fists. The man who doesn't play fair with his public—the people without whose aid he couldn't have hoped to rise to the heights he enjoyed—isn't worth a tinker's dam.

* * *

MARCEL THIL, world middleweight king, like Freddie Miller of this country, has disposed of everyone of note in his division abroad. His most recent victim, Ignacio Ara, was defeated by Marcel in Madrid, this being Thil's seventh consecutive successful defense of his crown. Thil, at this writing, is much like Mickey Walker when he was the leader of the division. Mickey outclassed the field, just as does Thil now.

In America, Babe Risko may yet rise to the point where he will offer good opposition to Thil. The Babe has redeemed himself since his poor debut in the Garden last year and looks better with every start.

* * *

THOSE who are worried over the consequences, should Joe Louis ever win the world heavyweight championship, can rest assured that, should the Detroit Bomber ever reach the pinnacle, he will carry his laurels in a manner befitting a respected citizen. Those who shake their heads and, with a feeling of alarm, point to the days when Jack Johnson held the sceptre and criticism was heaped on him for the manner in which he conducted himself, need have no fear that Louis will follow that example.

Louis is a credit to the sport and to his race. He is both a good fighter and a good citizen, and as such, is the ambassador of good will for his race. His record is such that he deserves a chance at the title, and any talk about banning him in favor of Max Schmeling is out of order. Public opinion is with Louis and if he should emerge on top in the program mapped out for him, then nothing can stop his further rise to the crown. Of course, the unexpected may happen, as it has so frequently of late, but with Lady Luck continuing to smile on him and his fists to aid him, Joe should be in line for a Braddock shot by next summer.

There is strong talk about preventing such a contest because the Garden has a hold on the champion but not on Louis, but I doubt that the Garden will toss aside its greatest money-making bout for a substitute, which, if the edict of the New York Commission holds, namely, that the man who fights Braddock must first eliminate Louis, means that the next fight for the title will be staged outside of New York State. I hope not, because it belongs in New York.

* * *

MUCH as we were impressed by the great showing of Louis in his fight with Carnera, we were amazed by the rapid rise of Buddy Baer as evidenced by his quick knockout of Frank Wotanski of Utica, a fighter who is no set-up for anyone. Wotanski gave Buddy plenty of trouble for about half a minute until he ran into a beautiful left hook to the body and that ended the mill in fifty-four seconds of the first session.

Buddy looks every inch the fighter. He is far more impressive at this stage of his career than was his more famous brother when he made his New York debut, and if Buddy takes his ring work seriously, we'll be finding him in a championship mill within the next two or three years. He has the makings of a good scrapper, is much cleverer than brother Max, and can hit almost as hard. Buddy will soon be taking his place among the first six in the heavyweight ranks.

* * *

BIG ABE SIMON, the 254-pound giant who is handled by Jimmy Bronson, is another rising heavyweight who may soon command attention. The crop of heavies now parading before the public indicates plenty of activity among the big fellows next winter. If only the managers will forget the outdoor arenas when fall comes around and let their boys fight it out among themselves, we will see excellent competition and a revival of interest.

With Simon, Buddy Baer, Neusel, who again stopped Jack Peterson in England; Max Schmeling, Max Baer, and Jorge Brescia, the 215-pound Argentinian, listed among the fellows with a hefty wallop, there should be no reason for lack of good heavyweight bouts. As I said before, it all depends on the managers.

* * *

TOMMY LOUGHRAN'S defeat of Ray Impellitiere in Philadelphia recently is a sermon worth while studying by the youth of the land. Here is a veteran who should have retired three years ago, still tackling the best of the heavyweights and, with few exceptions, emerging the victor. Clean living enabled Tommy to rise to the top rung of the ladder in the light-heavyweight division, and to carry on long after his ring usefulness was supposed to be at an end.

When Loughran started his career, there weren't many boys of his gentlemanly type performing in the roped square, but I'm happy to report that for every worthless lad in the game today there are a score or more of the clean-cut, soft-spoken, high school or college educated youth following fisticuffs for a profession. Has boxing progressed? Well, you know the answer as well as I.

* * *

STRANGE what a difference married life makes to a fighter. Take the case of Art Lasky as only one of many similar ones. Here was Art right up on top of the fistic world, with a shot at Braddock practically assured through an edict of the New York Boxing Commission, but poor Art took unto himself a wife and a few weeks later he was halted in a tune-up fight by a practical unknown—Ford Smith of Spokane. Thus Art was eliminated from further consideration as championship timber and another young bucko has come into the front rank where he will receive many lucrative offers.

What next in boxing?

* * *

THE recent victory of Max Schmeling over Paulino Uzcudun in their third encounter, was not impressive and adds to the belief that if Schmeling and Joe Louis should clash, the Negro would come out on top by a wide margin. There was nothing in Schmeling's showing that would indicate he now possesses more than a small part of his great fighting powers of four years ago. The movies have taken their toll and though Max remains a good drawing card for a Louis, Baer or Braddock battle, it is difficult to see wherein he merits first shot at Braddock—the thing for which he is holding out.

The edict of the boxing commission in the case of Schmeling is a correct one—Max must first eliminate Joe Louis if he is to be given the championship match with Braddock. Louis has proved his right to consideration and since he now looms up as the biggest attraction in the world of fisticuffs, it is safe to predict that Schmeling won't be able to get Braddock without first beating Louis.

California Cradle of Fistic Stars

(Continued from page 39)

more people attended this event than the one between Fitzsimmons and Sharkey. They were two of the biggest money-makers ever held on the Coast.

Woodward's Gardens will also recall a dozen bloody battles fought under its roof. It was here that Jim Jeffries, Peter Jackson, Alec Greggains, Young Corbett, Battling Nelson, Jimmy Britt, Joe Walcott, George Gardiner, Jack O'Brien, Jack Johnson, Jabez White, George Green, Jimmy Ryan, Al Neil and other celebrities displayed their skill. Perhaps the most noted contest was between Britt and Corbett, which decided a championship. This battle held the interest of the sporting world at large, and will always be rated as one of the great events of the ring. It occurred so recently that the details are fresh in the minds of all ring followers.

The Jackson-Jeffries fight marked the close of the career of a wonderful pugilist and the beginning of another. Poor Peter never appeared in the ring after that night, while the young gladiator to whom he acknowledged defeat went on and won battle after battle, eventually gaining the goal of his ambition—the heavyweight championship, which was never taken from him. Jackson made such a sorry spectacle that night with Jeffries that it broke his heart and he went back to his home in Australia, where he died a few years later from the dreaded disease, consumption.

It was in Woodward's Gardens that Jimmy Franey lost his life. A blow from Frank McConnell's glove crushed his skull and Franey never survived the shock.

Better Get Those White Hopes Ready

(Continued from page 3)

Well, so far as I'm concerned, I rate him No. 1 man among the heavyweights. He'll do for me. On what he displayed against Carnera, there isn't a fistic expert who can deny him a place among the topnotchers of the last quarter century. Unlike most of the other stars of recent years except Tunney, Louis has what they lacked—an excellent defense to add to his other great asset—hitting force. He exemplified that to the highest degree against Carnera.

* * *

NOW, just a closing word about Primo. In all fairness, I think it an outrage for those who would belittle the Italian giant to pass word around that he quit. There is no yellow in Primo's make-up, even though he cannot fight as we who like to see a good scrapper would have it. He is gameness personified. He proved it against Baer and again in the more recent fight.

When Primo arose after the third knockdown, he was a helpless, tottering fellow whose brain couldn't function. He was a target for any kind of a blow and it was to the best interests of boxing that Arthur Donovan stepped between him and Louis to ward off any further attack.

Answers to Cross-Word Puzzle from page 43

R	A	N	K	S		K	I	L	B	A	N	E		R	A	N
	L	E	E			R	O	A	R	E	D			I	C	E
S	M	I	T	H		M	O	N	S	T	E	R		S	T	Y
T	A	L	C		H	A	N	D	S		D		S	K	I	S
Y			H	O	U	R		O		A	L	T	O	O	N	A
	S	T	E	R	N		S	S		M	E	R	A		I	
T	A	R	L	E	T	O	N		A	B	S	O	R	B	S	
E	M	I	L		E	R	A		B	E	S	T		E	M	S
N		C		T	R	A	I	N	E	R			G	R		A
	O	K	R	A			L	A	R	S		B	A	G	G	Y
L		S	E	R	B		S		G		M	A	E		E	
O	R		B		O	G		O		W	I	L	L	A	R	D
U		H	U		B	R	A	D	D	O	C	K		A	M	Y
I	R	I	S	H		A		D	U	N	E		B	R	A	N
S	E	T		A		H			S			P	R	O	N	E
	A			C	H	A	N	C	E	R	Y		A	N		
K	L	I	C	K		M	O	N	K		J	U	D	S	O	N

As he lay against the ropes and stared vacantly into space, it appeared he was mumbling something to Donovan—the same as on the night when he was slaughtered by Baer. But Donovan didn't seek to inquire what Primo wanted or what he was saying. He motioned to Louis to go to a neutral corner and led Carnera to his. Primo didn't quit—he just couldn't carry on.

* * *

ANOTHER point that has caused widespread discussion is that in re the number of knockdowns. Officially there were only three, but Primo went down once without being hit. As the gong sounded for the sixth, Joe hooked a left to the body and then another. Another caused Primo to pull up his tights, signifying that he had been hit a little low, but such was not the case. A right to the jaw stung the Italian.

Two lefts and two rights staggered him. He momentarily dropped his guard and, quick as a flash, Joe saw the opening and shot a wicked right cross to the jaw and down went Carnera. He got up on his knees, staggered to his feet and fell back to his knees. That is what so many refer to as the extra knockdown in the sixth. As a matter of fact, there were only three. The official timer just kept counting when Primo keeled over after arising, and had completed only four when the Italian was back in fighting position.

* * *

THE prediction of promoters that a Louis victory would start race riots around the country was knocked on the head, because as has often been pointed out by me, American sportsmanship doesn't stand in the way of race, color or creed. The fifteen hundred police who guarded the Yankee Stadium had less work than they ordinarily have at a big ball game.

Louis has as many members of the Caucasian race rooting as hard for his success as he has people of his own race. He is a fine, clean-cut lad with good home influence, who will be a credit to his race and to the sport which has taken him out of the humble life to which he had previously been accustomed.

From what I know of Joe, we can rest assured that there will be no escapades on his part and that he will disport himself at all times like the young gentleman he is.

From Milo to Londos

(Continued from page 33)

to the deathbed of her father. I was born at one o'clock the next morning and grandfather succumbed to his wounds three hours later.

"When my folks returned to Three Oaks they left me behind, feeling that I never would live to make the trip. I began to feel my strength when I was five years old, following the plow and the harvesters having filled me out until I was a husky young farmer.

"When I was seven years old, just before the outbreak of the big war, my parents returned to Italy to take me to the United States. Passage had been secured and we were ready for the trip when I developed whooping cough and port officials refused to pass me.

"Father and mother left me behind a second time and there I remained until I was twelve years old. My sister and a brother, Clement, were born in Three Oaks and I had never seen them.

"I was twelve when father and mother came back and this time I saw the country that had so nearly been mine in the first place.

"The day I set foot on American soil I couldn't speak a word of English, nor could I read or write. Then came a lot of intensive study. I went through grammar, high school and was practically through my fourth year at Notre Dame when I got the 'gate' for getting married."

* * *

Londos' victory over Browning, part of a peace pact to end the costly war between the Curley-Mondt group and the Londos combine, we will discuss in the next chapter.

Race Riots Just a Lot of Hooey

(Continued from page 17)

"Well, it was like this," said the Negro, as he spared off to emphasize his point more strongly. "I think it was the blow that closed Jeff's left eye that started him on his downfall. You see, I led and drew him out, and then he thought that I would come back with my right hand, but I crossed over and uppercut him with my left. That ring strategy took Jeff so by surprise that he lost the fight then and there," said Johnson.

After the night show, we all went back to Baron Wilkens, and then for the first time, Johnson cut loose. Champagne fairly flew around the place. While every inch of space within the hotel was taken, thousands stood outside waiting for a glimpse at their idol. In the early morning hours the police attempted to clear the streets and the only way they finally could do so, was by getting Johnson to give the crowd a personal greeting.

And so you have my account of how the Negroes carried on when Johnson won the championship.

And should Joe Louis ever reach that stage, you can bet your boots that they will be no different now than they were then.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 29)

IOWA Wrestling News by Bill Hawkins, follow:

In the opening outdoor wrestling card of the season staged at the Riverview Park Arena, Sioux City, Bronko Nagurski and Mike Nazarian put on a great match. Earl Wampler, Scranton, Ia., with a rabbit punch, won over Jack Warner of St. Louis. Frank Buresh defeated Eddie Cook. John Eliades was the promoter . . . . Down at Fort Dodge, Ia., Roy Gillman is holding some weekly mat cards along with Waterloo, Des Moines and many other spots.

Down at Des Moines, Otto Kuss, former Indiana University mat man, and Earl Wampler put on a bang-up show. During the match, a ringsider jumped into the ring and put Kuss to the mat. Wampler swung on the would-be wrestler and put him out for the full count. The referee was also knocked out during the fuss, and after recovering from a mean sock on the chin, halted the proceedings and awarded the decision to Kuss on a foul. It was just one foul after another.

Lou Plummer defeated Darna Osterpavich, two out of three falls. Alf Johnson and Stanley Myslajeck went to a fast draw. Andy Moen and Rollie Anderson also drew in the opener. Back at Sioux City again, Lou Plummer was unable to master his murderous intentions, and lost by a foul to Barno O'Stopovitch. Joe Dusek, one of the brothers, of Dusek, Inc., and Hal Rumberg mixed things up . . . . and in the end the match was called a draw . . . .

* * *

JOHNNY STOTE, welterweight champion in some states and holder of second place in Jimmy Amann's Mat Ratings, is now located in Dyersburg, Tenn., under the able tutelage of Mike Maloney.

Stote has won all of his matches down south and may invade far southern territory as well as Oklahoma again before he returns to his native Toledo territory.

* * *

Stote and Pinkey Gardner placed Schenectady on the wrestling map and is closely followed by Steve Budynas, Joe Campbell and Mike Kilonis. Another good little welter from the New York town is Johnny Stathis. However, Stathis is not as active as the others mentioned.

O'Mahoney Adds to Irish Prestige

(Continued from page 26)

leg lock and tried for an upright shoulder pin, but, as usual, it all ended in the ropes.

* * *

HERE Danno shot home two to head with his fist and was ordered to stop it. Londos, rushing in, worked two successive lifts and slams, but failed to set the champ from Erin. Danno's next offensive was a head lock which the Greek broke. The Greek replied in kind but, as they went down, Danno clamped on a cradle.

As the fray went into the one hour period, now calling for but one fall to settle it, Londos, working out of the cradle, secured a fine toehold. It looked the works and Referee Tonneman hovered over Danno figuring that he might wish to surrender. "That I won't," replied Danno to one of the referees. The mix ended in the ropes.

Both in the center, Jimmy went for the toe and again secured it, but they toppled into the ropes at the corner, and the Greek was forced to let his man up. Then Danno put three elbow shots to jaw but the Greek, getting in behind, secured a body lock and brought the big boy to the carpet.

There Jim shifted to a body scissors and wristlock and handed out plenty of punishment. But Jim, letting one of his feet stray too near Danno's head, was caught with a toe-hold.

At 65 minutes, Jim, in attempting to break, put two elbows to chin. They got into the ropes. Out once more, Danno secured a full Nelson and had the Greek on the floor, but then came a roll in the ropes and the hold was broken.

Out in the center, fists and elbows began to connect with heads, with Jim dipping for a leg and converting it into a spread. The ropes saved Danno that time. In the middle of the ring Jim broke out of a head lock, and next shot his fist to midriff and, of course, was whacked back.

In a mix they went to the floor, Danno securing a body scissors. Partly twisting free, the Greek gave Danno an elbow to jaw and there was a merry exchange. Then they got back to wrestling, Danno retaining his scissors, and the Greek making attempt after attempt to come up under it. Another biffing affair ensued and Jimmy cleared while it was on, both regaining their feet.

At 10:15, Danno tried his whip and missed, and Londos gave him two lifts and slams. Danno, on coming up, biffed to jaw, and following up, knocked the Greek through the ropes. Securing the whip, Danno slung the Greek into the ropes and, as Jim came dashing back, the Irish boy caught him about the waist with a flying scissors and toppled his man, pinning Londos for the one and deciding fall in 1:16:50.

The Ring's Globe Trotter

(Continued from page 15)

Washington, D. C.—Max Baer Gets Married. Quick, Professor, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," with sharp pizzicato and undulating obligato. Put some life into it. The film shows Baer getting married to Miss Sullivan, manager of the coffee shop of a Washington hotel. Miss Sullivan, you will agree, is comely and shapely and you admire Max's sense of beauty, and his choice.

Wedding bells for the Baer. Perhaps that explains the defeat by Braddock more than any solution offered by the fistic experts. A champion in love. The lady refuses. The champion worries. He cannot train. Not that it would take love to stop Baer from training. But the lady refuses again and again, and the battler is up to his ears in love.

Imagine the setup. He cannot eat. He cannot sleep. He cannot play. He cannot think. Do I hear a demurrer on any count? Well, we just said, "Imagine the setup." If you can't, why skip it. But the Baer in love forgets to belt the Braddock, and then the Baer, beaten, shorn of his title, appeals to the lady again, and she says "Yes." Maybe the Baer was playing for sympathy.

Be it all as it may, you see the film—you actually glimpse the Baer getting hitched. And as the film fades off the screen, you hope that the Playboy from the Golden West will settle down to a more rational existence. Though you doubt that he ever will be thoroughly rational, the former Miss Sullivan's most earnest efforts notwithstanding.

* * *

Berlin, Germany—Schmeling Beats Paulino. Ah, here is something else again, Fritzel. We can smell the knockwurst which the customers bring to the ringside. Herr Max Schmeling, the Teuton who once was a champion, at a time when being champion was not very hard, is fighting Paulino Uzcudun, the very much walloped Basque.

Just what this fight is going to prove nobody knows, as Paulino is overdone long ago, and over on the American side of the Atlantic are at least fifteen birds who give Uzcudun cards and spades and beat him ten heats in fifteen. However, sometimes things are harder to understand than at other times, especially in the realm of Dolfie the Dude.

Well, the customers are all set with their knockwurst, and bratwurst and liverwurst, but the wurst is yet to come. Rollicking, what!

Schmeling and the Basque lunge and punch, and there is a fair fight to half time. But in the latter rounds the Basque forgets that he is not the Basque of old and he fights back with the result that some folks think he earns a draw. In any event, there is a quieting of the vociferous Teutons and the lads leave the arena with the feeling that Max is not a champion in the remaking.

It is all very sad for the true Aryans, especially when Max is asked if he wants to fight the un-Aryan Louis.

"Himmel, an Aryan and a negro? This cannot be. The supremacy of the white fighter must be preserved," announces Herr Schmickelbrodt, Under Secretary for the Department of Preliminary Fighters.

It is all very sad, Professor. Let us have, *"Ja, das ist ein schnitzelbank."*

* * *

San Francisco, Cal.—Ford Smith stops Art Lasky. Here we have the classic, dramatic, all important sixth round of the bout in which Ford Smith, unknown from Kalispell, Montana, stopped Lasky, who at one time somehow got some small measure of recognition as a heavyweight championship possibility.

You see Lasky with his left eye cut so badly that he cannot continue.

Lasky is ahead on points somewhat when the fight is stopped and the great Lasky campaign is practically ended.

* * *

AND so our show comes to a close! The music is stilled, the screen is dark. The future holds out some very interesting possibilities. So, until next month, take care of yourself, customer.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

MANY moons ago, I administered a "genteel" rebuke, because I did not think that you advised your English readers where the copy of THE RING could be obtained in this country. Being in England, I could not of course enclose stamps for a reply. However, you very courteously answered my letter, giving me the necessary information, with the result that many members of our Sports Club (which has a membership of 2,000) receive their paper without trouble, and on their behalf I thank you.

In my last letter to you, I wrote of the great deeds of Jack Sherry, his clean and skilful wrestling, his gentlemanly behaviour both on and off the "mat," and added in conclusion, "Let the great U.S.A. send another wrestler of this type to foster friendship between two countries so close akin."

Hardly had my letter left these shores, when almost in answer to my prayer there arrived another dauntless son of Uncle Sam, the dapper and diminutive Freddie Miller, not a wrestler, but a very good boxer, the world's featherweight champion. Like Sherry, he cleaned up all opposition here, and today stands without a peer in all Europe, if not the world.

The post-war feeling in this part of the world was that America either bought or kept its championships by fair means or otherwise. Hard thoughts, you may think, but not without just cause. For example, Marcel Thil and Jackie Brown were unrecognized by your American critics and boxing commissions, but not by your very fair magazine, and when Sharkey was given a rather unfair decision over Schmeling to win back to the United States the heavyweight title, THE RING took the part of the foreigner, but we in this country again figured that, by hook or crook, the title had to get back to the States, and back it went.

But let the dead past bury its dead, for though at times that past may have been a little unsavory, in our eyes, the ill-feeling and suspicion have gone, killed by the event or invasion of Jack Sherry and Freddie Miller, by their glorious deeds, and last and by no means least, their general bearing and gentlemanly behaviour.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

You have loaned us Sherry and Miller, they have been well paid and well treated, they themselves will tell you that, at least with all our many faults, the old British tradition has remained firm: "The visitor must have fair play." In return they have shown us that American champions are champions and sportsmen.

Some day we may have champions who will rank high, then will we send them to you in quest of titles and for honours, and you will treat them as we have treated yours, thus a lasting friendship will be fostered, and sportsmanship will be raised to an even higher level, for in a world of sportsmen there is no time for war, suspicion or distrust.

This old England of ours has recently passed through troublesome times, in finance, politics and sport, yet the old bulldog gritted her teeth, hung on, and came through with flying colors. Now America faces her critical period.

What the bulldog has done, the eagle can do also, for a giant wrestler and one small pugilist have shown that you possess brains and breeding plus that certain amount of initiative and courage to face the odds with a stout heart and come through.

We wish you luck. I am enclosing Freddie Miller's record to date. I'm sure that many of your readers in other parts of the world will be interested to see what this lad has done here.

1934	Opponent	No. rounds	Result
Sept. 20	Nel Tarleton (Liverpool)	15	w. p.
Sept. 23	Billy Hazel (Wales)	6	w. k.o.
Oct. 1	Dave Crowley (London)	10	w. k.o.
Oct. 8	Benny Sharkey (Newcastle)	1	w. k.o.
Oct. 15	Billy Gannon (Liverpool)	6	l. f.
Oct. 18	Jimmy Walsh (Chester)	12	w. p.
Oct. 20	Cuthbert Taylor (Wales)	6	Exhibition
Oct. 24	Gilb. Johnston (Glasgow)	10	w. f.
Nov. 22	Johnny Cuthbert (Sheffield)	2	w. k.o.
Dec. 1	Jose Girones (Barcelona)	5	w. f.
Dec. 6	Cuthbert Taylor (Wales)	12	w. p.
Dec. 24	Al Brown (Panama)	10	w. p.
1935			
Jan. 4	Francis Augier (Nice)	7	w. k.o.
Jan. 6	Joe Connolly (Scotland)	10	w. p.
Jan. 14	Tommy Rogers (Willenhall)	12	w. p.
Jan. 20	Benny Caplan (London)	10	Draw
Jan. 26	Francois Machens (Brussels)	10	w. p.
Feb. 11	Maurice Holtzer (Paris)	10	l. p.
Feb. 17	J. Girones (Barcelona), title	1	k.o.
Feb. 20	Teddy Hayes (London)	3	Exhibition
Feb. 24	Benny Caplan (London)	10	w. p.
Feb. 26	Doug. Kestrall (Cardiff)	8	w. p.
Feb. 28	Johnny Peters (London)	4	w. k.o.
Mar. 3	Stan Jehu (Wales)	10	w. p.
Mar. 11	Johnny Edwards (Paris)	10	w. p.
Mar. 14	X. Corres (Barcelona)	7	w. k.o.
Mar. 24	Harry Brooks (London)	7	w. k.o.
Mar. 27	Luigi Quadrini (Italy)	10	w. p.
Apr. 3	Jose Mico (Barcelona)	3	w. k.o.
Apr. 11	Jimmy Stewart (Liverpool)	10	w. p.
Apr. 21	Johnny Cruz (Havana)	7	w. k.o.
Apr. 23	Jimmy Walsh (Chester)	10	w. p.
May 23	Jimmy Welsh (Liverpool)	10	w. p.
June 17	Nel Tarleton (London)	10	w. p.
June 27	Tommy Watson (Liverpool)	10	w. p.

Won	30
Lost	2
Drawn	1
Exhibitions	2
	35

RUPERT RICE,
Liverpool, Lancs, Eng.

* * *

I AM one of the many readers of THE RING magazine and can honestly say it is the best magazine of its kind I have ever read. I would like to submit my opinion of whom I acknowledge as being the best heavyweights of all time. First, I pick Jack Johnson, on account of his wonderful defensive ability and hitting power and ring generalship. Bob Fitzsimmons comes next. Ruby Robert also had great defensive ability, combined with what was probably the hardest punching power of all time.

Peter Jackson comes next, because he had everything a really great fighter should have. I have always favored Gene Tunney over Dempsey. It is my belief that Tunney could have beaten Dempsey when the "Man Mauler" was in his prime. Also I believe Gene Tunney was the most under-rated champion of all time.

Of course, Dempsey comes next in my rating. I sincerely believe that Maxie Baer had one of the greatest chances a person ever had of becoming one of the world's greatest fighters, if he only would have attended to his profession and brushed up on his boxing ability instead of living, as he did, a riotous life, because he has a natural flair for the game, plus a wonderful physique, and the ability to take punishment, coupled with a great right hand smash.

Well, Editor, I was never much at grammar or using the King's English, as some say, so I hope you will correct my mistakes and publish this in THE RING magazine.

TEX WILNAR,
Ninette, Manitoba, Can.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Mickey Donovan, Jacksonville, Fla.

Q.—What was the name of the Turkish wrestler who went down in a shipwreck? I read the name in THE RING, but cannot remember it.

A.—Yousouf, the Terrible Turk, September, 1898.

Rose Stettin, Washington, D. C.

Q.—Who was the cleverest fighter of modern times?

A.—In my opinion, James J. Corbett.

Frank Houlihan, Jersey City, N. J.

Q.—How old was Mike McTigue when he retired?

A.—Mike said he was only thirty-eight, but the Boxing Commission later declared that its records proved he was forty-two, and Mike verified that.

Charles Hadler, Quebec, Canada

Q.—How old is Johnny Risko? How old is Gene Tunney? How old is Tom Heeney?

A.—Gene was thirty-seven only two weeks ago. Risko was born on December 18, 1902; Heeney, May 19, 1899.

H. C. Jujamito, Hawaii

Q.—Is there an age limit for amateur boxing?

A.—If you mean when can he get started, then the age is sixteen.

John Hemingway, Sydney, Australia

Q.—I am fifteen years old. Is that too young to get started in amateur boxing?

A.—No, a good age.

Al Lasco, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—I am 18 years old, 5 feet 7, scale 152 pounds, have a reach of 73 inches, chest normal 38 inches, am broad-chested, strong, well developed. In the last few months I've trained down ten pounds, but here I'm stumped. I don't know whether I should continue to take off weight (from thighs and legs), and come down to the welter class or let nature take care of itself.

A.—No, don't handicap nature. Build up to a middleweight instead of coming down to a welterweight.

Q.—Although I have never smoked, my wind and endurance are not very good and my speed is poor. How can I overcome that?

A.—Do road work and take long walks especially over hilly sections.

Q.—Will the wearing of heavy shoes while doing road work help my speed and stamina?

A.—No, use regulation road shoes so as not to hamper your speed by making the legs too weary.

Q.—Does swimming and boxing mix?

A.—It won't hurt you in the least.

Q.—Would I get muscle bound by swimming much?

A.—No, it is good exercise.

Q.—Is labor work such as digging ditches, felling trees, spading, etc. a good conditioner?

A.—One of the best. Helps endurance, builds muscles, and will put you in good physical condition.

Q.—Will drinking much water in the summer time affect my weight or condition?

A.—Very good for you. Every person should drink at least from three to five quarts of water a day.

Q.—How can one develop the hard punch? What is the mystery of the deadly punch?

A.—Develop the hard punch by training with the heavy bag. Develop speed by using the light bag. The secret of heavy hitting is to learn how to throw the full weight of the shoulders behind your effort, and not lose your balance when completing your punch.

Q.—How long do you think one should remain as an amateur?

A.—At least six months.

Arthur Fliegal, Toronto, Canada

Q.—Who were the two best fighters at crouching since Corbett's days?

A.—If you mean what fighters who employed the crouch were best, I should pick Jeffries and Dempsey.

Max Grumpel, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Was the recent Londos-O'Mahoney fight on the level?

A.—Why ask me. Send your query to the promoters. I don't know. Unless you have any proof, I'll have to take it for granted all was on the up-and-up.

Tom Thompson, Long Beach, Cal.

Q.—Who is the American bantam king, Escobar or Salica?

A.—Escobar is recognized as No. 1 by National Boxing Association and is recognized in Canada as world champion. Salica is recognized by California as champion and also by Illinois commission. The world champion is Balcasar Sanchelli of Spain who won the title from Al Brown. I would like to see Escobar and Salica get together to settle the American ownership of the title and then have an international match with Sanchelli to settle the matter of world supremacy.

Alan Doty, New York City

Q.—What exercises shall I take for curing round shoulders? If I cure that, will my shoulders broaden?

A.—First and foremost, when walking, try to walk with chest out and shoulders tossed back. Then take exercises such as extending arms from in front of chest, shoulder high, backwards. Do that with a quick movement often during the day. Hold arms sideways, shoulder high, then perform the circular movement. Why not get my book, "Height Increase Exercises." You'll find many exercises in that which will aid your cause. Your shoulders will broaden.

Jerome Hawkins, Dothan, Alabama

Q.—What exercises shall I take while waiting in ring for my instructions. Is it better to learn how to box as a southpaw or in orthodox style? What advantages, if any, has a southpaw boxer?

A.—None are necessary, but if you do want to do something, then stand in corner and while holding the upper strand on either side, bend a dozen times just for limbering up. You might also shadow box for a minute. Use orthodox style when possible. Only advantage is that the style is difficult to fathom.

Gustave Regionale, Hamden, Conn.

Q.—What were the three largest gates in New York?

A.—The Dempsey-Firpo, $1,188,603. The Dempsey-Sharkey, $1,083,530, and the Sharkey-Schmeling, $749,935.

You'll find all these and others listed in Frank Menke's great book, the 1935 Edition of All Sports Records. Get a copy. It is worth having in any library. The price is $1.00 and the Ring Book Shop sells the book.

Arthur Chambers, Liverpool, Eng.

Q.—What was the intake of the Heeney-Tunney fight. How much did the promoter, Tex Rickard, lose?

A.—$691,014. The Garden, for which Rickard promoted the fight, lost $156,000.

Amanda Hawkins, Louisville, Ky.

Q.—Did Marvin Hart ever hold the world heavyweight title?

A.—In 1905, the promoter of the Root-Hart fight staged in Reno, announced that the winner would be recognized as Jim Jeffries' successor, Jeff having declared his retirement. Jeff refereed and when the fight was over, Hart winning by a knockout in the twelfth round, Marvin was declared the new champion. Of course, his claim was widely disputed, the contention being that Jeffries could not give away his title, and on February 23, 1906, Tommy Burns, another claimant, beat Hart and then proceeded to strengthen his claim by disposing of every foreign champion and several others.

De Witt Cameron, Hattiesburg, Miss.

Q.—Can you tell me why George Salvatore is not rated among the first ten in the welterweight class. He has just whipped Eddie Kid Wolfe and Harry Dublinsky.

A.—Salvatore scored those victories prior to the July issue. He will be listed highly in the August issue of the Ring.

Walter A. Philson, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—Why don't you rate Babe Risko? He whipped Paul Pirrone and Teddy Yarosz yet both of them are listed and not Risko.

A.—This is a monthly compilation and we follow the current events. He was beaten by Jimmy Belmont which caused him to be omitted. Since then he beat Frank Battaglia and lost to Pirrone in Cleveland.

C. T. Wieland, La Crosse, Wis.

Q.—Is Baer a Jew or not? Has he fooled the American people just to get some publicity?

A.—He says he is a part Jew. His father was born in Germany and his mother in Scotland and he in U. S. Some of his relatives are Jews, that we know.

Harry Stone, Newark, N. J.

Q.—Is the Nat Fleischer who broadcasts fight stories and comments the same man who edits this page?

A.—Yes, Harry—I'm the fellow. I broadcast twice a week, Tuesday and Friday at 8 P. M. over station WNEW,—1250 kilos, on a regular Ring Magazine programme.

Ramon Panico, Boston, Mass.

Q.—What became of Johnny Ladao, Philippine bantamweight, who was well known around New York?

A.—Ladao is now on the Pacific Coast, fighting under the management of Babe McCoy.

C. K. Vaughn, Wellsville, Ohio

Q.—I would like to know why Barney Ross was not rated in the July issue of the Ring either as a lightweight or a welterweight?

A.—Ross had given up his lightweight title at the time The Ring went to press and it was problematical whether Ross would remain in the lightweight division or move to the welterweight class. He could not be listed with the lightweights at that time and it was uncertain just where he belonged in the welterweight class until after the McLarnin match. After whipping McLarnin he unquestionably belongs at the top of the 147 pound division.

Jimmy Murray, Los Angeles

Q.—Did Al Brown lose his bantamweight title to someone in Spain or is the bantamweight division minus a champion?

A.—Brown was beaten at the bantamweight limit by Sanchelli and the Spaniard is the real world's bantamweight champion. It was the first time that Brown was beaten at the bantamweight limit.

Joe Smith, Denver, Colo.

Q.—Is the Maurice Holtzer now rated so highly the same boy that was in this country several years ago?

A.—Yes. Holtzer recently whipped Freddy Miller in Paris and is the recognized featherweight champion of Europe.

Joe Stein, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Who is the hardest hitting light-heavyweight in the country?

A.—In our opinion, it is Ray Actis of San Francisco who has scored about 29 knockouts in 38 starts.

Tony Piazza, Newark, N. J.

Q.—Why does the Ring list Marcel Thil the world's middleweight champion?

A.—Thil won the European middleweight title when he defeated Len Harvey and followed up with a victory over Gorilla Jones who at that time was the recognized American middleweight champion.

Joe Monte, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—I have obtained a copy of your book, "HOW TO SECOND A BOXER," that was in 1934, now I see that a few important subjects were left out, one is having your charge knocked cold in the center of the ring (understand me, your charge is lying flat on his back). The question is would you work on him in the ring, or would you carry him back to the corner for aid?

A.—If the bell had sounded, then the seconds should carry him to his corner and work on him while he is sitting on his stool with arms at his sides.

Q.—What system would you use to revive him?

A.—Revive him by putting cold water over his head with a sponge. If you have an ice bag handy, put the bag on his head, or have one of the seconds place a piece of ice in a wet towel and run it over the back of his neck at the base of his skull.

Q.—I would also like to know if orange juice is a good aid to the boxer during the course of his bout, if so how much would you use during the course of ten rounds?

A.—No, I would not use orange juice. Instead of that, use either a little mouth wash, or else plain water with a few drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia.

Q.—Another question is—your fighter is hit low, (the referee does not allow it—that is, he does not see him hit low) and there is an argument about it and they decide on a five minute rest. But your charge finds it hard to breathe and you must revive him in five minutes or he will be declared the loser, then how would you work on him?

A.—The only way to work on a fighter in that condition is to loosen his trunks so that he will have plenty of room. Keep his arms down, hanging loosely and have him sit in a most comfortable position on his stool. Don't have his legs crossed nor stretched far apart nor resting on the ropes.

Q.—Let me know if you have a book containing these questions.

A.—None other than "HOW TO SECOND A BOXER."

Mike Fisher, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Was Dempsey ever a partner with Floyd Fitzsimmons in the fight game?

A.—Jack says no. He says he simply helped Floyd by fighting for him.

John W. Reilly, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What was the fighter's name that killed Al Thomas at the Broadway Arena about 8 or 10 years back?

A.—Johnny Clinton. The fighter he killed was Andy Thomas.

Q.—What was the largest price ever charged for a heavyweight championship bout ringside seat?

A.—$50.

From Hollywood to New York

By EDDIE BORDEN

IT is almost impossible to bring up the name of Jimmy Braddock without referring to fairy tales or fables of the wildest imagination. A heavyweight champion in three fights—sums up his career more accurately than any historian could do. John Henry Lewis was the stepping stone. Braddock was thrown in merely as an opponent for Lewis, who was expected to cut quite a figure in the East. Braddock dropped him and won the decision. Art Lasky did not think that Braddock would be any kind of drawing card so held out for a five-thousand-dollar guarantee. Joe Gould gave Lasky the guarantee and took the percentage. In that negotiation, Braddock's end amounted to about four thousand dollars. Braddock handled Lasky easily and instead of looking for the next opponent, Jimmy held out for the champion. The Commission aided him in that respect by forcing Baer to fight Braddock or no one in New York State.

The fight is past history. Braddock emerged a world's heavyweight champion. We cannot accuse Braddock of being lucky. Jimmy made his own luck and it was not always honey and cream with Braddock, but he went through obstacles solidly. He never showed signs of discouragement or annoyance.

Fate engineered the career of Braddock in a methodical, steady fashion. None will begrudge Braddock his fortune. He minds his own business, does not make friends easily but he does not make enemies. He is strictly a family man and wants to be let alone. He has an easy dispositiion and rarely loses his temper.

Good luck to you, Jimmy Braddock and Joe Gould.

Coming right on top of Braddock's rise to the championship was the meteoric climb of Joe Louis to heights that has placed him on a par with Braddock. Louis, the Poker Face, tumbled over Primo Carnera in six rounds after scoring three knockdowns. It was an inspiring victory for Louis.

He has had an amazing career for one year of professional campaigning. This Negro youngster looks like a sure winner of the world title before he retires. Will he be shunted aside from a crack at the title because of his color? We doubt it. Not if we know Gould and Braddock. They know where the money is to be found and they are going after the coin.

The William Randolph Hearst Milk Fund, which has developed from a local institution to one of national importance, has the situation under control. Its representatives have Louis and hold the reins so far as the best drawing card is concerned.

Ford Smith is now to be considered among the leading heavyweights. Smith is a strong, plucky battler, who is little short of science but has plenty of grit and courage. He took Hank Hankinson's best right-hand punches at the Legion without flinching and followed up by giving Maxey Rosenbloom a merry tussle.

Then he caused a sensation by scoring a technical knockout over Art Lasky in six rounds and stepping into the elite class of heavyweight contenders. Lasky was hardly himself after an extended layoff. He was short in judgment of distance. Smith was winning on points but the margin was very slight.

Lasky was aggressive but was missing while Smith countered with short right-hand jolts and also used his left for jabbing purposes. It was a swell heavyweight fight while it lasted, and it was unfortunate that Lasky's injury was so aggravated that Referee Toby Irwin was compelled to halt the match to save Lasky from further damage which might have affected his eyes. There were a series of small cuts above the eyelid which were situated in a delicate spot and could not very well be curbed in the corner. The referee's action was justified. He acted for the good of all concerned.

Midget Wolgast still remains an enigma to those who contest his prowess. Stacked up against a rough, tough featherweight, Juan Zurita, the Midget showed his skill and craftsmanship to a packed house at the Legion and came through with the verdict. This is the third decision that Wolgast has taken over Zurita. The second was disputed by the fans but there was no question about his right to the last.

Marcel Thil, world's middleweight champion, is still defending his title in Europe successfully. He scored over Carmelo Candel and Ignacio Ara during the month but his claim isn't given much recognition here, although he is the rightful champion—Balcasar Sanchelli, the Spaniard, who whipped Al Brown at the bantamweight limit, is the world's bantamweight champion, despite the efforts of commissioners trying to favor their pets in elimination contests. Brown was the former champion and by all rights of precedence and justification, his successor should be hailed as the present champion. Sanchelli's claim is as clear as a whistle. The only claim Escobar and Salica can dispute is that of being the American title-holder. Leave it to boxing commissions to make an easy solution seem difficult.

A minor upset, nationally, but in the Metropolitan district it was just as important as the Baer-Braddock fight. The defeat of Leonard Del Genio at the hands of Al Roth at the Dyckman Oval. Here was a ten to one shot going down to defeat. Roth went about the task in such a manner as left no doubt as to his superiority.

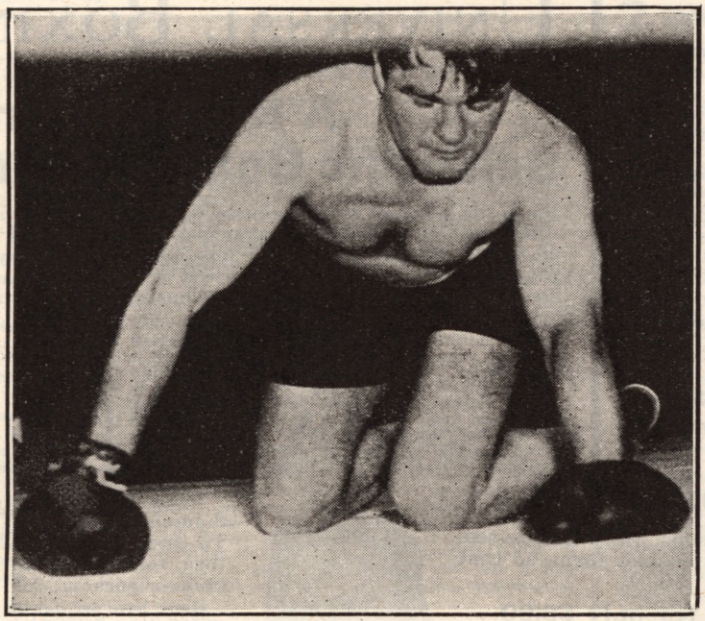
Irving Elridge and Johnny De Foe battled to a draw in the semi-final—Steve Haliako drew with Bobby Pacho but in their return match, he turned in a clean cut victory at Dexter Park—Babe Marino, Pacific Coast welterweight, made his initial bow in New York a good one by banging out an easy victory over Caspar La Rosa—This Marino has the goods to come through against better opponents than La Rosa.

Henry Armstrong did not have much trouble in whipping Varias Milling at the Olympic of Frisco—Here is a good fighter but his ability is wasted on the Coast—Armstrong is capable of whipping any featherweight in the world but cannot secure competition here.

Antol Kocsis, Hungarian bantamweight, won five rounds out of six from Bobby Olivas but only got a draw for his efforts in the semi-windup. Olivas dropped Kocsis in the first round but from that point Kocsis took command and they staged a whirlwind battle to the finish.

Walter Neusel duplicated his knockout victory over Jack Peterson when the latter retired in the tenth round. Peterson was heralded as a world beater a year ago but it seems that he cannot show to advantage against tough opposition—Answer to H. H. Jackson, England—I read the results of all European boxing bouts but only print the more important items. The only flyweight fighting in the United States today is a Filipino named Small Montana. The balance of them are scattered in Europe.

Pacific Coast fans were surprised to learn that Nate Lewis and Jim Mullen, who brought out Joe Louis, were turned down in favor of Joe Foley in the Louis-Levinsky bout. Those who know how Louis was brought to the front, realize that it was Lewis and Mullen who turned the trick and according to a message received here by one of the local scribes, Nate and Jim felt peeved at the treatment. But that's the way the fight game runs and Jim and Nate had better take it with a smile. Personally, I think that they, and not Foley, should have been awarded the bout.



Tommy Loughran taking the count in his bout with Ray Impellitiere in Philadelphia, which the veteran won. Tommy is on his way to England for a few bouts and some easy money.

Those who do not believe that the moving pictures are allied with the boxing game, will change their minds after this line-up. In the recent picture, "The Irish In Us," which stars James Cagney and Pat O'Brien, the close observers will discover Charley Massare, Mushy Callahan, Joe Glick, Phil Bloom, Sailor Vincent, Eddie Butler, Bing Conley, Jack Silver, Charley Sullivan, Jimmy O'Gatty, Harvey Perry, Al White, Mickey Genaro, Frankie Castillo, Leroy Brown, Freddy Welch, Russell Beech, Joe Ritchie, Charley Regan, Frankie Dolan, Billy McCann, Millionaire Murphy, Red Breen, Dick Gilbert, Joe and Jack Herrick.

They will be seen scattered through the scenes and anyone familiar with boxing lore, will not have any difficulty in recognizing the above names.

Charley Massare boxes Millionaire Murphy in the semi-final to a bout between the champion, Harvey Perry and Allen Jenkins, managed by James Cagney. Jenkins gets drunk in the dressing room and Cagney substitutes at the last moment and knocks out the champion. The flaws are there in quantity for those who like to be technical but the picture makes good entertainment and should register very highly with the "Fighting Irish." Pat O'Brien took $600 to $200 on Braddock to win the decision. He got the worst of the odds but his delight in picking the winner overcame that little discrepancy.

Tommy Loughran is still trying to preserve his dignity in the heavyweight ranks. He won the verdict over Ray Impellitiere in Philadelphia but suffered a knockdown in the fourth round. It is a mystery why Tommy remains in action but that solution can only be solved by Mr. Loughran—Ceferino Garcia proved too strong for Al Domero, former Olympic star, in the latter's first main event at the Legion—The house was completely sold out but the fight was ordinary. Romero suffered too much from imagination and the thought of travelling ten rounds for the first time in his career was too much for him.

Wally Hally, best of the youngsters in this locality, outscored Benny Mack in the semi-final—Maxey Rosenbloom continued his mad gallops by winning over Abie Feldman at the Olympic—Maxey hasn't lost a fight since losing the title to Bob Olin and is fighting better now than when he held the title—Feldman kept trying all the time and forced Maxey around the ring but was unable to inflict any damaging punches.

Rosenbloom appeared on one of Al Jolson's radio programs and went over big when he impersonated Harry Richman and portrayed the role of a comedian—It seems that Maxey is ambidextrous both in and out of the ring—Frank Rowsey outboxed Leroy Brown at the Legion in a ten rounder. Frank was too smart for his rugged opponent and dropped Brown in one of the rounds but Brown returned the compliment in the fourth—Frankie Covelli stopped Whitey Neal in the fifth—Joe Waterman vacated Portland to move to Los Angeles and brought two boys along—The aforementioned Neal and Al Spina—Spina went in two weeks later against Bobby Leyvas and lasted five rounds. He could not come out for the sixth—It was a bad start for Joe and it is hoped that his luck will change.

Al Weill finally got started with the Coney Island Velodrome in New York. Due to weather conditions he was forced through several delays and postponements but Harry Dublinsky and Joe Rossi paved the way for his opening show. Dublinsky won the verdict after a tough ten round tussle in which Harry was forced to come from behind. Rossi tired as Harry grew stronger and that settled the fight—Mike Belloise did not have much trouble in winning from Dick Welsh at the Dyckman Oval. Harry Gentile scored over Gene Barrett in the semi-final—On the same night, Izzy Jannazzo upset the dope when he whipped Mickey Serrian at Dexter Park Stadium. Baby Quintana disposed of Ernest Torres in four sessions—Marty Pomerantz, Golden Glove winner of last

(Continued on page 52)

Jack Dempsey

WHAT ARE THE NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS OF A

REAL MAN?

People realize today that, to be a real man, requires more than just physical strength. A keen mind, ability to think quickly, self-confidence and courage, poise and alertness are necessary in addition to well-developed and trained muscles. There is a way open to every man and youth whereby he can become a real, upstanding man as described above.

It Is Easy to Develop These Qualifications

That sounds like a pretty broad statement, doesn't it? But it's a fact. There is a system by which you can develop and school your muscles and, at the same time, cultivate poise, alertness, quick thinking and self-confidence right in your own home. Hundreds have already done it. How? Through

NAT FLEISCHER'S
UNIVERSAL BOXING COURSE

A Home Course in Scientific Boxing & Health Building

Please do not confuse my course with other books or lessons in boxing. It is entirely different. Through its study you develop your mind as well as the body. The lessons show clearly and graphically how to perform every movement. With a half hour's practice daily, you will be surprised at your ability and condition within a few weeks. In it you get all the knowledge of boxing and physical training that you require.

It teaches you all the tricks, how to overcome fear and timidity, how to make your punches effective. The proper time and place to deliver jabs, hooks, uppercuts, etc. How to successfully defend yourself and handle bigger men. How to be aggressive without fighting blindly or wildly. In fact, everything from **"How to Make a Fist"** to **"Ring Generalship."**

Also special exercises to develop all muscles, strengthen weak parts, straighten shoulders and back, raise the chest and correct general defects in physique. What to eat, how to eat, how to reduce or increase weight, how to overcome common ailments through natural methods.

I already have hundreds of students in all parts of the world. Many of them have written me telling of the wonderful benefits derived from this course.

A MAIL ORDER course, unsurpassed. Something you've always wanted but, until I decided to furnish it to you, you could not obtain anywhere.

You who take my course will be surprised at what you will learn in nine lessons, covering a period of eighteen weeks. I'll prepare you, in these lessons, to start your amateur career within three months after you get started and it won't be long after that when you'll be ready for a professional career, should you so desire.

Nine Lessons--
that's all!!!
Two Weeks for Each Lesson—

You get one book every two weeks or can get all books at one time. Tell me which you prefer.

Now Here's My Offer:

You get the entire nine lessons, fully illustrated, printed on fine paper, each in booklet form, so that you can keep all intact.

Nine lessons by mail, for only $5.00

BUT THAT IS NOT ALL

In order that you may develop your body properly, you also get free, two books, "Army Exercises" and "Navy Drills."

Then Here's ANOTHER Feature—

The best way to learn boxing is to practice with another fellow. Work with him, study with him and you'll soon master the sport.

Therefore, I am making this extra offer. With every enrollment, you and your pal will receive free, a pair of Satin Trunks and a Gymnasium Shirt.

You split the fee in paying for the course, and you and your pal get the trunks and gym shirts without any cost to either of you. And—for only $1.00 extra, your pal can also get the full boxing course for himself, the same as you are to receive.

THE BEST BOXING COURSE YET DEVISED

At the Lowest Price Ever Asked for a Legitimate, Bona Fide, Honest-to-Goodness Course That IS A COURSE. No Hokum—No Bunk—No Unfulfilled Promises.

In the Universal Boxing Course, I had the collaboration of

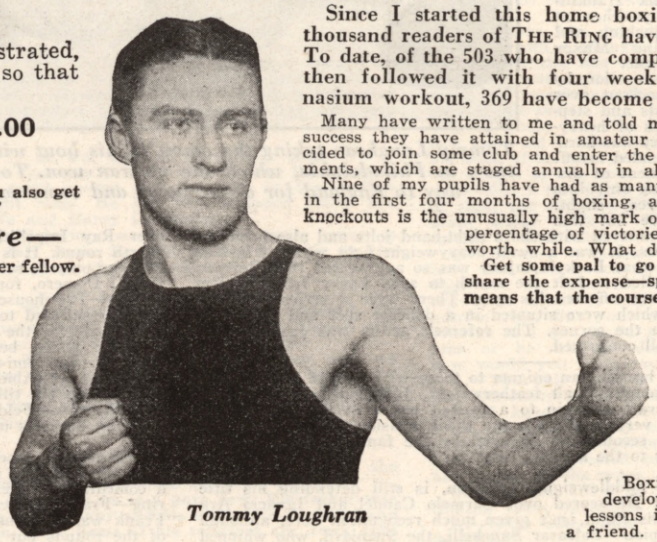
JACK DEMPSEY
The greatest fighter of modern times.

TONY CANZONERI
Holder of three championships.

TOMMY LOUGHRAN
The Marvel of Modern Scientific Boxing.

Now you know why this course is, in my opinion, the **Greatest Ever Offered by Mail at Any Time and Anywhere.**

Take advantage of this BIG OPPORTUNITY NOW.



Tommy Loughran

Since I started this home boxing course, almost a thousand readers of THE RING have become my pupils. To date, of the 503 who have completed the course and then followed it with four weeks of intensive gymnasium workout, 369 have become amateur boxers.

Many have written to me and told me that after the great success they have attained in amateur contests, they have decided to join some club and enter the **Golden Gloves** tournaments, which are staged annually in all parts of the country.

Nine of my pupils have had as many as 29 amateur fights in the first four months of boxing, and their percentage of knockouts is the unusually high mark of 81 per cent, and their percentage of victories is 87. That's a record worth while. What do you think?

Get some pal to go into this with you and share the expense—split it two ways. That means that the course costs each of you only $2.50, and only $1.00 extra if your pal wants to get the lessons the same as you are to get.

Study Together and Train Together

Boxing skill can best be developed by working out the lessons in actual exercises with a friend.

Fill out and mail with a Money Order ($5.00 for one set of books or $6.00 for two sets) to

Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course
Madison Square Garden, New York City, New York.

Name .....
(Print)

Street .....

City ..... **State** .....

Size of Trunks.....**(Free)** **Pal's Size of Trunks**.....**(Free)**

Size of Shirt.....**(Free)** **Pal's Size of Shirt**.....**(Free)**

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By GENE VINASSA

CALIFORNIA boxing writers were unanimous in selecting Joe Louis of Detroit to flatten Primo Carnera. After seeing the Detroit Brown Bomber stiffen Lee Ramage in two rounds in Los Angeles and kayo Reds Barry in three heats in San Francisco, each and every fight critic on the West Coast went hook, line and sinker on the Mangler from Michigan.

At the ringside in the Yankee Stadium covering the Louis-Carnera battle were the following Coast fight experts: Mark Kelly, *Examiner;* Bill Henry, *Times,* and Sid Ziff, *Herald-Express,* all of Los Angeles, and the following 'Frisco writers: Tommy Laird, *News;* Harry B. Smith, *Chronicle;* Pat Frayne, *Call-Bulletin,* and Curley Grieve, *Examiner.*

Eddie Muller, boxing critic of the San Francisco *Examiner,* gave Jimmy Braddock a good chance to beat Max Baer and a week before the battle, under an eight-column banner, the 'Frisco scribe warned his readers not to take Braddock lightly. Some day Muller will be writing boxing in New York.

Lou Salica's smashing win over Pablo Dano stamps him as the best bantamweight seen on the Coast since Pancho Villa's days. Hymie Caplin's Italian whirlwind from Brooklyn gave the Filipino quite a trouncing in their ten-round scuffle at the Los Angeles Olympic and had him down three times. Salica and Sixto Escobar would prove a "natural" in Los Angeles and would clear up the bantam situation. The match would draw around ten thousand dollars.

Promoter Tony Palazolo of San Francisco attended the Louis-Carnera battle in Gotham and while in the East contacted managers of several high class boxers for booking in San Francisco. "Boston Tony" is seeking a battle between Barney Ross and Ceferino Garcia for a late September date. Ross made a good showing against Frankie Klick over a year ago in the city by the Golden Gate while Garcia is the best card among the welters out here and never makes a bad fight.

Gus Greenlee, Pittsburgh sportsman and manager of John Henry Lewis, writes that he is coming to the Coast during September and plans to book the Arizona star in Los Angeles, Oakland and San Francisco. Within a period of ten days, Lewis registered one-round knockouts over Tom Patrick in Pittsburgh, Pa., and Izzy Singer in Patterson, N. J.

In addition to managing Lewis, Greenlee owns the Pittsburgh Craws of the Negro National Baseball League and Greenlee Field, where his club plays its home games.

Art Lasky received a tough break in Frisco when he lost by a technical K. O. to Ford Smith. Lasky was leading up to the time the bout was stopped due to a cut eye. Dick Donald is hot after a Lasky-Hank Hankinson match at the Olympic and if he can land this fight he will sell out the Grand Avenue arena. Hankinson defeated Smith at Hollywood three weeks before the latter scored over the Hebrew belter.

Suey Welch recently finished working in the "Milky Way," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture starring Harold Lloyd. The Akron, Ohio, boxing manager acted as technical director in the film and also put a flock of fighters to work in some of the scenes.

RANDOM SHOTS—Joe Stanley of the Philly Stanleys has hooked up as trainer of Hank Hankinson . . . . Gorilla Jones is in Chicago, where his mother has been ill for several months . . . . Al Lang's bantam, Frankie Castillo, will soon be ready for main events in and around Los Angeles . . . . he's one of the best looking kids around southern California . . . . Jerry Pelton manages a likely looking kid named Wally Hally, who reminds the fans of "Ace" Hudkins, because he is a two-fisted, rip-tearing scrapper . . . . Bill Miller, energetic press agent of the Olympic, picked Primo Carnera over Louis, and was he surprised when the Detroit thunder socker kayoed Italy's Man Mountain!

Charley Martin, too, was another Los Angeleno who lost a few cigars on the Italian . . . . Willie Orner of the Main Street gym has opened a high class cafe next to his punch palace and his partner in the new business is George Parnassas of Argos, Greece, and manager of Ceferino Garcia and Swede Berglund . . . . before entering the fight racket, Parnassas operated a string of restaurants in Arizona. Incidentally, George is one of the best liked managers on the Coast, and manages to get his fighters plenty of action . . . . Frank Goosby, middleweight star of the Dolph Thomas stable, is one of the best cards in Oakland . . . . Roxie Eisen, formerly of Toronto, Can., is handling Baby Face Mathewson in Los Angeles.

Boxers coming to Los Angeles, who are not under contract with anyone, can get action in southern California with Al Lang, care of Orner's Main Street gym, 321 S. Main Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

EASTERN invaders are still being turned away by our fighters. They can get plenty of matches, but they don't keep on winning as they do in the East. Freddie Steele knocked out Al Rossi, New York Italian, in the second round. Gordon Wallace, Canadian welterweight king, decisioned the veteran Tod Morgan, and he also beat Jimmy Best, who came all the way from California without one loss in twenty-eight starts. Both were ten-round bouts. Charles Massare, Pittsburg, was beaten by "Tiger" Jack Fox in a ten-round bout.

Henry Woods defended his state lightweight title against Abie Israel, state featherweight king, in a ten-round fight. Alan Foston, lightweight prospect, decisioned Al Ford. Sammy McLarnin lost an unpopular decision to Jack Hibbard of Klamath Falls, Ore. Sammy was sick the day before the fight, but since it was a Children's Benefit Card, he refused a postponement.

ODD ITEMS—Murray "Muzz" Patrick, son of Lester Patrick, the hockey coach, is taking up boxing. In his first attempt, he won the B. C. amateur heavyweight title. Later he annexed the Canadian heavyweight crown . . . . Ford Smith, pride of Seattle's light-heavies, lost a ten-round battle to Maxey Rosenbloom in California, then knocked out Art Lasky . . . . There is plenty of argument over the McLarnin-Ross fight pictures. Here we all think as does THE RING editor—that Jimmy beat Ross.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

GIVE the fans in this town a boxing show that looks like the real goods and they'll turn out. If a promoter offers a card that is made up of old timers a small gate is the usual result.

When Buddy Baer knocked out Big Boy Brackey in less than a round, close to 8000 fans paid $9400 to view the heavyweights at the Broadway auditorium. Promoter Charlie Murray cashed in handsomely on this offering only to drop a chunk when he presented a double windup featuring Al Delaney with the punched-out Larry Johnson and the veteran Joe Doctor against Earl Conway, Niagara Falls, ex-amateur champion heavyweight. Delaney scored several knockdowns, beating Johnson easily, but failed to stop him.

Doctor, once a good ring prospect but now entirely passe, was well whipped by the Niagara Falls red-top.

Before these lines appear in print, Buddy Baer will have made his second appearance here, meeting young Al Delaney, Detroit Polish lad, who looks like a comer. Your correspondent was impressed with the thoroughness in which Buddy knocked out Brackey, himself a huge specimen of a man with a murderous wallop. Brackey never had a chance against the assault of the California whirlwind. Delaney appears promising but it is the writer's belief that he will run into a licking, perhaps a knockout. He seems overmatched.

Buffalo was very much fight conscious following the quick and decisive defeat of Primo Carnera by the brown thunderbolt, Joe Louis. From this viewpoint it appears that the Detroit bomber will quickly win the world's title if he gets the much coveted match with Champion Jimmy Braddock.

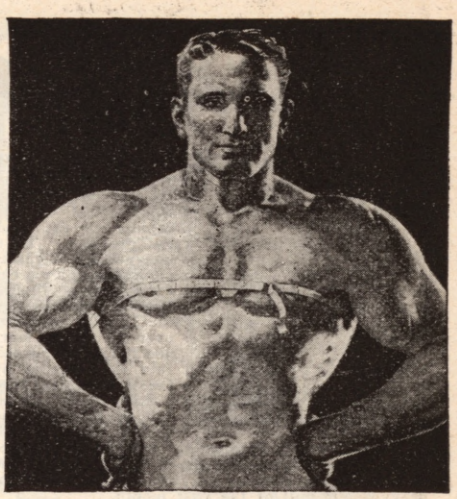
Incidentally the trimming Max Baer got was also surprising. Max was in town with brother Buddy when the latter whipped Brackey and the then champion was brimming over with confidence.

"I'll win when I please and easily," said Max.

Max, if he were right, could probably beat Braddock five nights out of six. But he lost his title to the Jersey Irishman and we all hope Braddock makes a million with his new crown. He surely deserves a break.

It doesn't seem so long ago when Braddock rocked Buffalo by belting out Jim Slattery at Madison Sq. Garden. "Slats" has seen reverses since then and is now an employee of the Buffalo Public Works department. His ring days are gone forever.

Short stuff . . . . Vince Plunkeet keeps Steve Halaino busy in the East where the former National champion is a card . . . . There's talk around that Steve may meet Tony Canzoneri here later in the Summer . . . . Jack Singer is trying hard to keep his big gym going . . . . Wesley Farrell, great Negro lightweight from New Orleans, spent a week in town but seeing the dullness of the fight game here at this time of year went back home for some fights . . . . Wesley plans to return in the Autumn . . . . Tiger Jack Payne, Omaha Negro heavyweight, is in town and craves action . . . . The Tiger's record will stand scrutiny . . . . Lou Scozza looks good but doesn't get a break . . . . Boxers, with good records, who are free may write Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac ave., Buffalo, N.Y. The game will be booming here in the Fall.



"If you do not add... 3 INCHES TO YOUR CHEST 2 INCHES TO YOUR BICEPS ...it won't cost you one cent!"

Signed: GEORGE F. JOWETT

YES SIR! Three inches of muscles added to your chest and at least two inches to your biceps, or it won't cost you a penny. I know what I am talking about . . . I wouldn't dare make this startling agreement if I wasn't sure I could do it.

■ All I want is a chance to prove it! Those skinny fellows who are discouraged are the men I want to work with. I'll show them how to build a strong man's body... and do it quickly...and I don't mean cream puff muscles either. Wouldn't you, too, like to have the brawny proportions of the idealized figure shown above? I will show you how to get real, genuine, invincible muscles that will make your men friends respect you and women admire you.

■ I want to tell you fellows . . . there's something about this "strong man business" that gets you... *thrills* you! You'll get a great kick out of it...you'll fairly feel your muscles grow.

I want you to try one of my test courses NOW!

Send for "Moulding a Mighty Chest" A Special Course for ONLY 25c

It will be a revelation to you. You can't make a mistake. The assurance of the strongest armed man in the world stands behind this course. I give you my secret methods of development illustrated and explained as you like them. Mail your order now while you can still get this course for only 25c.

I will not limit you to the chest. You can develop any part or all of your body. Try any one of my test courses listed below at 25c. Or, try all six of them for only $1.00.

Rush the Coupon TODAY!

Mail your order now and I will include a FREE COPY of "NERVES OF STEEL, MUSCLES LIKE IRON." It is a priceless book to the strength fan and muscle builder. Full of pictures of marvelous bodied men who tell you decisively how you can build symmetry and strength the Jowett Way! Reach out...Grasp This Special Offer.

FREE BOOK WITH PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN

GEORGE F. JOWETT
"Champion of Champions"
Winner of many contests for strength and physical perfection!

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
Dept. 57Wc, 422 Poplar St. Scranton, Pa.

George F. Jowett: Please send by return mail, your FREE BOOK, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron." *You get my FREE Book without cost. However, if you want to try my test courses, check your choice below and enclose proper amount.*

☐ Moulding a Mighty Arm, 25c
☐ Moulding a Mighty Back, 25c
☐ Moulding a Mighty Grip, 25c
☐ Moulding a Mighty Chest, 25c
☐ Moulding Mighty Legs, 25c
☐ Strong Man Stunts Made Easy 25c
☐ All 6 Books for $1.00.

Name_____ Age_____

Address_____

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

"PUGILISM Preferred" has taken an upward trend and is rapidly on the road to recovery. The heavyweight championship changed hands with Jimmy Braddock taking over the reins presided over by Max Baer. Joe Louis stepped into the ranking of the mighty great by putting over a big job in disposing of Primo Carnera in six rounds. Max Schmeling did not experience any difficulty in winning the verdict over Paulino Uzcudun in Germany in the third important heavyweight mill of the past month.

Marcel Thil defended his title twice in the middleweight section, winning from Ignacio Ara and Carmelo Candel over the fifteen round route. Walter Neusel ended the aspirations of Jack Peterson by halting him in ten rounds, and Walter again is in the big money. Tony Canzoneri scored an overweight victory over Frankie Klick and Freddy Miller did likewise against Seaman Watson. Those were the outstanding bits of fistic happenings.

Naturally the change in the heavyweight division, brings Braddock the No. 1 man with Baer rating behind him and Louis, a close third. Max Schmeling whipped Paulino Uzcudun in twelve rounds and takes fourth place, Ford Smith stepped into fame by stopping Art Lasky in the sixth round. Walter Neusel disposed of Jack Peterson in ten. Tommy Loughran came back with a vengeance by whipping Ray Impellitiere.

King Levinsky turned in a win over Tom Jones. Hank Hankinson and Charley Retzlaff were heaved in the sixth round. Tony Galento flattened Young Hippo in the opening chapter. Eddie Hogan defeated Jack McCarthy and kayoed Frank Wojack in one round. Steve Dudas won from Terry Mitchell. Fred Lenhart stopped Johnny Miler in eight sessions. Leroy Haynes defeated Unknown Winston while Tony Cancela won over Eddie Houghton.

John Henry Lewis, ranking light-heavyweight, disposed of Izzy Singer in one round. Maxie Rosenbloom scored over Harold Murphy and Abie Feldman. Al Gainer was beaten by Al McCoy and John Anderson. Jock McAvoy scored over Al Burke. Joe Knight disposed of Mickey Dugan in five rounds. Frank Rowsey whipped Leroy Brown. Leo Kelley finished Jack Ward in the fourth round. Harry Ebbets won from Frank Lo Bianco. Tait Littman whipped George Black. Steve Carr scored over Tiger Warrington.

Marcel Thil, middleweight leader, won from Ignacio Ara and Carmelo Candel in title bouts. Lou Brouillard turned in a noteworthy victory in whipping Young Corbett. Freddy Steele disposed of Al Rossi in two rounds while Al defeated Sammy McLarnin. Fred Henneberry drew with Tommy King in Australia. Al Diamond kayoed Johnny O'Keefe in three rounds. Jimmy Smith disposed of Bud Logan in five rounds. Allen Matthews whipped Marty Sampson. Sammy Slaughter scored over Al Trulmans and kayoed Bud Creed in four rounds. Tony Fisher won over Lou Halper. Tommy Freeman kayoed Jimmy Carter in two rounds. Mark Hough finished Tony Celli in the opening round.

In the welterweight division, Harry Dublinsky defeated Joe Rossi. Ceferino Garcia whipped Al Romero and kayoed Sammy O'Dell in five rounds. Izzy Jannazzo defeated Mickey Serrian. Bobby Pacho won from Frank Sagilio, drew and lost to Steve Haliako. Sagilio whipped Frankie Kamecki. Tony Falco turned in a victory over Mike Barto. Bucky Jones won from Johnny Jadick while Johnny scored over Joe Vignali. Babe Marino trimmed Caspar La Rosa. Billy Wallace won over Jackie McFarland. Frankie Hughes whipped Tommy Romano. Phil Furr lost to Tony Rock and won from Bobby Bruno. Leonard Bennett drew with Cecil Payne. Al Casimini disposed of Paola Villa in four rounds. Cocoa Kid whipped Harry Carlton. Lou Lombardi disposed of Lou Terry in two rounds. Chuck Woods scored over Vincent Reed.

Tony Canzoneri, lightweight leader, won an overweight bout from Frankie Klick. Lou Ambers defeated Fritzie Zivic. Cleto Locatelli trounced Eddie Cool. Charley Burns and Johnny Durso both scored over Frankie Wallace. Wesley Ramey trimmed Leo Rodak and Tiger Walker. Al Roth defeated Leonard Del Genio. Davey Day won from Patsy Severo. Joey Costa whipped Ed McGeever. Eddie Zivic defeated Patsy Hennigan. Roger Bernard won from Lew Fox while Mike Stankovich scored over Andy Bundy.

Freddie Miller, head of the featherweights, won from Seaman Watson but the title was not at stake. Henry Armstrong banged out a win over Varias Milling. Mike Belloise whipped Dick Welsh. Jackie Wilson scored over Frankie Wolfram. Claude Varner won from Cuthbert Taylor in England. Irving Eldridge drew with Johnny De Foe and stopped Al Gillette in six rounds.

Louis Salica's victory over Pablo Dano earned him the right to be ranked leading bantamweight challenger. Dano later scored a win over Frankie Covelli while Frankie stopped Whitey Neal in five rounds. Sixto Escobar kayoed Johnny Bangs in five rounds. Midget Wolgast turned in a victory over Juan Zurita. Speedy Dado won over Bobby Olivas. Young Tommy scored over Joe Tei Ken while Joe drew with General Padilla. Baby Quintana whipped Skippy Allen and kayoed Ernest Torres in four rounds. Antol Kocsis drew with Bobby Olivas while Nick Scalba whipped Ray Campo.

The only flyweight to show any activity was Small Montana who came through with a victory over Midget Wolgast. Montana is the only worthwhile flyweight competing in American rings.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Pat Palmer, England.
Bantamweight—Tony Manini, San Francisco, Calif.
Featherweight—Mickey Devine, Batavia, N. Y.
Lightweight—Red Wright, Houston, Texas.
Welterweight—Gordon Wallace, Vancouver, B. C.
Middleweight—Paul Stewart, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Light-heavyweight—George Brennan, England.
Heavyweight—Artie Sykes, Elmira, N. Y.

From Hollywood to New York

(Continued from page 49)

year in the lightweight division, is headed for the top and seems to be one of the brightest prospects now campaigning in New York.

Louis Salica's victory over Pablo Dano at the Olympic was one of those miracles transformed to reality. Dano won the first five rounds and it seemed like a foregone conclusion that he was headed for certain victory but something impelled Salica to forge ahead from the sixth and he captured the next five sessions, scoring three knockdowns in the ninth. Dano was lucky to weather the storm in the final session and to Salica goes the credit for turning in one of those spectacular victories.

Tony Canzoneri was given another tough tussle by Frankie Klick in an overweight match. Frankie has the style to give Canzoneri trouble all the time. Tony's anxiety to catch Klick while the latter is running causes him to be wide open and Frankie lands many clean punches while on the retreat. The crowd, as usual with the underdog, booed the verdict, but if Canzoneri wasn't in the ring there wouldn't have been any action.

Pablo Dano got a questionable decision at the expense of Frankie Covelli in their Legion battle. It was a corking scrap, bitterly contested all the way, with both principals fighting every inch of the journey. The proof of the mighty battle was shown by the spectators who remained until the decision was rendered but in the accounts of several newspapers the next day the fight was termed "dull."

Reports of blase and indifferent reporters invariably destroy reputations of fighters and clubs and are altogether a deep menace to boxing. Those fans who saw the Covelli-Dano scrap and read the accounts the next day, were probably under the impression that there were two separate battles fought—the one that they witnessed and the one to which the paper was referring! Wally Hally, best of the younger crop, turned in another swell performance by kayoing Gabby Ybarra in the second round. Wally is coming along in great style and if Jerry Pelton watches his step he is going to have a big money maker in the stable—Nick Scalba, Chicago Golden Glove product, made his Pacific Coast debut in a special four round bout against Ray Campo, corking Mexican featherweight—Scalba carried too many guns for his opponent and although scoring a knockdown in the second round was forced to travel at high speed to capture the verdict.

Young Corbett finally met his master in his home town, losing the first official decision ever rendered against him in San Francisco, to Lou Brouillard, hard hitting Worcester southpaw. It was a fight between two southpaws, the boxer and fighter type and the fighter came through successfully. Brouillard proved too strong and rugged and the pace was too fast for the veteran Corbett and Brouillard's lead was more pronounced as the fight progressed and Corbett was a sadly tired and badly beaten young man. The show was promoted by Jack Beynon and Moose Taussig and drew about $10,000, which was much less than they had anticipated—Johnny Keyes is still yelling at the injustice done to Midget Wolgast in his bout with Small Montana at Sacramento. Johnny claims that the Midget won seven of the ten rounds and there was no question but that Wolgast was robbed—Montana is a legitimate flyweight and whether the verdict was merited or not he is still a good little fighting man. It is too bad that there are no flyweights for him to tackle in this country. He could do a swell job in Europe.

Max Schmeling proved the superior to Paulino in all departments of the game in their last tussle and it is hoped that Max comes to this country and clarifies the heavyweight situation by meeting Joe Louis, Max Baer or Braddock—Al Lippe sends word from England that his troupe are under control and he expects to return to this country very soon.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF JULY

Here are my ratings for the month ending July 7:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jimmy Braddock	World's Champion Bob Olin	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Baer	John Henry Lewis	Lou Brouillard	Jimmy McLarnin
2—Joe Louis	Maxey Rosenbloom	Paul Pirrone	Bep Van Klaveren
3—Max Schmeling	Al McCoy	Young Corbett	Kid Azteca
4—Steve Hamas	Tony Shucco	Babe Risko	George Salvatore
5—Ford Smith	Ambrose Palmer	Teddy Yarosz	Jack Carroll
6—Walter Neusel	Adolf Heuser	Freddy Steele	Harry Dublinsky
7—Tommy Loughran	Jock McAvoy	Oscar Rankins	Ceferino Garcia
8—Art Lasky	Ray Actis	Joe Smallwood	Eddie Kid Wolfe
9—King Levinsky	Joe Knight	Vince Dundee	Izzy Jannazzo
10—Patsy Perroni	Frank Rowsey	Fred Henneberry	Mickey Serrian

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Freddy Miller	World's Champion Balcasar Sanchelli	Title Vacant
1—Lou Ambers	Maurice Holtzer	Louis Salica	Benny Lynch
2—Cleto Locatelli	Henry Armstrong	Sixto Escobar	Jackie Brown
3—Frankie Klick	Young Casanova	Midget Wolgast	Small Montana
4—Tiger Humery	Baby Arizmendi	Pablo Dano	Joe Mendiola
5—Charley Burns	Mike Belloise	Speedy Dado	Maurice Huguenin
6—Wesley Ramey	Vernon Cormier	Young Tommy	Valentin Anglemann
7—Jack Kid Berg	Petey Hayes	Baby Quintana	Tommy Pardoe
8—Joe Ghnouly	Petey Sarron	Little Pancho	Bobby Magee
9—Eddie Cool	Merv Blandon	Star Frisco	Joe Hardy
10—Lew Massey	Frankie Covelli	Mickey Miller	Maurice Filhol

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

TY DILLON, popular Sioux City sportsman, has opened up a new ten-thousand-dollar outdoor arena in Sioux City's downtown district. The new arena is known as the Uptown Arena, and is located at West 7th and Bluff Streets, Sioux City, Ia. Mr. Dillon is a fine fellow, and a very smart boxing man, he knows the sport real well, he is honest, and he is a square shooter. The new set-up will be as follows: Ty Dillon, promoter and matchmaker. Ross Abrama, assistant; Harry Gibbons, local policeman, will be the referee. Sammy Sacco, well-known Sioux Cityan and former featherweight boxer, will be the announcer. THE RING magazine extends best wishes to Mr. Dillon and his new club.

With two outdoor clubs in operation here, the Riverview Park Arena and the new Uptown Arena, Sioux City boxing fans should not want for fistic action. Both clubs will hold weekly cards. Boxers and managers should get in touch with these two clubs, as plenty of new faces and good talent is wanted here. Both promoters, Nate Dax and Ty Dillon, are excellent fellows, and boxers and managers would do well to get in touch with them.

The new arena at this writing has not staged any cards, but their cards are just being lined up, and by the time this hits the press they will be in full operation. Here are the results of the Riverview Arena, which staged some dandy cards during the past month: Verne Trickel, Albert Lee, Minn., heavyweight, knocked out Skippy Skinner, of Hinton, Ia., in three; Sammy Musco, Omaha feather, won over Albert Manriquez, of Atlantic, Ia. Jess Ackerman, Des Moines lightie, lost to Jay Conlon, of Omaha. Roy "Kid" Newman and Terry Griffiths, local lightweight, drew; Al Brown beat Nach Manriquez; Wayne Welton won over Battling Stearns. In another good bout of the month, Andy "Kid" Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight comer, won over Skippy Skinner; Mel Rice won by a T. K. O. over Kid Jobe; Benny Brown scored a decision over Socko Cadwell; Buddy McCrea won over Lloyd Weaver; Jack Harding won from Cappy Wooten; Mickey Slater punched out a win over Billy Clancy; Dick Demeray, Tappen, No. Dak., southpaw welter, won by a kayo in five rounds over Freddie Atkinson, of St. Paul; Ronnie Malcolm, Waterloo battler, was knocked out by Battling Nelson, welter, of Belgrade, Nebr. Kid Jobe scored a kayo over Mickey Powers; Jay Conlon knocked out Terry Griffiths; Kid Newman shaded Don Phillips; Dixie Taylor beat Eddie Long; Mel Rice, local welterweight comer, scored a kayo over Freddie Atkinson in four rounds; Andy "Kid" Miller punched out a win over Joe Goeders; Benny Brown won over Jackie Burns, of Lone Tree, Ia. Tommy Sacco shaded Young Mann; Mickey Slater defeated Young Newsboy Brown; Kid Jobe defeated Eddie Long.

Davenport, Ia.—King Levinsky, Chicago heavyweight, knocked out Jack Slade, of New York, in two rounds; Kid Leonard, East Moline, Ill., middleweight, shaded Al Diamond, of Patterson, N. J. Everett Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight, scored over Paul Lee, of Indianapolis. Jackie Elverrillo, Chicago welter, and Mel Rice, of Sioux City, went eight rounds to a draw.

Ruthven, Ia.—Verne Trickel, Albert Lee, Minn., heavyweight, and Pat Arnold, Minneapolis, went eight rounds to a draw; Kid Hargraves, of Spencer, Ia., put the kayo on Battling Pettit; Nemo Pettit won over Battling Chapman; Wild Bill Gerdes won by a knockout over Cy Organ; Swede Allen beat Battling Schuller over the T. K. O. route.

Bismark, No. Dak.—Dick Demeray, of Tappen, No. Dak., scored a T. K. O. over Sherald Kennard, of Fargo, in four rounds.

Des Moines, Ia.—Ronny Malcolm, Waterloo, Ia., welter, won over Ray Beetner, of Burlington, in eight rounds; Irish Jack Hayes won over Johnny Newman in the semi-windup.

Onawa, Ia.—Benny Brown, Smithland, Ia., middleweight, won a hairline decision over Buddy Short of Sioux City in six rounds. In the semi-windup, Al Soukup, Omaha, won over Burt Woods.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—Verne Trickel, Albert Lee, Minn., heavy, won an eight-round decision over Harry Hobbs, of Waterloo, Ia. Ray Mann, Sioux City middleweight, and Goldie O'Hara went six to a draw. In another fast sixer, Albert Manrequez won a decision over Jimmy Salvatore.

Waterloo, Ia.—Ronny Malcolm, of Waterloo, scored a six-round win over Billy Henderson, Oskaloosa, Ia., welter; Bud Menges scored a kayo over Lee Dix in two rounds. Sonny Bass defeated Dickie Miller in a preliminary.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Frankie Sagilio, 138, of Chicago, defeated Frankie Kamecki, 138, Winnipeg, in six fast rounds. Babe Daniels, Minneapolis, won by a T. K. O. over Phil Rivers, of Moose Jaw, Sask., in 6; Si Vester, of Duluth, stopped Dick Armstrong, Winnipeg light-heavyweight, in 2.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—Sammy Musco, Omaha, Nebr., feather, won over Kid Sweezy, of Spencer, Ia., in six; Mel Rice, Sioux City welter, scored a T. K. O. over Tommy Maroon, of Des Moines, in five; Benny Brown, of Smithland, Ia., shaded Buddy Short, of Sioux City; Artie Martin, Indianola, Ia., knocked out Don Phillips, Omaha, Nebr., in 1; Lloyd Weaver, Sioux City, Ia., clubbed out a win over Jack Kelly, Fort Dodge welter.

Des Moines, Ia.—Tony Ligouri, Des Moines lightweight, won a decision over Hack Colbert, of Burlington, in eight rounds. Dixie Taylor, Waterloo welter, shaded Artie Martin, of Indianola, in the six-round semi-windup.

Ringsted, Ia.—Jolting Joe Goeders, Emmetsburg light-heavyweight, and Frankie Vogel, Janesville, Wis., went eight rounds to a fast draw. In the semi-windup, Mel Rice, Sioux City welter, won a six-round decision over Eddie Spencer, of Coon Rapids; Barney Hassel won over Don McDermott; Bob Jackson won from Raz Anderson by a kayo in 2; Ray Jennings won by a T. K. O. over Kid Zehms in two rounds; Vic Johnson and Sid Peterson battled to a draw.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Al Pahl, local welterweight comer, moved his headquarters to Chicago for the summer months . . . . In his first start there this season, he belted out a decision over Scotty McLean, of Davenport, Ia. . . . . Benny Brown, Smithland, Ia., middleweight, and Andy "Kid" Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight, are the two best-looking prospects for the month . . . . Fort Dodge, Ia., with Roy Gillman sailing forth as promoter, is holding some dandy cards . . . . Fighters and managers would do well to get in touch with Mr. Gillman, c/o the Ring Arena . . . . The Sioux City Athletic Club staged its amateur tournament and some fine battles were run off . . . . Everett "Young" Rightmire, Sioux City's contender for the featherweight title, punched out wins over Henry Hook and Paul Lee during the past month . . . . Ty Dillon, local promoter, made a trip East to contact fighters for his cards in Sioux City . . . . The writer attended a number of opening cards around the state; included in the list of towns we looked over were Davenport, Ia., where Duke Barry staged a dandy show . . . . Fort Dodge, Ia., along with a number of other ports . . . . Rain and cold weather halted many of the promoters . . . . Nate Dax, local promoter, never fails to lose his straw hat . . . . In the local gym, nearly twenty-five fighters are working out daily . . . . Sailor Burke is manager of the sweat shop, and it is one of the best in this section . . . . Ross Abrama bought the interest in Andy "Kid" Miller, local light-heavyweight prospect, and will train and manage him . . . . Ross is a smart boxing man and should go far with Miller, who is a crowd pleaser, and has a punch in both hands . . . . Don't forget to mail your fight news to Bill Hawkins, 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Ia., and if you wish an answer to your letter, please enclose a stamp for reply . . . . Des Moines, Ia., has returned to the boxing map with Pinkie George doing the promoting . . . . George is giving the fans some dandy cards, and is drawing real well . . . . If I missed any of you fellows, forgive me, because space in the good old RING is limited.

GOSSIP FROM PUERTO RICO
By LUIS VIRAS, JR.

BOXING is on the upgrade here. Luisin Rosario, sportsman, clubman and distinguished gentleman, promoter and matchmaker, will reopen the Madison Square Garden of the Antilles, that is the Victory Garden Stadium at San Juan.

The surprise of the month was Joe Malinsky's defeat by King Guingo of Salinas.

Gus De Sagon, featherweight from San Juan, now living at Aguadilla, shaded Tony Villa, of San Juan, and Elly Mark lost to Kid Oche, of San Juan. Kid Terremoto, Mayaguez, lost an eight-round decision to King Guingo at the Coqui Stadium.

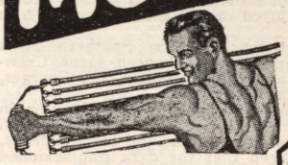
Joe Malinsky, Aguadilla, and King Guingo, Salinas, are the fight stars of Puerto Rico. These boys are to Puerto Rico what Jimmy McLarnin and Barney Ross are to the States.

Sixto Escobar, bantam champion of the N.B.A., scored a six-round kayo over Joey Archibald, clever fighter of Greater New York, in the semi-finals of the McLarnin-Ross bout.

Carlos de Jesus, 126 pounds, is doing well in Canada.

Promoters and matchmakers of New York and vicinity, bear in mind the following star fighters of our land: Sixto Escobar, Yambo Andrades, Joe Malinsky, Carlos De Jesus, Pedro Montanez, who is lightweight champion of Puerto Rico, Venezuela, Spain and France; Atilio Sabatino and Kid Jaramillo.

GET BIG HUSKY MUSCLES! SAVE OVER HALF



$2.99 SEND NO MONEY

AMAZING NEW
27 FEATURE
Big Home Muscle Building Outfit and Training Course.

Save over half on this big, amazing course of Physical Culture

1. WALL EXERCISER. Ideal muscle builder.
2. BIG HUSKY 10 cable exercisers, 200 Lbs. resistance adjustable.
3. Real 10 Cable Handles built for 10 cables, not two 5 cable Exercisers.
4. Husky CABLES woven in extra heavy strands, the new and better way
5. Two Heavy Duty Hand Grips.
6. Head Harness (adjustable) and
7. Foot Harness for strong necks and ankles.
8. Rowing Machine attachments.
9. Great Shadow Boxer.
10. SKIP ROPE.
11. "HOW TO GET STRONG." Illustrated.
12. HAND BALANCING TRICKS.
13. BIG BICEPS.
14. Food Facts for Vitality and Power.
15. RIGHT LIVING FOR BETTER HEALTH.
16. HOW TO STRENGTHEN YOUR BACK.
17. Secrets of CHEST EXPANSION.
18. How to Strengthen Stomach Muscles.
19. DEVELOPING STRONG, SHAPELY LEGS.
20. "FOR MEN ONLY." No more Secrets.
21. STIRRUP EXERCISES FOR HUSKY LEGS.
22. MUSCLE GAUGE. Test your own strength.
23. SPECIAL "30-Day Training Schedule." Tells you what to do each day.
24. SECRETS OF JIU JITSU. Illustrated.
25. BOXING. Knockout punches.
26. 10 FEATS OF STRENGTH.
27. FAMOUS WRESTLING HOLDS. Illustrated.

All this—For Only $2.99. Act quickly before offer expires. Send your name and address. We'll ship everything out by return mail. Pay postman only $2.99 plus postal charges. Outside U. S. cash with order.

HERCULES EXERCISES
49 East 21st St., Dept. J-12
New York, N.Y.

Seeking Strength?

If you are interested in Body Building and Muscle Building you should obtain

"Super Physique"

Body-Building Bar-Bell Course
By SIEGMUND KLEIN
(One of America's Foremost Weight-Lifting Champions)
Paper-Covered booklets—Price $1.00

THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden Arcade, 825 8th Avenue
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Reprinted — to Fill the Demand

Owing to the big demand for copies of "Ten and Out" by Alexander Johnston, the only book covering the American history of boxing, we have had this fine work reprinted and now have on hand only 100 copies for sale at the low, reduced price of $2.50. This book sells normally for $3.50 but you can save one dollar and get heaps of interesting, authentic historic reading on all classes of pugilism, by buying

ALEXANDER JOHNSTON'S
"TEN AND OUT"

Now, while you have the chance—
Send a money order for $2.50 to
THE RING BOOK SHOP,
Madison Square Garden, 825-8th Ave., New York City.
When these are sold, you will never again be able to get a copy.
Every sportsman's library, every sports writer, should have a copy.

The All-America Sports Magazine
The Sports Fiction Magazine of the Day
In a class by itself
A NAT FLEISCHER PUBLICATION
On sale on all stands where The Ring is sold. Buy it. Be convinced. Several hours of interesting reading for 15 cents.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

CLAPTON Greyhound Stadium ran its first open-air show with a strong program. Although the weather was not in favor for outside boxing, the show drew twelve thousand people and the crowd enjoyed one of the best shows seen for a long time.

The chief bout was for the Southern Area featherweight championship, between Dave Crowley, Clerkenwell, and Benny Caplan, St. Georges, over fifteen rounds.

Caplan, who holds a decision over Crowley in an overweight match, did not seem strong at 126 pounds. There was no power behind his left leads, and it was soon seen that the dark complexioned Crowley was strong and forceful.

From the first gong Crowley forced the issue, and he was successful in the third by scoring a clean-cut knockdown, with a left hook to Caplan's jaw. He rose at nine and clinched to weather the storm. Crowley was so anxious to score a K.O. that he went dangerously low and was cautioned three times for hitting in the prohibited area.

A left hook to the body in the fourth put Caplan through the ropes and he got back into the ring assisted by some of the press boys by the count of eight, after recovering from a similar position when he was out of the ring for six.

Caplan proved game and recovered well and scored with well-timed left leads to the face, but most of these were merely flips and did not carry any weight.

Crowley was always forcing the bout and he took many lefts, so that he could get in his body punches, which scored with plenty of force.

The last round was won by Caplan, but I do not think he was deserving of a division of the honors. But there you are, folks. The referee said a draw, and Crowley was still Southern Area featherweight champion and Benny Caplan a close second.

I must comment on the other part of the program as all the participants are men who are topliners in the smaller shows. In fact, it could be called an all-star card.

Pat Warburton, Wales, has been winning all along the line lately, and when he met Pat Palmer, Battersea, it was declared an even-money chance and have your pick.

The bout ended in a peculiar way after a great mill that lasted into the sixth round. Then Warburton was put down for nine by a perfect right to the chin, and while Patsy Fox, the referee, was counting, the towel was thrown in the ring by Sam Russell, Warburton's manager. The referee rightly did not accept this token of surrender during the count and threw the towel out of the ring.

Warburton arose at nine and was again put down, when Russell jumped into the ring and the referee immediately stopped the contest and disqualified Warburton for his chief second entering the ring.

It was a pity the bout ended in such a way as it robbed Palmer of a K.O. victory after being behind on points.

Dave McCleave, ex-amateur welterweight champion of Great Britain, had as an opponent Roy Mills, Sunderland, and after eight rounds of a magnificent bout, McCleave was declared the winner on points.

"Punching" Paul Schaefer, Canada, could not land any of his haymakers on Jack McCabe, Preston, who was clever on the defense, and had to be content with a points win.

The same thing happened in the bout between Frank Hough and Glen Moody, Wales, over the same distance. Hough tried to put the skids under Moody, but he found the wily Welshman always willing to have a go, ending with Hough the winner on points.

Charlie Belanger, cruiserweight champion of Canada, forced the referee to stop his bout with Ernie Simmonds, Birmingham, in the seventh round after a hard-hitting bout, when Simmonds' right eye was badly cut.

We could do with more of these Clapton open-air boxing shows.

Johnny King, Manchester, regained the bantamweight championship of Great Britain when he was declared the winner on points after fifteen rounds against Len Hampston, Leeds, at Belle Vue, Manchester.

Ronnie James, Swansea, a lad with a future, scored another victory at Swansea when he outpointed Fred Bailey, Portsmouth, after twelve hard rounds.

George "Panther" Purchase, South Africa, lived up to his name as the "Panther" when he scored a K.O. over Chris Dawson, St. Johns Wood, in the fifth at Cardiff, after having the best of matters.

Pat Haley, Hanley, lost his Northern Area welterweight championship to "Chuck" Parker, Barnsley, after four rounds of hectic fighting. Haley fought gamely against the odds and was well advised to accept the inevitable and retire from the contest, leaving Parker the winner.

Six days after his defeat by Freddie Miller at Liverpool Stadium, Jimmy Walsh was called on as a substitute for ex-Seaman Tommy Watson to meet Carlo Orlandi, Italy, European champion, in a twelve-round contest in the open air at Liverpool. Walsh's victory over Orlandi was most impressive as it was his second big bout in a week.

Supporting the Walsh-Orlandi bout was the meeting of Pat Butler, welterweight champion of Great Britain, and Ernie Roderick, in a bout that was scheduled to go ten rounds but five were enough for the champion, who was receiver general throughout, and it came as no surprise when he retired at the end of the fifth.

Johnny McGrory, Scottish featherweight champion, defeated Hal Cartwright, Tipton, after ten spirited rounds.

Harry Mizler, ex-lightweight champion of Great Britain, was given a hard bout by the clever Leeds lightweight, Sonny Lee, over ten rounds at the Ring.

Eddie McGuire, South Africa, was too elusive for the hard-hitting Frank Hough, Battersea, when they met over ten rounds at Kettering.

Jackie Brown, flyweight champion of the world, so far as we are concerned, got back to form to score a K.O. over George Marsden, Nottingham, in the sixth round at the Liverpool Stadium.

Tommy Watson, former weatherweight champion of Great Britain, scored a convincing win over Jules Steyaert, Belgium, over twelve rounds at Temple Mills Stadium, Stratford.

On the same card was Jack Pettifer, the King's Cross giant, who confirmed a previous win over Charlie Smith, Deptford, who was forced to retire with a damaged eye at the end of the second round.

Erich Seelig, middle and cruiser champion of Germany before the Hitler regime, scored an easy win over Alex Bell, Scotland, when Bell retired in the sixth round.

Moe Moss, Mile End, caused the referee to stop the bout in his favor when he outpunched Bill Hardy, Leicester, for nearly three rounds at the Mile End Arena.

Jimmy Vaughan, Becontree, and Con Flynn, Islington, fought an exciting twelve-round draw at the Devonshire Club.

Jack Casey, Sunderland, was no match for the heavier Jack London, West Hartlepool, and was outpunched for the whole of the twelve rounds at Sunderland.

Jim Mount, Scottish middleweight champion, easily beat Vic Riley, Dublin, at the Clydebank Greyhound Track. Mount had his man in a bad way in the eighth and his chief second skied the towel to save him further punishment.

Phineas John, Wales, caused a mild surprise at the Stadium Club when he outpointed Benny Sharkey, Newcastle, over ten rounds.

Norman Snow, Southern Area lightweight champion, and Billy Smythe, lightweight champion of Ireland, put up a great bout over ten rounds at the Devonshire Sporting Club, Hackney, before the former was declared the winner on points.

A crowd of twelve thousand people gathered at the Stanley Greyhound Track, Liverpool, to witness the world's featherweight championship between the holder, Freddie Miller, Cincinnati, and Nel Tarleton, champion of Great Britain. Tarleton had already failed against Miller some nine months ago, and the sporting American gave the Britisher another chance to capture the title.

The contest looked like being over in the very first round, when Miller drove a solid left to Tarleton's stomach and was compelled to take a seven count. He rose and pluckily lasted the round.

Tarleton, although taking much punishment for the first five rounds, came back and surprised Miller with his body punching and won the middle rounds.

At the end of twelve rounds, Miller knew that he would have to pull out a little more to gain a clear win, and mighty good did he start in the thirteenth. He punished the game Britisher, who took his punching without flinching, and staggered to his corner all in.

It was a refreshed Tarleton that came up for the next round and lasted well against the heavy-hitting American, and when the final bell sounded, the referee, Jack Smith, without hesitation raised Miller's hand as the winner.

Claude Varner, U. S. A., made his first appearance in this country when he outpointed Cuthbert Taylor, the Merthyr featherweight, over twelve rounds at Liverpool Stadium.

Ernie Simmons, the Dublin cruiserweight, with an advantage of eighteen pounds in weight and six inches in height, failed against Tom Curran, the Walton-on-Thames middleweight, when they met at Trolka Park, Dublin, over a scheduled twelve-round bout. The bout was stopped in the ninth.

Tommy Watson, Newcastle's challenger for the lightweight championship, gained an easy victory over Nobby Baker, Trelaw, at the end of twelve rounds at Carmarten, Wales.

Whatever aspirations George Reynolds, Cardiff, had towards the lightweight championship were crushed when he failed to answer the bell for the second round of a ten-round bout against the former lightweight champion of Great Britain, Harry Mizler, at Temple Mills, Stratford.

Benny Sharkey, Newcastle, again proved the master over Dave Finn, Stepney, at the end of a twelve-round contest at the Mile End Arena. The bout was a hard-fought one throughout.

Len "Tiger" Smith, Birmingham, again had to retire with a damaged nose in the fourth round of his bout with Roy Mills, Sunderland, scheduled for fifteen rounds at Belfast. Smith, whose nose was broken some six weeks ago in a contest, was in difficulties over his injury, which was a target for Mills' left hand hitting and it came as no surprise when Smith retired.

Jim Wilde, Swansea, won the heavyweight championship of Wales by defeating Charlie Bundy, Treherbert, over fifteen rounds at Swansea. The bout was fought on fast lines and with both hitting hard, it looked as if it could not last.

Chuck Parker, Barnsley, Northern Area welterweight champ, put a stop to "Ginger" Sadd's victories when he outpointed him in front of his townspeople at Norwich.

Cock Moffitt, Liverpool, had himself to blame for not beating Tommy Moore, Royston, for the Northern Area middleweight championship, for when he looked like winning by a K.O., he dropped his hands and a lucky swing by Moore ended the bout in the second round before an astonished crowd at Liverpool Stadium.

Joe Connolly, Glasgow, scored a clear-cut points win over the "Smiling Irishman," Billy Smyth of Belfast, after ten hard rounds at the Ring, London.

Jack Lewis, Bournemouth, surprisingly outpointed the much-fancied sailor, Seaman Bill Storrie, who has been winning all along the line, after twelve rounds of hectic milling.

Dick Corbett, Bethnal Green, encountered serious trouble before winning on points after twelve rounds with Douglass Kestrell, Wales, at the Temple Mills Stadium, Stratford.

Leo Phillips, Birmingham, continued his winning ways when he easily defeated Jack Powell, Markham, at Walsall. The referee stopped the bout during the ninth round when Powell was hopelessly beaten.

Stan Jehu, featherweight champion of Wales, defeated Johnny Peters, Battersea, on points after ten fast rounds at the Mile End Arena.

George Cook, Australia, again upset the dope when he met Jeff Dickson's "find," Pancho Villar, "The Spanish Tarzan," in a ten-round contest at the Royal Albert Hall. Villar was boosted as a future champion and the boosting in this case was not out of order, as you can believe me, folks, this Villar is the goods and I predict that he will be boxing in the championship class before another twelve months pass.

The only reason that I can find that Cook beat Villar was that of experience. The latter showed he has the makings of a great fighter.

Ben Foord, South African heavyweight champion, beat Jack Pettifer, King's Cross, in the sixth round at Leicester when his chief second threw in the towel as a token of defeat.

In the chief supporting bout, Pat Butler, welterweight champion of Great Britain, gained an easy victory over Fred Clements, Market Harborough, when the referee stopped the one-sided bout in the second.

It took Leo Phillips, Birmingham, twenty-five seconds of the first round, which included two counts, to K.O. the clever George Rose, Bristol, at the Mile End Arena. As soon as they shook hands, Phillips landed a one-two punch to Rose's jaw and that was the beginning of the end. He pluckily rose to be knocked down for the full count.

Harry Mizler, St. Georges, clearly outpointed Boyo Rees, lightweight champion of Wales, in a Lords contest at the Ring, London.

Jock McAvoy, Rochdale, middleweight champion of Great Britain, retained his title and won outright the Lord Lonsdale Belt by outpointing Al Burke, Shepherds Bush, over fifteen rounds at Belle Vue, Manchester.

McAvoy was master of the situation from the start with his body attacks, and at no time during the bout did Burke look like beating the holder, who was a ready winner.

Jackie Brown had an easy journey in outpointing Ernst Weiss, champion of Austria, in the supporting bout.

Boxing managers, promoters and boxers, take note, I am always willing to receive photographs and notes for publication in THE RING, but you must let me have them before the 25th (twenty-fifth) of each month. Address them to the writer, 3 Edward Street, Mile End Road, London, E. 1, England.

That's all for this month, folks. I'll be seeing you.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

WITH but one glove tourney in the Bay State in weeks, barring the regular clicking of Homer Rainault's Valley Arena A. A. at Holyoke, also no more in immediate prospect, there is very little for a writer of boxing to spout about. The horses and doggies are having the big play and will continue out in front for weeks to come. By that time many in the ranks of the sporty should be pretty well broke.

The one show for a month in Boston came the night of June 13, a date a lot of folks who plunged on Max Baer are likely to remember, the Goodwin A. C. staging the same in the Boston Garden. The big feature was a return bout between Al McCoy, the French-Canadian light-heavy, now a resident of Dorchester, Mass., and Al Gainor of New Haven. Last summer McCoy had Gainor in the resin but failing to follow up his advantage cost him the decision. In the recent Garden melee, however, Al came through ten rugged rounds to win the award over the dusky Connecticut chap. McCoy could not put his man out but he rocked him aplenty, Gainor finishing very tired.

In another ten-rounder on the same card, Louis Kid Cocoa of New Haven, holder of two New England titles, defended his welter honors against Werther Arcelli of Dorchester, a former wearer of the crown. Cocoa, a fine, shifty boxer with a snappy punch in either hand, came through O. K., his second win this season over the Italian.

A third ten brought together Andy Callahan, the Lawrence veteran welter, and Joe Ricciotti of Boston, the latter a youthful challenger who thought Handy Andy was about all done. He discovered that he was in error. The contest went the full route with Ricciotti putting up a game fight, but being mostly on the receiving end. Callahan, who knew too much for the youngster, collected the award.

A bout under the feature events brought out Clayton Settino of Dorchester, a 180-pounder, known as the "Fighting Barber," and Buck Tracy of Everett, a rugged, tough, hard hitter. Settino, though a facial beautifier by profession, totes a slam in either fist. Settino turned loose his biffs with the gong and, after having Tracy down in the first minute of the initial round, knocked him cold when he got up after a count of four. Tracy's seconds had to work over him for several minutes to snap him out of it. The kayo marked the sixteenth in seventeen starts registered by Settino. Any ringster who thinks he has an iron jaw should test himself out with the barber.

McCoy's win over Gainor, who, by the way, is one of the number to take Braddock into camp when ring affairs were breaking tough for the new world's champion, paved the road for a match between him and Sammy Slaughter, the colored light-heavy from Terre Haute, Ind., in the Forum ring, Montreal, Canada, on July 3. McCoy dumped Slaughter into the resin in three heats. It was McCoy's second clean-cut win in the same ring, he having disposed of Bud Mignault of Brockton, Mass., several weeks before. Following the July 3 fray, the Canadian promoter wired an offer of ten thousand dollars to Bob Olin to defend his title against McCoy next month.

Whether the Olin forces decide to accept the offer remains to be seen, but the chances favor they will not. McCoy shapes a bit too tough for the world's champion. In the meanwhile, any promoter, either here in America or abroad, who would stage a light-heavyweight bout would do well to connect with this French-Canadian boy. Within a year, he has whipped such chaps as Don Petrin and Gainor, also stopped Leo Salvas, Mignault, Slaughter, Bob Godwin, Johnny Anderson, Tait Littman, the latter the conqueror of Lou Brouillard, and others. At 175 pounds ringside, or 172 at 3 o'clock, McCoy is fitted to give any "cruiser" in the world plenty of fighting.

To return for a moment to the Cocoa-Arcelli bout at the Boston Garden, though the former is the holder of the New England welter and middle titles, only the 147-pound crown was at stake. As the result of an urge put in by the writer, the silly custom of having two titles at stake in one fight has been dispensed with. In this, the colored champion cooperated, he being a true welter and having no desire to mingle with middleweights. Thus for the present the New England title is in the air and open to be claimed by any ringster who thinks he can defend his claims.

Though not boxing, the big noise in Boston for June was the wrestling match between Jimmy Londos and Danno O'Mahoney, a fray staged at Fenway Park by Promoter Alex MacLean for the Crosscup-Pishon Post, A. L., the night of June 27. The tourney attracted close to thirty thousand mat fans, who got plenty of thrills when the Irish boy, after battling for 1:16:50, caught the Greek with a flying body scissors as he rebounded off the ropes from a "whip" and pinned him for the one and deciding fall. To many the victory came as a big surprise.

The frequent coupling up of the names of Joe Louis and Sam Langford, along with the praise given Jack Blackburn incidental to the corner-handling of the Detroiter against Carnera, reminds of an instance of this corner business as it worked out in this city years ago. On May 19, 1908, Langford met Sandy Ferguson, a twelve-rounder, in which the latter got a wicked pounding. But, in course of time, Sandy, with a new man in his corner in whom he had every confidence, again encountered Langford, also in Boston, the date being April 27, 1909. The skilled and watchful corner-man, Alex MacLean, knowing Langford's weak spots, carried Sandy along to a well-earned victory in a mill which was a notable one all the way. The final verdict was a draw, though, in the opinion of the ringsiders, Ferguson was the winner. It was another of those cases where a principal, sure of his corner, turned the tables on the man who had previously busted him up.

While the warm-up is on to force Olin to face Al McCoy either in Montreal or Boston in defense of his title, the latter will have participated in a number of bouts before the present issue of THE RING reaches the public. At this writing, he is scheduled to take on Eddie Carr of Waterbury, Conn., at Waterville, Me., July 11; Al Beson of Detroit at Quebec, Can., July 15; and Doc Conrad of Newark, N. J., in the Mount Royal Arena, Montreal, Can., July 24. McCoy's right name, Florian LaBrasseur, is adding to his growing popularity in the Dominion.

HOLYOKE NEWS

By GEORGE KID ROSS

LEO SALVAS of Berlin, N.H., who fought the best in New England as a middleweight, will start again under the writer's direction and will be ready for any of the middle or light-heavyweights in the business, Salvas will be located at 53⅜ Broadway, Chic. Falls, Mass.

In Holyoke they are building up a youngster, Sal Canata, for an opponent for Jimmy Leto. What a drawing card that will make. Canada has been coming like a house afire and Leto has been the arena's best card in years.

Thompsonville, Conn., is putting on boxing shows weekly, alternating amateurs one week and professionals the next. Jack "Dock" Graves of Springfield will do the matchmaking for the pro fights. The first show was July 3 with a fair attendance considering a night before a holiday. Richie Thurer K.O.'ed Eddie Michaels in the main bout, in one minute of the sixth round. Johnny Scebelli 115 lbs. won over Teddy Gauthier 112 lbs. in 6 rounds. Jerry Maloni Springfield, 142, lost to Johnny Vargas, 145, of Thompsonville. Tom Grady, 138 of Springfield, fought a draw with Carlo Dapondi, 133 of Springfield in a bout filled with action. Kid Rusty, of Thompsonville, Conn. was K.O.'ed in the second round by Sammy Athis, Springfield, Mass. Henry Sweeney of Springfield was stopped by Billy Taylor in the third round of the opener.

North Adams, Mass. has opened the Meadow Brook Arena. This club ran weekly shows a few years ago, bringing some of the country's best boxers there on these cards.

Willie Scott, 180 of Jersey City, is now making his home in Springfield, Mass. Scott has fought Geo. Hoffman, Harry Martone, Trader Horn, Mickey Taylor and many other heavy and light-heavys, he is now looking for action in this section.

Jimmy Kimbell, former middleweight of Springfield, was in Springfield training his brother Richie Thurer. Jimmy is now doing the matchmaking for Geo. Jennings of Jersey City, N. J. He uses Thurer on many of his cards down Jersey way.

Harry Conley made a hit training with McLarnin.

Holyoke's Valley Arena is alternating boxing with wrestling weekly.

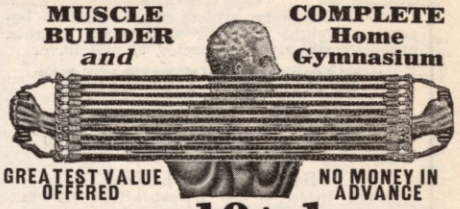
Lou Lombardi, Jersey City, stopped Lou Terry of St. Louis in the second round. Sal Canata won a decision over Billy Bridges. Alex Plazzi of Springfield received a cut eye from the gloves of Joey Kemp of Cambridge, Mass., and the bout was stopped in the fourth round. Jeff Furrone of Jersey City won over Eddie Curtin of Boston, Mass., in six rounds. Lester Hill of Holyoke won a decision from Chick Kelly of Easthampton. Mass. in the four rounder. Jack McCann is working hard to get his boys on at Holyoke, McCann has some good boys among them Johnny Nelson 175 lbs. Eddie Saxon 160 lbs. and a dozen others at all weights. These boys of McCann's can be reached through me.

Fans—Get the "Ring" for the best, latest and all around information on the boxing news.

"RING" READERS who want to obtain their monthly copy early should subscribe by sending a money order for $4.00.

Allan's only $2.79

MUSCLE BUILDER and COMPLETE Home Gymnasium

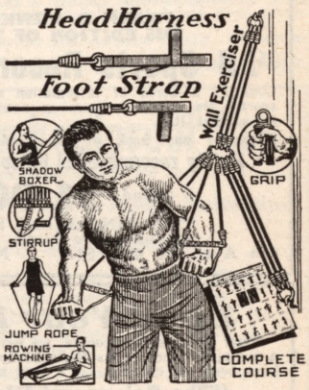


GREATEST VALUE OFFERED — NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

BIG 10 in 1 EXERCISING OUTFIT WITH MANY OTHER FEATURES

A Powerful **10***-Cable Chest Expander and Progressive Training Apparatus that STRENGTHENS and DEVELOPS the Whole Body FAST AND SURE.*

DON'T WAIT, start training at once with these machines. There is nothing to EQUAL this **10-in-1 Chest Expander** and **Muscle Builder** in the training of the **Athlete, Fighter and Wrestler.** Don't be a weakling — inactivity — lack of exercise is the cause of much sickness, constipation, and surplus weight. **Increase vitality — Increase** the size of the **neck, arms, shoulders, back** and **chest.** The size of the Muscles will not only be increased ONE INCH but more and your strength will be DOUBLED. Satisfaction Guaranteed. In this WONDER DEVELOPER and MUSCLE BUILDER you have: 1. The Progressive 10-Cable Chest Expander (adjustable to 500 lbs.). 2. Wall Exerciser. 3. Rowing Machine. 4. Shadow Boxer. 5. Grip Machine. 6. Heavy Swivel Jump Rope. 7. Head Harness. 8. Stirrup. 9. Foot Strap and 10. A **New and Most Complete Course of Physical Training, "The Anatomical Chart of Physical Exercises." ALL for ONLY $2.79.**



Just mail us your name and address. We mail apparatus at once. Pay Postman only $2.79 plus delivery postage. (Or send $2.79 and we pay delivery postage.) **Write to-day, and save money. Buy the only Genuine.**

A. ALLAN HENDRICKSON CO., Inc. (Original Maker)
31 Cross Avenue Midland Park, New Jersey

BE TALL

Your Height Increased in 14 days or money back! The amazing Stebbing System soon brings 3-5 Inches Increase, new "pep" and energy. A valuable Health Course and "Success and Popularity" Course included FREE with System, sent complete for $2.00. Send 3c stamps for convincing Free Book with testimonials and Guarantee in plain sealed envelope. **WRITE NOW TO:**

STEBBING SYSTEM
Dept. R11 FOREST HILLS NEW YORK

3 BOOKS WORTH HAVING

SPALDING'S JIU JITSU
25 cents and 5 cents extra for postage.

SPALDING'S BOXING
50 cents and 5 cents extra for postage.

SPALDING'S HOW TO WRESTLE
25 cents and 5 cents extra for postage.

Get them from THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden Arcade
8th Ave. and 49th St. New York City

The
All-America
Sports Magazine
A new 128-page book
A Sports Fiction Magazine
written by
AMERICA'S FOREMOST SPORTS WRITERS
for
AMERICA'S SPORTS READERS

The book of the day! Surpasses any magazine on sports now on the market. In a class all by itself. Read it and you will agree with us.

Price 15 cents

The Magazine of Thrills in Sports Fiction
Another Nat Fleischer publication—
That Means Class

Weight Lifters, Attention!

Just what you Weight Lifters have been looking for.

The Book every athlete who wants to become a weight lifter or who wants to gain exceptionally strong muscles, should have.

"WEIGHT LIFTING"

Made Easy and Interesting

With More than Fifty Illustrations from Photographs.

By W. A. PULLUM

British Holder of 200 Weight Lifting Records

For Sale only at

THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden Arcade
825 8th Avenue New York City

Send $1.50 and 10 cents extra for Postage.

Don't Miss This

The Greatest Record Book of all time

FRANK G. MENKE'S
1935 EDITION OF THE

"All Sports Record Book"

Contains a world of information on all variety of sports. No sports follower or newspaperman should be without it.

Surpasses any book of its kind ever published.

Highly recommended by sports critics

Send $1.00

THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden Arcade
8th Ave. and 49th St. New York City

Build Your Body

After considerable trouble, we have finally acquired a number of the famous Earle Liederman books which have been out of print for a long time—

"The Science of Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu"

and

"Muscle Building"

These books, which have always sold for **$3.00** each and which still sell for that in places where they can be obtained, are now available at **The Ring Book Shop** at the reduced, special price of **$2.00** each plus 15 cents for postage. **You save $1.00 on each book.**

These books are highly recommended by **Nat Fleischer,** as books which every student of wrestling, jiu-jistu and muscle building should have.

Fill out this blank and mail to

THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden Arcade
8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York City

for your books. Save $1.00 on each.

Please send me **The Science of Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu ($2.15). Muscle Building ($2.15).**

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Are You a Student of Boxing?

Do you find it difficult to learn how to become scientific?

Eddie Toy, one of the world's most famous Trainers and Teachers, an instructor who has taught hundreds of successful boys how to box scientifically, can teach you through the aid of his splendid book, leather covered,

The Technic on How to Become Scientific In the Manly Art of Self-Defense

Eddie knows his boxing and can impart his knowledge to you if you will study his book carefully.

More than 10,000 copies sold in three years, and now Eddie has come forth with a reprint to meet the demands.

Every Amateur should possess a copy of this splendid book. Highly recommended by Nat Fleischer, one of America's foremost students of the Manly Art.

For a quick sale of this reprinted edition, The Ring Book Shop has consented to reduce the price from $1.00 to 75 cents.

Send a money order now to

THE RING BOOK SHOP
825 8th Ave., Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City

Cut this coupon and send it along with your money order.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Enclosed find money order for 75 cents for a copy of Eddie Toy's great book, **"The Technic on How to Become Scientific in the Manly Art of Self-Defense."**

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY

By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

AFTER being more or less successful against several lesser middleweights, Eddie Flynn of New Orleans, ex-Olympic boxer, was decisively whipped by the bald veteran, Eddie Murdock of Oklahoma City, Okla. Murdock had an easy time of it for ten rounds. The following week Murdock, in Houston, Tex., collapsed in the first round in his scheduled bout there. Permanent suspension followed when doctors discovered he was subject to epileptic convulsions.

George Murla, young and stiff-punching bantamweight of New Orleans, lost the first scrap of his career when he met Jimmy Perrin, also of New Orleans, over the ten-round route. Murla lacked the experience to cope with a battler of Perrin's ability. However, the week previous the veteran New Orleans Irishman, Patsy Flanagan, was soundly trounced by the youthful Murla.

Originally scheduled to meet the formidable George Salvadore, Bobby Bruno, a reputed welterweight puncher from New York, discovered the night of his bout in New Orleans that he was to face a substitute. Even so, he fared just as badly for Jumbo Rovira, a fair semi-final slugger, his opponent, so far outclassed him that the referee stopped the bout in the fourth round. Bruno visited the canvas several times and took a severe lacing from the beginning.

In the first boxing contest to be staged in Baton Rouge, La., in two years, Jumbo Rovira topped the entertainment with a kayo victory over Johnny Russo, also of New Orleans. A good attendance greeted the new promoter, Jack Pierce.

Many well-known boxers have been seeking action in this vicinity, according to various communications received here. Among them are Chino Alvarez; Cocoa Kid; Lou Salica; Abe Feldman; Baby Manuel; Ralph Sikes; Duke Trammel; Ventura Arana; Kid Barrillito and many others.

Other activities among the white scrappers were as follows: Battling Burroughs won over Elmer Freas again and drew with Paul Ladd; Little Boy Peterson decisioned Preacher Ladner; Jimmy McGinnis stopped Young Eddie Harris; Bill Raggio stopped Boswell Thompson; Tommy Murphy drew with Bobby Fay, all middleweights. Kid Glover, promising young puncher, defeated Jesse Green but lost to Al Kearney; Jesse Green downed Walter Copeland; Tiger Jack Bradley stopped Young Joe Mandot and Kid Marks; George McGinnis outpointed Young Johnson, all welterweights. George Holmes beat Adam Cook; Jimmy Hall kayoed Vincent Leonardi, all lightweights. Jimmy McNamara defeated Patsy Flanagan; Sammy Batson outpointed Joe Engi, all featherweights. Santos Hugo drew with Jules Guidry, bantamweights.

Herman "Kid" Collins, sensational Negro knockout artist, continued to upset his colored opponents with regularity, becoming the junior welterweight favorite in New Orleans. During the month Collins kayoed Kid Edwards, New Orleans, in three heats, and stopped Chocolate Bon Bon, Atlanta, Ga., in eight. However, after having Harvey Massey of Cincinnati, Ohio, on the floor for counts on three occasions, Collins heard his efforts go for naught when the decision was announced against him after ten rounds. A re-match with Massey is being contemplated by the promoters if efforts to get one of the big ball parks for the affair is successful.

The other colored boxers performing in this area turned in the following results: Stonewall Jackson, Cincinnati, Ohio, stopped Bob Manuel but was himself kayoed by Carlos Phillips. Jimmy Brown, Cincinnati, Ohio, downed Chester Jones and decisioned Carlos Phillips; Josh Willis put away Johnny Thompson; Levi Young stopped George Godfrey, all middleweights. Harvey Massey won over Gene Thomas, Atlanta, Ga., and K. O. White; Mexican Pete beat Spider Mattox, all welterweights. Eddie "Kid" Brown again scored over Leo Flowers, Cincinnati, Ohio, while Flowers stopped Kid Spebbens; Newsboy Brown lost to Wildcat O'Connor but kayoed Isaac Washington; Roland Brown stopped Kid Amos and Young Arkansas; Davy Jones won over Kid Harris; Charlie the Kid beat Kid Phillips; Israel Robinson decisioned Kid Amos, all lightweights. Lucius Fleet stopped Charley Hart, bantamweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—Jack Torrance, huge and beefy record shot-putter, is still thinking of becoming a professional fighter . . . . Gate receipts of the weekly Negro fight shows, the barometer of the fistic game in New Orleans, have fallen off considerably . . . . Mobile hasn't had a fight card for several months . . . . Baton Rouge and Shreveport are attempting to stage regular professional boxing shows after a couple of years' layoff . . . . Biloxi combines wrestling and boxing on the same card each week with good financial results . . . . The writer will inform anyone of the condition of boxing in this territory if return postage accompanies the request . . . . He will also look after the affairs of fighters wishing to show in New Orleans . . . . Write to 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Pueblo, Colo.—Lee Medina, Walsenburg Mexican, won the state welterweight title from the veteran "Cowboy Eddie" Anderson of Sterling. The battle was a slam-bang affair all the way, but Medina scored a knockdown in the seventh that no doubt won him the decision. Both weighed in at 147 pounds.

The other half of the twin main event saw Ernie Lara, Pueblo, eke out a decision over Eddie Trujillo of San Luis. This bout, a featherweight affair, was a drab exhibition.

Tony Coco, Walsenburg, and Julian Mondragon of Denver, fighting for recognition as state flyweight champion, fought a slashing six-round draw.

At Las Vegas, N. Mex.—Johnny Johnson, lightweight champion of the Rocky Mountain region, won a ten-round decision over "Slugger" Jackson, Dallas, Tex., Negro, in a thrilling contest.

Benny Dupree, Las Vegas youngster, scored a knockout over "Sailor" Costello of Dallas in the second round of a scheduled eight-round semi-windup. The latter pair are featherweights.

Emilio Martinez certainly overlooked a bet when he turned down a chance to appear on the Baer-Braddock card. Just why the Mexican saw fit to spurn Jimmy Johnston's offer is more than I can figure out. Regardless of who he would have met, Martinez showed poor judgment. Not every pug that comes along gets the chance to appear on a heavyweight title card. I'd say that Emilio was afraid the opposition might be too steep. I can't think of any other reason.

Hank Bath, terrific hitting Fort Morgan farmer boy, continues to be the reigning sensation in Colorado ring circles. Bath, a light-heavyweight, has scored twenty consecutive kayoes. In another year he'll be a legitimate heavyweight and the way he is coming along now, he bids fair to develop into the best heavy this region has uncovered since the swashbuckling days of Jack Dempsey.

At Las Vegas, N. Mex.—Mike Montoya, La Veta, Colo., middleweight, won a ten-round decision over the promising but inexperienced "Speedy" Ryan of Melrose, N. Mex. Montoya, always a popular performer, seems to have taken on a new lease of life.

Tiny Garcia, Santa Fe, kayoed Mike O'Leary, Las Vegas, in the second heat of their semi-windup battle. They are featherweights.

At Grand Junction, Colo.—Jackie Burke, sensational Ogden, Utah, welterweight, won an easy ten-round decision over the fading Hershey Wilson of Denver. The Utah lad won almost as he wished.

The semi-final saw Sol Luna, Salt Lake City battler, kayo the veteran Johnny Gardino of Denver in two heats. The latter pair are featherweights.

At San Luis, Colo.—Eddie Trujillo, San Luis featherweight, stopped Tiny Garcia of Santa Fe in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-round encounter. Garcia was forced to quit when he suffered a severe gash over his eye from a butt when he and Trujillo collided head-on.

The bout set some sort of a "low" record when the cash customers dropped only $176 in the till.

Jess Willard, the old heavyweight title-holder, came back to Colorado to officiate in an amateur tournament staged at Canon City. Big Jess is in good health and is also a competent official. The former Kansas cowpuncher states that he would like nothing better than to uncover a rip-snorting, man-killing heavyweight. Well, Jess, there's a lot of us that have been hoping that something like that would take place out here in the nursery of Jim Flynn, Pete Everett and Jack Dempsey.

Anyone wishing information on the fight game out here can get it by addressing the writer at P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado. But don't forget to inclose a stamp if you expect a reply. I also have a complete list of promoters out here that you can have for a thin dime.

No fighter of recent years has caught the fancy of Colorado fight fans like Joe Louis. Even the most critical fans are pulling for the young Detroit walloper. To a man they all proclaim the Negro as the man who is saving the fight game. Maybe Jim Braddock is the title-holder, but he'll have to get rid of the "Brown Bomber" before western fight fans will take him seriously. There is plenty of coin out here that says James J. wouldn't last a half a dozen rounds with the Detroiter.

Be sure to have all your notes in to me before the first of each month.

J. G. S., Wichita, Kans.: No doubt you have your names mixed up as Willie Keeler was a baseball star of thirty-five years ago and not a lightweight pugilist. Dal Hawkins was never a champion. The 'Frisco lightweight was a terrific hitter but was a little short of championship caliber. Joe Gans died in 1910.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

TONY CANZONERI took a split duke over Frankie Glick before twelve thousand fans in Washington. Canzoneri carried the fight to Frankie at all times but appeared to get a boxing lesson most of the way and the fans voiced their disapproval when Referee Jack Dempsey cast the deciding vote for Tony. The preliminaries made the feature look like a tame affair, with Roger Benard winning over Lou Fox in a slugging bee, Phil Furr licking Frankie Bruno, Billy McMahon outpunching Lou Raymond, and Joe Tems and Julie Katz boxing even in six-round bouts.

Sylvan Bass took a lacing at the hands of Young Terry in Baltimore in a feature eight-rounder. Bass did okay for three heats but from this point on Terry was in command giving the veteran Bass a terrific body pasting.

Ray Ingram was an easy winner over Bucky Taylor in ten rounds at Baltimore. Jimmy Tramberia took a technical knockout over Angelo Meolia in six heats after handing his fellow Baltimorean a severe lacing.

Joe Santos, Philadelphia welterweight, scored his third consecutive win in Baltimore when he upset Jimmy Jones in ten rounds. The bout was very close with Santos making a final two round spurt to take the eye of the judges. In previous bouts in Baltimore Santos licked Lou Raymond and Charlie Thompson.

Joe Fogilette made a decided hit in taking a technical knockout over Young Raspi in Baltimore in five rounds. Fogilette was all over Raspi for three heats during which time he cut a nasty gash over the Baltimorean's eye. Raspi was doing much better with the Philadelphian at the time the bout was stopped but Fogilette was still ahead on points. K. O. Burns licked Charlie Loughran in eight rounds and Charlie Thompson knocked out Pete Bevans in the final minute of an eight rounder that was replete with thrills, both boys having their moments at intervals during the bout.

Tootsie Bashara took a ten round decision over Pete Galino of Baltimore at Norfolk, Va. Galino's stand against the veteran was a very good one and the boys have been matched for a return affair.

Joey Goodman made his initial start on his comeback campaign by winning over Tootsie Bashara in ten rounds at Richmond, Va. Goodman hopes to regain his old time form and winning over a classy boy like Bashara in his first start in over a year is evidence that Goodman will be back amongst the topnotchers if he sticks to his knitting. Baby Miller and Joe Tems, Florida featherweights, had easy pickings in the prelims. Miller knocking out Harry Kid Groves and Tems doing likewise to Tommy Horn in three and two rounds respectively.

Harry Jeffra won over Eddie Burl in eight rounds at Baltimore. Burl gave the oncoming Jeffra trouble for the first half of the contest but as the veteran faded Jeffra came with a rush and Burl was a sorry sight at the final bell. Lou Terry and Tootsie Bashara went eight fast ones to a draw. Red Transperanti belted out Pete Powell and Benny Kessler flattened Al Dittman in the prelims.

Bob Turner and Hookie Jackson fought a terrific battle in Baltimore in a downpour of rain with Turner taking the duke. The fight was one of the best seen in the monumental city in many a day.

California Joe Rivers was entirely too good for Joe Fogilette in a scheduled eight rounder in Baltimore that was halted after three heats by Referee Buck Alexandria. Rivers showed the Baltimore fans an assortment of punches seldom seen in a prize ring and the fans are crying for a high class boy to stack up against Joe there. Tommy Vetra belted out Herman Weiner in three heats and Mike Sipio pounded Bob Cosden's body for seven rounds before Bob had to call it a day.

Ray Ingram won a rough battle over Jimmy Tramberia in ten rounds at Baltimore. Tramberia as usual fought his rough and ready style that takes so well with the Baltimore fans but Ingram was a stopper for all of Jimmy's rough tactics and was an unanimous winner in a very interesting battle.

Bob Wilson belted out Johnny DiSantos in five heats in his initial start in Washington after a long sojourn in Australia. DiSantos gave Wilson a real battle for two rounds but Bob finally caught the game DiSantos with a terrific left hook to the mid-section that was the beginning of the end of a rough evening for Johnny. Toney Rock an underdog from Scranton, Pa., gave Phil Furr, the District Welterweight champ, the lacing of his life in an eight rounder. Furr figured to belt Toney out in a couple of heats according to advance dope but Toney carried plenty sock in both hands and was just as hard as his name.

Pete Sarron, who is a favorite with Washington fans. The Police Department Relief Fund recently offered to match Freddie Miller with Pete in a featherweight championship bout or in an overweight match, but Pete Reilly, manager of Freddie, turned down the offer because he couldn't bring Miller back on time. This match will probably be arranged for the fall.

Roger Benard trounced Lou Fox in a one sided contest and Joe Tems was too strong for Julie Katz in eight rounders. Cyclone Williams bested Kid Norfolk in the opener.

PICKUPS—Baltimore is supporting two weekly boxing shows with Les Sponsler running on Monday at Carlin's Park and Eddie Ross operating on Friday at the Oriole Baseball Park. Washington, D.C., also has two weekly shows with Joe Turner promoting at the Griffith Stadium on Monday and Howard Livingston staging weekly shows at the American Legion Arena on Thursday. Richmond, Va., and Norfolk, Va., alternate weekly shows with Walter Heenan holding forth at the Richmond Stadium and Sheriff Carr working in his newly constructed arena at Norfolk, Va. Newport News, Va., has bi-monthly shows with Dad Simpson at the helm. Ray Ingram, Orlando, Fla., lightweight who has been making his home in Washington for the past six months has yet to taste defeat in these parts. Canzoneri and Glick drew better than twenty four grand in Washington.

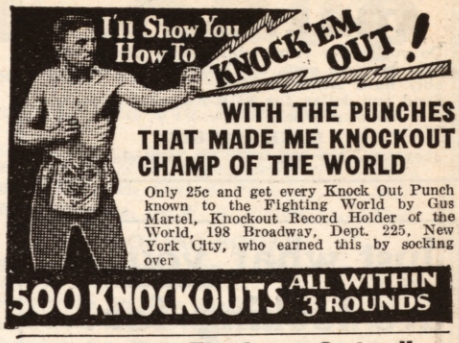
Buck Everett is angling for a shot at Marty Gallagher in Washington and according to form should lick Marty. Buck has defeated Natie Brown in his last two starts while Marty has not boxed in months.

Baltimore has high hopes in Harry Jeffra, a young featherweight under the management of Heine Blaustein. In addition to being a promising boxer Jeffra has fine prospects of developing into a professional golfer having recently won the junior golf championship of Baltimore.

Phil Zwick, the long featherweight, writes from Egypt that he is having the time of his life on his world's tour with Al Lippe. Jackie Portney cables from Australia of winning the middleweight title by defeating Jack Carroll in fifteen rounds.

Pate Sarron is vacationing at Ashville, N.C., turning down a grand to box Joe Rivers a return shot in Washington. Jack Dempsey took down $1500 plus expenses for working the Canzoneri Glick match in Washington, then hopped to Baltimore for a similar assignment in a wrestling match there. With Dempsey, was Max Waxman his manager who always likes to get back to his hometown Baltimore.

Bob Wilson is again the rage in Washington after a six month sojourn in Australia. Washington likes punchers consequently Bob is tops in the Nation's Capital. Roger Benard has made himself in Washington and is gunning for a shot at Pete Sarron there. Joe Rivers made a hit in Baltimore with the local press saying he is the classiest fighter to show in the Monumental City in years. J. Edgar Hoover, head of the G-Men and Attorney General Cummings are weekly customers at Goldie Ahearn's shows at the Griffith Stadium in Washington—Phil Furr's sound trouncing at the hands of Toney Rock in Washington cost him a shot at Bob Wilson that was a sure bet to draw five grand.



WITH THE PUNCHES THAT MADE ME KNOCKOUT CHAMP OF THE WORLD

Only 25c and get every Knock Out Punch known to the Fighting World by Gus Martel, Knockout Record Holder of the World, 198 Broadway, Dept. 225, New York City, who earned this by socking over

500 KNOCKOUTS ALL WITHIN 3 ROUNDS

Learn the "Fitzsimons System" of Self-Defense

Revealed for the first time in this combined Wrestling and Jiu-jitsu Course. It's different. It's sensational. Danger lurks in wait for the unsuspecting, so learn to protect yourself should the occasion arise. This system reveals the jealously guarded "Death Blows," and various methods of causing unconsciousness by finger tip pressure. Also hundreds of Combat and Bone breaking tricks. Write for free tricks and complete details. No obligation.

FITZSIMONS INSTITUTE, BRISTOL, CONN.

Taylor Foulproof Cup

Saved Boxing—Caused no foul rule

New Model No. 19—Added Protection for HIPS and KIDNEYS

Also New Streamline Shift Proof
Boxing Headgear. Does Not Slip when hit

Used by McLarnin, Belloise, Carnera, Baer, Louis, Canzoneri, Ambers, Del Genio, Steve Dudas, Baby Quintona, etc.

Don't be swindled. Look for Patent Stamp on every cup and headgear.

Hip and Kidney
Foulproof Cups $8.50

Headgears $8.50
In THREE SIZES

Quote Weight and Hat Size. Obtainable Only from

FOULPROOF TAYLOR
304 East 5th St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Special — Special — Special

Become a Real He-Man

Learn How to Box

Cultivate poise, alertness, self-confidence, quick thinking and a keen mind by becoming proficient in boxing.

You can get all this through

NAT FLEISCHER'S
Universal Boxing Course

Many of our readers have informed us that they would like to obtain this boxing course but couldn't afford to spend $5.00 for it. They have asked whether it is possible to obtain the course without the trunks and shirts which are offered with the $5.00 course.

Hence, here is our special offer

To you who want to get Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course without the trunks and shirts, we will send

THE ENTIRE NINE BOOKLETS
which comprise the course in addition to "Army Exercises" and "Navy Drills" for

Only $3.98

Fill out this blank and send with money order to THE RING BOOK SHOP, 825 Eighth Avenue, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York City.

Please send me Nine Booklets comprising Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course used by many colleges and Secondary Schools, without trunks or shirts, for $3.98. If you want an extra complete set of books for your pal to study with you—Add 52c to the above and send a money order for $4.50 for 2 complete boxing courses without any shirts or trunks, and with "Army Exercises" and "Navy Drills."

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

ATHLETES' FOOT

Do you suffer from white, itchy and cracked skin between your toes? If you do you probably have Athletes' Foot.
Send one dollar for SUR-Kur made specially for Athletes' Foot.
Write E. KROKAVETZ,
4303 Superior Ave. Cleveland, Ohio

Just what *you* are looking for!

Nothing like it ever placed in book form

Is it worth 75 cents to you to add from half an inch to two inches to your height?

If you are still capable of growing, that is, if you are less than twenty-six years of age—boy or girl—my system of physical training, specially devised for increasing your height, will turn the trick.

Four months of intensive, conscientious training will add to your stature and make you feel proud of your achievement. It also will add to your athletic appearance.

I have just completed two years of experimentation with a class of boys ranging in age from 17 to 26, and have proved to my satisfaction, and that of my special pupils, that my system is the finest ever placed before the public.

It is a system that not only adds strength to your body, develops all the muscles of every part of your body, brings you health through exercises and enables you to increase your height, but is a system so enjoyable that, once you get into the swing of it, you'll never quit your daily exercises.

And what is most important, you don't have to spend one penny for apparatus. All my exercises are based on the scientific study of the human structure and the only apparatus you need is your bed or the floor, two hard rubber balls or a one-pound pair of dumbbells—nothing more. Cheap. I'll say so.

If you are among those seeking a position and find it difficult to get the job because of your height, you should get started on my "Height Increase Course."

There are no phonies among my many instruction books. You who have purchased my other books know the truth of that statement. That's why you can feel assured that

Nat Fleischer's "Simple Exercises for Height Increase"

will meet with your approval and bring results. 48 pages and sixty illustrations

Even if you can no longer increase your height, the seventy-five exercises listed in my latest book, and the special chapters on "How to Increase Your Weight" and "How to Reduce Your Weight," are well worth the price I'm asking.

Seventy-five exercises that not only will increase your height but will increase your chest development, add to your biceps, develop the arms, legs and neck, and put your body in fit condition for the daily tasks it must perform.

Wouldn't you rather spend an extra few cents for information that will bring you results? Then you, Mr. Shorty, you, Mr. Shrimp. Get Busy Now.

Keep your Health by using these exercises.

"Simple Exercises for Height Increase"

By NAT FLEISCHER

Famous authority on Physical Education, Boxing and Wrestling

Only 75 cents Exactly one cent for each exercise

Fill in the enclosed and mail a money order—no cash—to

Nat Fleischer, THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden, 825 Eighth Avenue
New York City

Please send me, as soon as off the press, a copy of your latest book, "Simple Exercises for Height Increase," for which I enclose a money order for the sum of 75 cents.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

PITTSBURGH CHATTER
By PHIL GOLDSTEIN

CHUCK WOODS, Detroit junior welterweight, defeated Vincent Reed, Philadelphia colored lad, in the main bout of ten rounds at Hickey Park. Woods held the upper hand throughout by his aggressiveness and harder punching. In the eight-round semi-final, Billy Wallace of Cleveland won the unanimous decision over Jackie McFarland of Canton.

In the second bout, also an eight-rounder, Jackie Wilson, local colored lad, won over Frankie Wolfram of Detroit, and in the six-round opener, Billy Conn lost to Ralph Gizzy. The weights were: Woods, 142; Reed, 141¾; Wallace, 139; McFarland, 145¼; Wilson, 126½; Wolfram, 127; Gizzy, 142, and Conn, 142½. Buck McTiernan, former local middleweight star, made his debut as a professional referee in the first two bouts and did a fine job. The last two bouts were handled in an able manner by Joe Orsini.

Mike Barto, who in his last fight scored a T. K. O. over Chuck Woods, lost a close, hard fight to Tony Falco of Philadelphia in the star bout of ten rounds at Hickey Park. It was a close, hard-fought scrap, and blood flowed copiously from both fighters at the finish.

In another ten-rounder, Allen Matthews, St. Louis Negro, won from Marty Sampson, New York middleweight; Mike Bazzone, McKeesport middleweight, lost a close decision to Vic Wickets of the North Side in the second bout, and in the opener, Mickey O'Brien knocked out Ralph Gizzy in the second round.

Lou Ambers, who fought Tony Canzoneri in his last bout for the world's lightweight championship, defeated Fritzie Zivic in a ten-rounder at Hickey Park. Ambers pleased the crowd with his whirlwind style of attack, which was reminiscent of the late Harry Greb. He received a fractured jaw from a hard right jolt in the ninth round, but his gameness and ring generalship carried him through to win the unanimous decision. Credit must be given to Fritzie, who fought one of the best fights of his career, and gave Lou plenty of trouble.

Eddie Zivic, another member of the fighting Zivic clan, defeated Patsy Hennigan of Clairton in the eight-round semi-final. Eddie, after winning most of the early rounds, reeled around the ring in the seventh round from a series of hard blows to the head, was on the verge of a knockout. However, he came back in the eighth round to outbox Hennigan to win the decision.

Jimmy Thomas scored a decisive win over Al Farrone in the third bout, a six-rounder. Johnny Birek won from Irish Jimmy Devlin in a hard-fought six-rounder, and in the four-round opener, Ray Eberle won from George Liggin. The weights were: Ambers, 135; Fritzie Zivic, 138½; Eddie Zivic, 134½; Hennigan, 134; Thomas, 127; Farrone, 127¾; Birek, 137; Devlin, 132; Eberle, 145, and Liggin, 137½. The house grossed a little over $2,800, of which Ambers received a guarantee of $1,000.

The writer's address is 521 Zulema Street, Pittsburg. Anyone desiring information about fights or fighters around this way, please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

EDDIE HOGAN, heavyweight, of Waterbury, who continues to go places, keeps rolling up victories, by beating Jack McCarthy in six rounds in the preliminary bout on the Baer-Braddock card, and then by scoring a kayo over Frank Wojick in one round of a billed ten-round tussle on the supporting card to the Loughran-Impellitiere set-to.

On the same card, Eddie Unknown Winston, colored heavyweight, was defeated on points in a ten-round bout.

The first outdoor professional boxing show of the season was staged at the South Park, Hartford, under the supervision of the matchmaker, Hy Malley, with a star bout of ten rounds between Steve Carr, New Haven light-heavyweight leather pusher, and Tiger Warrington of Nova Scotia. The fight went the entire route, at which Carr won the unanimous decision.

In the ten-round semi-final, Ralph Lenny, welterweight, scored a decisive victory over Jackie Davis.

Pinky Morris, featherweight boxer, won a six-round decision over Freddie Foran.

Jimmy English dropped a four-round decision to Al Pinkham.

Emperor Jones was awarded the decision over Young Ketchel in four rounds.

Al Caroly, fistic promoter of the New Haven Arena, staged his last indoor professional boxing show of the season. In the top bout, John Anderson, Swedish light-heavyweight champion, slugged his way to a popular ten-round decision over Al Nelson Gainer, "the Black Panther," of New Haven, in a fight that pleased the cash customers.

Louis "Kid" Cocoa, who is parading around with two titles, the welterweight and middleweight of New England, outboxed his opponent, Harry Carlton, in the ten-round semi-final.

Pinky Morris, Bridgeport leather tosser, was held to a four-round draw by Bobby Red Woods of Washington.

Frankie Smith won by a knockout over Joe Palooka of New Haven in the second round.

Tiger Jack Renault, New Haven slugger, stiffened Benny Tretter in the first heat.

The promising light-heavyweight whirlwind mittslinger, Nathan Mann, from Hamden, who is a great drawing card, made a big hit with the fans when he appeared at the Long Island Bowl ring on the supporting card to the Baer-Braddock tilt by putting away Al Zappala into the dreamland in the second round.

FISTICUFF TOWER TOPICS—Charley Eagle is well again after having been suffering an illness for three weeks—trains daily and soon he will be seen in action . . . . Tony Laviero was stopped by Al King in the first frame at the Dyckman Oval . . . . At the Valley Arena, Joe Palooka of New Haven suffered a knockout in the second canto at the hands of Jerry Maloni . . . . For any information hereabouts, one must enclose a self-addressed envelope to receive a reply . . . . Al Nelson Gainer, colored mauler, lost the nod to Al McCoy at the Boston Arena . . . . Louis Kid Cocoa, pride of New Haven, scored a ten-round decision over Werther Arcelli . . . . Al Caroly and Lew Anger have joined in the promotion of outdoor professional boxing bouts at the Walnut Beach Stadium . . . . Dependable fighters with a good reputation to fight, and without contracts, seeking work, can write to me, address 50 Crown St., Waterbury, Conn. Got to go now. Will be around next month. Until then, good luck.

BOXING THE ROUNDS IN MISSOURI
With MURL BROWN

SPRINGFIELD, Missouri—Pro boxing opened in Springfield, July 19, with B. C. (Fat) Dent doing the promoting for the Knights of Columbus. Dent is very well known to fighters and managers in this section. THE RING wishes you good luck and packed houses, Fat!

Poplar Bluff, Missouri—Young Simington, Missouri's lightweight sensation, won from Jack Rymer of Springfield by the K.O. route in four stanzas. Gene Shinault beat George Doizer in the five-round semi-final.

Doniphan, Missouri—Doniphan opened boxing with a bang on the Fourth of July. The Legion boys put their first show on the white side of the ledger by showing to a packed house. Louis Grobe, Poplar Bluff middleweight, was knocked out by Guy McKinney in the sixth round, and Gene Shinault punched out a five-round victory in the wind-up. Stay in there and push, Doniphan!

Kansas City, Missouri—Fourth of July card: Willie Davies outboxed and outpunched Orville Drouillard, Canada's lightweight champion, for ten rounds. Young Simington rocked Benny Domenguez of Topeka, Kansas, to sleep in the fourth round. Jack Rymer got the duke over Ray Donahue in six heats and Midget Mike Dundee was stopped in the first round. Was a wonderful card, chock-full of action, but poorly attended.

St. Louis, Missouri—Solly Kesseler announces that his new Twentieth Century Sporting Club will open pro boxing there in late September during the American Legion national convention. Solly is one swell guy, and the writer feels that if anyone can put pro boxing on its pegs in the Mound City, his name will be Kesseler. Good luck, Solly!

Benny Kesseler, Solly's younger brother, is still packing them in with his weekly amateur shows. Benny has never booked a loser yet—some record for a boxing promoter!

Poplar Bluff, Missouri—Rolla Taylor, Jeff City lightweight, fell by the wayside after Young Simington buried that pile-driving right hand in his middle during the third round of their main go. Mike Dundee lost to Merl Thompson in five.

Cape Girardeau, Missouri—Ben Gines opens here the twenty-fourth of July. Cape will turn out to see boys who really fight, but boxers and tankers can't draw flies. It must be action all the way.

SPECIAL—Missouri's best boys this month are: Willie Davies, Kansas City lightweight; Carl Shaffer, St. Louis lightweight, and Young Simington, Poplar Bluff's fighting flash. Biggest surprise of the month was Jack Rymer's defeat of Ray Donahue of K. C. Donahue had K.O.'ed Rymer in two rounds in their only other meeting. Best gates, promoters: Frankie Gatto's, Eddie Cool and Joe Ghnouly, card in K. C. Best fight: Young Simington and Merl Thompson at Poplar Bluff. State's leading contender: Joe Ghnouly. State's best prospect: Young Simington.

The Ring Book Shop

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARCADE, 8th Avenue between 49th and 50th Streets

Books for the Boxer, Trainer, Promoter, Second, Boxing, Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu Fan.

BIOGRAPHY, FICTION, HISTORY

Sins of New York. While they last. Only a few copies left. Famous pictures from old Police Gazette and stories of the Bare-Knuckle Days. By Ed Van Every — Our Special Price $4.00

Sins of America—By Ed Van Every. With many old time Police Gazette pictures—Our Special Price—Only a few left $4.00
The two for $7.00

The Solid Man of Sport—The Life of William Muldoon.—By Ed Van Every. Regular Price $3.00. Our price $2.00

Frank Menke's All-Sports Record Book. Price $1.00
and 10 cents extra for postage.

Recollections of a Boxing Referee. By Joe Palmer. Regular price $5.00. Our price ..$2.50

The Roar of the Crowd. By James J. Corbett $1.25

"Wise Guy." By Marcus Griffin. Regular price $2.00. Our price $1.00

"Fighting For Fun." By Eddie Eagan—A splendid fight story. Price $2.50. Our Special price $1.50

"Champions off Guard."—The thrilling story of ring champions. By William O. Inglis. Price $3.00. Our Special price.....$1.50

Gene Tunney, The Enigma of the Prize Ring—by Nat Fleischer. Cloth bound, many photographs. Price.....75 cents

The "Set-up." A thrilling fight story in verse. By Joseph Moncure Marsh. Regular Price $2.50. Our Special Price 75 cents. Add 10 cents for postage.

Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana—324 pages, 142 photographs—beautiful binding. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.25

Young Griffo, The Will-o'-the-Wisp of The Squared Circle—By Nat Fleischer ....25 cents

"Ruby Robert," The Life of Bob Fitzsimmons. By Bob Davis. Regular Price $1.50. Our Special Price $1.00

In And Out The Ring (Life of Jack Johnson). By Jack Johnson. Regular Price $2.00. Our Special Price.....$1.00

Black Prince Peter, the life of the great Peter Jackson. By A. G. Hales. Price $1.50

Bohun Lynch's Prize Ring—De Luxe, Limited Edition. Each numbered. Regular Price $30.00. Our price $7.00 and 50 cents for postage.

Bold Bendigo. By Paul Herring. Price 69 cents

MISCELLANEOUS BOXING BOOKS

1935 Everlast Record Book. Price 30 cents by mail.

Post Boxing Record for 1935. By John J. Romano. Price 35 cents and 40 cents by mail.

Bound Volumes of the Ring—1926—Price $12.00. 1928-1929—Price $10.00. 1930-1931—Price Each $8.00. 1932-1933-1934—Price $7.00. No other years available.

BOOKS ON WRESTLING

Revised—New Second Edition—Modern Wrestling, Its Methods and Its Holds. By Jack Curly and Nat Fleischer. With special chapters on "Training Hints by George Bothner" and Frank Gotch's Famous Holds illustrated and Explained. Price $1.00

Complete Science of Wrestling. By George Hackenschmidt. 70 full-page illustrations. $1.65

Scientific Wrestling. By George Bothner. Price .....50 cents

Wrestling. By Frank Gotch. Price.....50 cents

Text Book of Wrestling. By Ernest Gruhn. Price $1.00

The Text Book of Jiu Jitsu, as practiced in Japan. By S. K. Uyenishi .....Price $1.75

Jiu Jitsu and other methods of self-defense. By Percy Longhurst.....Price 75 cents

The Science of Wrestling and Art of Jiu Jitsu. By Earle Liederman. Price $2.00, and 15 cents for postage.

BOOKS ON BODY BUILDING

The Way to Live in Health and Physical Fitness—by George Hackenschmidt $1.15

Thomas Inch's Book on Strength with special chapters on Weight Lifting .....Price $1.40

Muscle Control. By Maxick. Price $1.50

Feats of Strength. By Sid Harmer $1.00

"Muscle Building." By Earle Liederman. Price $2.00, plus 15 cents for postage.

Simple Strength Tests ..... 75 cents

Super Physique, Body Building Bar-bell Course. By Siegmund Klein. Highly illustrated....$1.00

Maxick's Muscle Control. Price $1.50

Weight Lifting. By W. A. Pullum.....$1.50

BOXING BOOKS

How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer. By Nat Fleischer. Price $1.00

Navy Drills. By Tom Sharkey. Price 25 cents.

Army Exercises. By Frank Idone. Price 25 cents.

Training for Boxers—With a Foreword by Jack Dempsey. By Nat Fleischer. Price...$1.00

How to Box—With a Foreword by James J. Corbett. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00

Nat Fleischer's "Height Increasing Exercises." By Nat Fleischer .....75 cents

Favorite Ring Tricks. By Freddy Welsh, Bombardier Wells and Jem Driscoll $1.00

Ring Strategy and Tactics $1.00

Scientific Boxing. By Tommy Burns $1.00

Boxing Through the Slow Motion Film. By Georges Carpentier. Price $1.15

The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It. By Jem Driscoll. Price $1.00

Modern Boxing. A Guide to Present-Day Methods. By Bombardier Billy Wells ...$1.00

Hitting and Stopping. By Jimmy Wilde. Price $1.00

The Art of In-Fighting. By Frank Klaus. Price $1.00

Text Book of Boxing. By Jem Driscoll ...$1.40

Out-Fighting. By Jem Driscoll $1.00

Ringcraft. By Jem Driscoll $1.00

Prof. Attila's 5-pound Dumb-Bell Exercises. Price .....15 cents

My Methods. By Georges Carpentier $1.15

How to Referee and How to Judge a Fight. By Nat Fleischer $1.00

The Technique on How to Become Scientific in the Art of Self-Defense. By Eddie Toy. Price 75 cents.

Height Increase Exercises. By Nat Fleischer. Price .....75 cents

No Books Sent C.O.D.
Don't send cash. Send money order.

The Three Greatest Books on Boxing Ever Published

Endorsed by the greatest critics of boxing, the stars of the roped square, men who know all there is to be known about boxing, training and seconding.

The New "TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

With a foreword by the greatest of modern fighters, Jack Dempsey

Get this latest, newly revised Edition. Brought up-to-date. Contains many improvements over the original "Training for Boxers" which is now out of print. 42,000 copies of the first seven editions sold in less than two years. A record that speaks for itself. Now Ready—The New "Training for Boxers"—The Eighth Revised Edition. Price $1.00.

Containing the following chapters not in the old training book: 1—Your body and how to care for it. 2—Muscle tensing. 3—How to Gain Weight. 4—What a Trainer should know. 5—Sound advice to the beginner. 6—What a boxer should do on the day of a fight. What he should eat before a fight. 7—How to strengthen the skin of the hands and face. 8—How to overcome heart stitches, pains in the groin. 9—How to build up endurance. 10—How to make mixtures for rub downs. All for only $1.00.

"HOW TO BOX"

(With a Foreword by James J. Corbett)

A book that not only tells you how to learn this great sport, but gives a reason for everything you are asked to do.

A book that not only gives you reasons, but explains in minute detail the meaning of each blow and illustrates, with many photographs, the correct and incorrect way to handle yourself.

In addition, a special section with fourteen full-page photographs by Benny Leonard on his "Lessons on Boxing," and specially posed pictures by James J. Corbett. Price $1.00.

There are many books on the market on boxing and training, but not one that compares to the masterpieces on the sport published and written by* THE RING *publisher, Nat Fleischer.

PLEASE USE THIS COUPON:

The Ring Book Shop, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York, N.Y.

Enclosed please find / Money Order for { $3 / $1 } for which send me Nat Fleischer's

{ "How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer" / "How to Box" "Training for Boxers" } Please mark books desired. **No books sent C.O.D.**

Name .....
(Print)

Street Number .....

City .....State.....

REVISED EDITION

"How to Second a Boxer and How to Manage a Boxer"

(The American Way) with a foreword by William A. Brady, is making a hit with fight managers and promoters and boxers. Every manager and second should have a copy and study its contents.

Nothing like it ever published. Contains heaps of valuable information for boxer, trainer and second. The chapter devoted to the medical end, the first-aid department of a second's job, is worth ten times the cost of this book. Only $1.00 for a book that teaches you all a handler of a boxer, amateur or professional, need know. Also all a fight manager should know.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.

By BABE ORLANDO

EVERY man, woman and child in all the municipalities in Hudson County were listening-in to the round-by-round description of the fight between James Joseph Braddock and Maxamilian Baer, and when the announcement was given that the former dock hand had just been declared the new heavyweight champion of the world, every human soul in Hudson County was thrown into an uproarious frenzy. Not since the Armistice has anyone seen or heard as much excitement as they did on that occasion.

Steve Dudas, the Edgewater heavy, decisioned Izzy Singer in ten rounds at Patterson. Melio Bettina won over Louie Le Page in the ten-round semi-final.

All of the Jersey boys came through with colors flying on the Baer-Braddock card. Besides Braddock, who dethroned Baer of the heavyweight crown, Tony Galento, from Orange, knocked out Anthony Ashrut (1), Steve Dudas won decision over Terry Mitchell (6), while Don Petrin of Newark defeated Paul Pross (6).

Jackie Farrell presented his opening show at the old Oakland A. A. on July 15. He has christened it "Braddock Bowl."

Sammy Cohen is staging shows at Columbia Park, North Bergen, and little Jack Sharkey is matchmaker for the Union City Stadium.

It looks like big doings around here, fistically speaking. Ever since Braddock won the heavyweight championship, there has been nothing but fight talk around here.

A boy that's been coming up like a house afire is Tony Grobowski, the Union City Pole. Tony has won nine bouts in a row. He is the former Diamond Belt champion.

Tony Fisher decisioned Lou Halper in the ten-round feature go at Nutley. Gene Mickens scored T. K. O. over Al Zapalla (8), Freddy Cochrane knocked out Mickey Cohn (2).

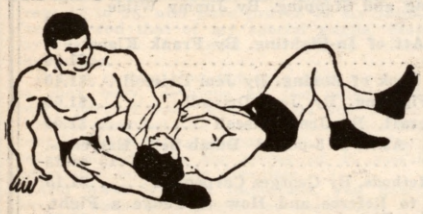
Ritchie Thurer of Union City went over to Thompsonville, Conn., where he fought and beat Eddie Mitchell in the star bout of eight rounds. Ritchie, who is a brother of Jimmy Thurer, former middleweight of note, floored Mitchell six times for counts of nine but couldn't keep him down for the full count. Johnny Scibelli, a stablemate of Thurer's, copped the duke over Teddy Gauthier in the semi-final six-rounder.

Eight knockouts were registered in twelve amateur bouts staged under the auspices of the A. A. U. at Palisades Park, N. J. Results: 115-pound final, Adolf Guliano beat August Desmondi, three rounds, decision; 126-pound final, Frankie Bow decisioned Perry Baker, three rounds; 135-pound final, John Gest kayoed James Howe, one round; 147-pound final, Joe Martini lost to John Dealia, three rounds, decision.

James Thurer is the assistant matchmaker at the West New York Stadium, with Allie Ridgway doing likewise at the new "Braddock Bowl."

Another Great Sports Book!

"MODERN WRESTLING, its Holds and Methods"



Seventy illustrations like the above, showing all important Holds in addition to 70 photographs.

The Most Complete, up-to-the-minute, most thorough book on wrestling ever published.

A training, Muscle Building, Wrestling and History book, all Combined into one.

"Modern Wrestling"

By Jack Curley

Internationally Famous Promoter,

and

Nat Fleischer

Editor and Publisher of THE RING

A book that not only tells you how to do your preliminary training, your gymnasium workout, how to develop the muscles most used in wrestling, how and what and when to eat, and how to wrestle, but explains in detail:

The Various Holds Most Commonly Used.
How to Counter and How to Block.
How to gain a hold on your opponent.

Describes the most famous holds used by the Most Famous wrestlers of all time, and in addition, with the aid of seventy full-page photographs of present day and old time stars, shows pictorially how the holds are obtained.

A book that every wrestler should have.

A book that every high school, prep school and college boy should study.

Get your copy today by sending $1.00 in cash or money order plus 10 cents extra for postage to:

THE RING BOOK SHOP
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARCADE,
8th Avenue and 49th Street
New York City, N. Y.

FILL OUT THIS ORDER

Enclosed find $1.00 for a copy of "Modern Wrestling, Its Holds and Methods," the world's greatest book on the mat sport.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

POSITIVELY NO C.O.D. ORDERS MAILED
Don't forget to add 10 cents for postage.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

IT may take either a world's champion or else an ex-champion to stop the high, wide and handsome ride of Al Hamilton, youthful Cincinnati heavy featherweight. Speaking of either Tommy Paul who lost his featherweight title to Freddie Miller some months back or else Miller himself.

Hamilton who was always a "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" previous to his entree into the Bob Bonner camp of gladiators has submerged all of the elite in both the feather and lightweight classes around here and then concluded with a well timed win over Tiger Kid Walker, colored star and Paul Dazzo.

Walker, whom it seems Herman Katz and associates were priming for some big time shots this summer and who seems to be a better drawing card than Hamilton was promptly sent back into action after the Hamilton defeat to regain the popularity of the fandom.

The Tiger popped over a few around the southern Ohio towns and then Katz brought back Johnny Alba, a Filipino who had been going great guns around here. Alba spilled the dope and stopped Walker. Then Alba was beaten by Paul who in turn at this date is slated with young Hamilton.

Boxing most generally brings acclaim to fighters, seldom to their "brains" . . . . those men responsible for a fighter's work, the manager. In this paragraph I want to devote a few words to Bob Bonner who fought against all odds and came out on top.

Bob, according to the info I have on hand, came to Cincinnati from Chicago. Previously he had a good job in Indianapolis with some electric concern. Bob's ambition was to handle a top flight prize fighter, so he hooked up with Don Curley the South Bend Seer. Curley and Bonner went along great and when they arrived in Cincinnati they had a few fighters, but none that would warrant some sport scribe to write a few lines about.

When Bonner went about and bought Tiger Flowers, Jimmy Brown and a few other boys, the "fight menagerie" in Cincinnati called him "sucker," but Bob laughed it all off. He took pops from every angle, and kept on going.

His first break was in Brown, a colored welter. Brown went along for a while with possibilities in the big time, but he fizzled somehow and the laughs went against Bob again.

Then came Joey Palmo, the little 16 year old Italian bantam. Palmo came out of the prelims like a house afire, went into the main eventers, but one setback put him on the shelf for injuries and Bonner's title aspiring ambitions again took a poke in his face.

During this while, young Hamilton was coming out of his "Rip Van Winkle" period and bounced through victories over all of the boys around here at his weight.

So now, excepting the chance that Tommy Paul sticks a pin in the Bonner-Hamilton balloon, it will be sure to be Freddie Miller versus Al Hamilton, both of Cincinnati for the world's featherweight championship—before the leaves turn gray in southern Ohio sections.

"Weekly Wrestling Ratings" at 25 cents with a self stamped addressed envelope has deluged the writer and editor with orders from all over the country. These ratings include close to 275 active heavyweights, 190 light heavyweights, and about 150 each of welterweights and middleweights. I have been swamped for orders from both new and old subscribers. From England, J. T. Johnson writes "I received your ratings of the past month (May) and I am enclosing subscription for the next year, ending May, 1936. I showed my copy to several of my friends over here and I am enclosing their names to send the next issue to them also. You will find enclosed postage to cover same out of my subscription order. The promoter here asked for your address."

Thanks a lot Mr. Johnson.

These ratings will only be sent on cash orders with stamp enclosed. Address Rater at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

Around Fountain Square with the Punchers and their Pilots . . . . Bill Powers, energetic and livest of live wire press agents around Cinci's domain is handling the press at the Harrison Dog Track . . . . but this is not stopping Bill from bringing Danny Millilo, his Italian welter, to the top . . . . Danny's quick kayo of Jess McMurtry a month or so ago brought Millilo's stock soaring . . . . at this writing the Mount Washington promoters are still trying to put on their first show at the Beechnut Arena . . . . funny thing that no one has grabbed off the Elmwood Marathon Stadium for promoting . . . . Jack W. Davis, 1322 Wheeler St., Covington, Ky. one of the middle west's most active of younger fist shoving pilots is busy lining up some promotions for the winter season.

Information in regards to activeness around southern Ohio can be had by dropping the scribe a line at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O. Enclose a stamp for a reply.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

BY MICKEY McINTIRE

WESLEY RAMEY, Michigan's leading lightweight, chalked up an easy ten-round victory over Tiger Kid Walker, Cincinnati Negro, at one of Scotty Monteith's Arena Gardens shows. Walker returned the next week with Orville Drouillard furnishing the opposition.

Chuck Woods, Jimmy Brady's good welter, received a draw in his bout with Tracey Cox at Indianapolis, but the home town papers even said that Chuck should have had the decision. Ramey and Woods would be a good match.

Roger Bernard, Bobbie Red Wood and Gene Barrett are all going good in the East. Bernard trounced Lou Fox in his last start. Wood boxed a draw with Pinky Morris at New Haven on the Henderson-Gainor card. Morris is rated as Connecticut's best featherweight, so Red must be coming along okay.

Scotty Strachan has Frank Kapanowski and Johnny Mitchell going good. Kapanowski stopped Oscar Bray in Muskegon.

Frankie Misko defeated Eddie Wells in the first bout of a middleweight elimination tournament being staged by Frank Erne at his Hazel Park Arena.

Morrie Sherman beat Thurston McKinney at Muskegon.

Edwin Waling is still the top-liner at Dearborn. The former National A. A. U. champion has won every one of his ten pro fights. Among his victims he numbers Dario Moreno, Joe Michielove, Art Bowman, Vince McCoy and George Bond.

Leading amateur results of the month: Eddie Kozale beat Stanley Cieslik, Walter Franklin beat Elmer Cousineau, Joe Sworek beat Gerald Coon and Tom Morris, Bob McIntire knocked out Corky McCorquodale in the second round, Joe Buckins kayoed Don Stevenson, Stevenson was beaten by Sam Amico, Patsy Urso beat MacVirge of Pittsburgh, Stan Evans kayoed Scotty Riffels, Billy Miller shaded Tom Morris, Percy Jones lost a hairline decision to his opponent from Pittsburgh, Ralph Conway kayoed Art Rubin, Bob O'Connell beat Freddy Robison, Danny Sanchez was beaten by Eddie Kozale and Jimmie Gamble, Jarring Jack Myers beat Louis Pereny and Alex Kilpatrick beat Howell King. Johnny Hacker beat Mike Kiljan.

Al Nettlow and Patsy Urso, two of the leading amateur boxers in the United States, are turning pro. Nettlow won the National A. A. U. featherweight title this year, and Urso the Chicago tournament of champions in the flyweight class.

MINNESOTA FLASHES
By CLYDE SMITH

THE boxing game here at this writing, mainly in St. Paul and Minneapolis, is rather slow, but one or two big bouts are in the making. The fall and winter season are the best around here, hence, promoters are standing by for the present. Harry Lennon, St. Paul promoter, may come through with a Jack Gibbons-Battaglia shot this summer.

Tracy, Minn.—Jack Gibbons, St. Paul light-heavyweight, scored over Jackie Kerns; Lee Savoldie won over French Claude; Wayne Short beat Henry Mohs; Emmett Welter won over Johnny Adams; "Red" Gibbons and Red Throsen went to a draw; Stan Savoldie and Clyde Watson also drew.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Charlie Retzlaff, Duluth, Minn., and Hank Hankinson, of Akron, Ohio, were kicked out of the ring and the match called a no contest; Frank Arndoff won over Lee Savoldie, Freddie Atkinson won over Ronny Malcolm, of Waterloo, Ia. Jimmy Legrone and Gene Connolly went to a draw.

LAST MINUTE FLASHES—King Tut has moved to Frisco . . . . Bobby Ward is now a State referee . . . . Gig Rooney former manager of Barney Ross and Jackie Fields, has taken over Art Lasky . . . . Dick Watzl is owner of a garage . . . . James J. Ahern boxing commissioner attended the Louis-Carnera fight . . . . Duluth will name its new promoter some time this month . . . . And we are all waiting to see Gibbons and Battaglia come together . . . . Art Lasky was knocked out by Dan Cupid . . . . He was married to Miss Ethel Sherman of Los Angeles, and was also knocked out by Ford Smith in six rounds at San Francisco . . . . Jack Blackburn, veteran trainer, who was kicked out of the Lasky camp after Art lost to Charles Retzlaff, is getting plenty of credit for making Joe Louis . . . . Billy Petrolle handed his former title known as the "Fargo Express" over to Frankie Sagilip, Chicago lightweight . . . . Petrolle turned over all his former fighting equipment . . . . He retained one article as a reminder of his great fighting days, his old Indian blanket that always draped over his shoulders when he waited for battle. Charlie Retzlaff and Hank Hankinson had their dough held up on account of their "no contest" battle . . . . Freddie Atkinson, St. Paul negro welter, received a bad set-back, when he was knocked out in four rounds by Mel Rice, Sioux City welter, in four rounds . . . . The clever negro had just dished out a neat boxing lesson to Ronny Malcolm, of Waterloo, when he crossed the path of Rice . . . . We are informed that Ty Dillon, popular Sioux City sportsman, has opened up a new arena in Sioux City . . . . Plenty of Minnesota boxers find work in this spot, as with two promoters working there, Nate Dax, and Mr. Dillon, competition for good boys is keen . . . . Whitey Ekwert is trainer of Young Rightmire . . . . The writer would like to have everyone remember to send their boxing news in by the 2nd of each month, and mail same to 746 So. Smith Ave., St. Paul, Minn. . . . The writer's phone number is Riverview W-2407.

AND CAN YOU REMEMBER? . . . . When Earl Blue, St. Paul middleweight, looked like a second Stanley Ketchel . . . . When Farmer Lodge signed to meet Jack Renault . . . . the panning Fred Fulton received in the old Boxing Blade . . . . when Curley Ulrich vacated the National Hotel Dutch room, and decided to devote all of his time to refereeing fights . . . . Billy Miske beating Charley Weinert . . . . the explosion between Fred Fulton and Benny Haskell on Broadway . . . . when Mike Gibbons had an operation on his nose, and the operation turned out to be more serious than the Phantom figured . . . . Dandy Dillon and the boxing lesson he received from Frankie Mason at Des Moines, Ia. . . . . Ray Carnes popular Duluth promoter . . . . Gunner Joe Quinn, the busiest fighter out of the Twin Cities . . . . The free-for-all fight at Fargo, No. Dak. the night Johnny Noye of St. Paul clashed with Russie Le Roy . . . . Noye refused to quit fighting at the end of the fight . . . . Howard Graack, well known Sioux Cityan, making Minneapolis his headquarters . . . . Tommy Gibbons getting ready to fight Harry Foley at New Orleans . . . . when fighting Eddie Root of Rochester was a big card . . . . and such boys as Olie Anderson, Johnny Tillman, Ray Dick Jones, Billy Emke, Jack Joseph, Silver Perry, Saph McKenna, Jim Delaney . . . . and Bud Logan . . . . Come around next month old timers, and we will have another little chat . . . . so long.

BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS
By C. E. "DOC." MITCHELL

GREAT FALLS—Tony Chevez, Sante Fe, K. O.'ed Mickey Beal of Chicago in 4 rounds. Ray Cotes, Butte, decisioned Charley Roper, Pittsberg, in 8. Sonny O'Day, Butte, stopped Elmer Davis of Great Falls in 2.

Bismark, N. D.—Dick Demeray, Bismark, scored a T. K. O. over Shereld Kennard, Fargo, in 4. Rusty Grameling, Bismark, decisioned Bud Larson, Jamestown, in 4. Bat McDaniels, Bismark, was awarded a T. K. O. over Frankie Wine, Chicago, in 3. Sonny Schlooser, Mandan, won over Ted Hall, Bismark, in 4. Kid Brooker, Mandan, drew with Leroy Purtell, Fort Lincoln, in 4.

Billings—The Midland Empire will soon see Jack Hurley's new lightweight, Frankie Sagilio, in action. Sagilio recently punched out a decision over Frankie Kamecki, the Canadian lightweight, while Babe Daniels, Hurley's No. 2 man, stopped Phil Rivers of Moose Jaw, Sask., in 5. Both Hurley and Daniels won a host of friends in Billings when Babe and Billy Vaughn fought a sweet fight here in February. Daniels will also be seen in Billings this fall.

Cody—Lou Cozzens, "The Wild Man of Byron," was K. O.'ed by Benny Yunalive of Denver in the third. Henry Klein of Worland decisioned Billy Hardee of Cody. Adam Schneider of Worland got a technical K.O. over Paul Raymond of Tensleep.

Butte—Hubert Dennis, Bozeman, decisioned Battling Gizzy, Pittsberg, in a sizzling 10 round. Main Event, Jimmy McClusker, Bozeman, 118 pounder took a decision from Young Speedy, Los Angeles, in six. Jack Herman, Butte, K.O.'ed Bobby Dixon, of Syracuse in 2 rounds. Charley Roper, Pittsberg, decisioned Nick Malkovich, Butte, in 5.

Get your ring dope to me not later than the 28th of the month.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

INDEPENDENCE, Kans.—Winners of Southern Kansas Amateur 3-Day Boxing Tournament. Heavyweight—Bill Lohr. Light-heavyweight—Billy Hemphill. Welterweight—Johnny Hemphill. Lightweight—Floyd Everly. Bantamweight—Bat Green. Flyweight—Clair Kidd. Colored Middleweight—Bob Farman.

Orval Cox staged the Independence tournament and had some of the best talent in the state. Okla showed some good fighters, but they failed to equal the Kansas fighters.

To pilots and coaches writing me in answer to my asking for out of state boxing teams, I wish to inform those who have written me there has been a change in several boxing tournaments that were to be held in this state. If you have not already had a letter of explanation from Mr. Showers in behalf of whom this was written this will suffice to let you know you may hear at a later date if plans materialize as formerly planned. Thanking you for your co-operation.

Mr. Les Showers foremost amateur boxing director of the middlewest has a series of tournaments scheduled for Colorado, and then will return to Kansas, unless Southern promoters call him down there where he is to direct several tournaments.

The fistic game has slowed up considerably the past month or six weeks in this state. Many look for a big revival in the fight game this fall in this state and the middlewest.

Manhattan, Kansas—Mickey Nolan defeated Truman Kennedy in a 10-round feature bout. Petey Alcanter knocked out Kid Freeman in 1. Karl Lauton beat Kid Wallace in 6. Pete Blanchard beat Lyford Crane in 4 rounds.

Bog Capocy and Mike Mosco of Chicago are managing an excellent stable of pro and amateur fighters. They are anxious to hear from some good young fighters with good records without any strings on them, and they can furnish them with plenty of work. Write Bob Capocy 1413—West Taylor St., Chicago, Ill.

Jess Willard ex-heavyweight Champion of the world is refereeing amateur and pro fights under the direction of Les Showers and Jess is really being kept busy. The old boy looked good when working several shows here in Kansas his old stomping ground.

Kansas City, Mo.—Joe Ghnouly defeated Willie Davies in 10 rounds. Karl Lautenschlager beat Bobby Hull in 6. Mickey Nolan beat Curley Martin in 6. Alex Bundren beat Frankie Lee in 6. Tony Lardeo knocked out Dick Marlin in 2 rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Jimmy Garrison beat Johnny Stanton in a 10-round main event. Everett Rightmire knocked out Truman Kennedy in 6. Gene Driscoll beat Curley Martin in 6. Petey Alcanter knocked out Mel Taylor in 3. Spud Malone and Lawrence Botella fought 4 rounds to a draw.

Oklahoma has slumped in boxing the last six weeks, due mostly to rainy weather, and many promoters don't care to take chances on outdoor shows owing to the uncertainty of the weather.

READ THIS
Then Act

Here's what the greatest teacher of boxers in America, Spike Webb, the man who has developed more Olympic and Intercollegiate Champion boxers than any other instructor or trainer, has to say about

The Newly Revised Eighth Edition of

"TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

The Newly Revised Third Edition of

"How to Box,"

And the Newly Revised Edition of

"HOW TO SECOND AND HOW TO MANAGE A BOXER"

The Three Greatest Books on Boxing Ever Published

When two or more of these books are ordered, add 10 cents extra for postage.

Here's a good recommendation:

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

Annapolis, Maryland

DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

January 16, 1933

Mr Nat Fleischer,
Editor The Ring,
New York City.

Dear Mr Fleischer,

I have just received 18 copies of your excellent books.

How to Box
Training for Boxers
How to second a Boxer

I feel certain these books are a valuable contribution to boxing as a sport. You are to be congratulated on their preparation. The foreword by that old dean of boxers Mr James J. Corbett, is like the mark of Sterling on silver. I believe every young man interested in boxing should have a copy.

Very sincerely yours,
Spike Webb
Spike Webb

Every fighter, amateur or professional, and every trainer, manager and teacher should possess a copy of these three books. More than that—he should digest the contents until he has become thoroughly familiar with every chapter.

Spike Webb knows what's good for the boys.

He had charge of every Olympic boxing team in the last four Olympic Games and his boys at Annapolis have won more championships than any other institution.

What's good enough as a text book for Annapolis, should be good enough for you.

Get on the band wagon now.

Send for these three books.

Fill out the coupon below, check off what you want and mail to

THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden Arcade
8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York City

Enclosed find $1.00 ($2.00), ($3.00), for which kindly send me, by return post, copies of

"Training for Boxing," with a foreword by Jack Dempsey.

"How to Box," with a foreword by James J. Corbett.

"How to Second and Manage a Boxer," with a foreword by William A. Brady.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

WITH the presence of George Blake, popular manager and referee, along with several top-notch boys from the Coast, the boxing game picked up considerably here. Mark Choo is the man behind the smart promotional venture that is bringing in more mainland scrappers.

Maui—Two thousand fans engaged in a near riot when K. O. Pagan, Maui's pride, and Kid Bulldog, of Honolulu, fought here. It all started in the last round when Bulldog tried rough stuff while both battlers were on the floor. The decision went to Pagan with his superior boxing.

Al Passmore piled early points to win the decision from Manuel Telles, Hitoshi Tanaka lost to Kid Alfonso, Satoru Umetsu kayoed Kid Opong in the third, Satogi Hotta fought a draw with Kid Fahilga, and Kid Pascual lost to Fighting Caesar.

The Handy Book for Managers and Seconds

Now Ready

Revised Edition

"How to Second a Boxer"

and

"How to Manage a Fighter"

By Nat Fleischer

Two books combined into one for your convenience

The Revised "How to Second a Boxer" contains many new items, including new pictures, which bring this book up-to-the-minute.

The first three editions have all been sold. So popular has this book been with those who handle a fighter in the ring, in actual contests, that the demand has been exceptionally great.

Not only have professional seconds purchased the book, but those who have charge of amateurs and those who take care of the college and high school students in boxing matches, have been among the buyers.

With the supply of the third edition gone, it was decided to bring the book of four years ago up-to-date with the result that you will find in the

Revised "How to Second a Boxer"

things of interest in your work that you cannot possibly afford to miss.

And to add to the interest, following numerous requests for a special book on

"How to Manage a Fighter"

complete data on that all-important phase of the fight game has been incorporated in the newly revised,

"How to Manage a Fighter"

so that you Seconds and Managers will now get Two Books in one, Two Important Books for The Price of One. No increase in price, only an increase in the information furnished.

Included in this section are the rules of the boxing commissions and forms of contracts fighters, managers and seconds must sign.

FIGHTERS, MANAGERS and SECONDS

should have a copy of the Revised

"How to Second a Boxer"

with the additional information on

"How to Manage a Fighter"

even if you already have the original edition minus the portion on managerial duties.

You can't go wreng, boys

Never has a book of this type been printed

You'll benefit considerably and for the small sum of $1.00, you'll reap a thousand-fold in return for your investment.

The BOOK OF THE DAY in Boxing Circles

Send in your order Now. Don't be without this new book. Fill in the coupon below and mail with a money order for $1.00 to

THE RING BOOK SHOP

Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Ave. between 49th and 50th Streets

NEW YORK CITY

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

Revised "How to Second"

The bout that was expected to be a close one at the Honolulu Stadium turned out to be a walk-away victory for Kid Moro, veteran Filipino lightweight, over Charley Miller. Moro had the better of the argument throughout the rounds.

The best bout was furnished by the semi-windup boys, featuring Sonny Valdez and Joe Velasco. As expected, Valdez gave an impressive account of himself, winning popular approval of the fans . . . . Walter Strappel, southpaw welterweight, knocked out Sailor Zinkus in the second heat . . . . Young Tony beat Young Thomas easily . . . . Little Reynes beat K. O. Kuratsu, outboxing the latter . . . . Mickey Donahue won from Sharkey Shalkowsky.

Tiny Tommy Muroda, in his latest report, said that he wants to shoot back to Honolulu if more bouts are not offered during his stay in Manila. However, before returning, he is expected to be in Japan for an indefinite period, along with Don Steward, a bantam.

Preliminary to main event is rather a steep climb, but two of our local developed boys thought nothing of the assignment and stepped eight lively rounds. They were Delphine Augustus and Kid Felipe, with Augustus the victor.

Sabas Jamito was too rugged and far too heavy a puncher for Kid Masa. He knocked out the Japanese boy in the fifth round. Paul Seronio T. K. O.'ed Hisashi Nishi in the fourth heat. This was a surprise to the fans. K. O. Dafang, after two years' layoff, came back to beat Manuel Ruiz. Harry Katsumoto kayoed Kid Vicente in two rounds. Young Howard, former Simon-pure, K. O.'ed Tiburcio de Jesus in one round.

Jack Walker and Carter Galt resigned as Territorial Boxing Commissioners, both having served since 1929. The new commissioners, Dr. Wah Kai Chang, local physician, and Alan J. McGuire of the *Advertiser*, were appointed by Governor Poindexter and will work hand in hand with Donovan Flint, chairman, and Eddie Hoch, secretary. Hoch is the only left-over member serving six years.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

JOE COEGO, Cuba's dynamic lightweight, after several years of tough opposition finally won the Cuban lightweight championship by defeating Sixto Morales in a furious fifteen-round contest at Crystal Arena. Coego is a worthy possessor of the crown, and will, if given a chance, boost boxing locally.

Kid Juancito, who recently won the bantamweight title of Cuba, successfully defended it by scoring a four-round knockout over Juan Morales, former flyweight king. Juancito is a crack performer, and will do Cuban boxing a world of good.

Manolo Gomez, who claims the Cataluna (Spain) welterweight title, made his debut with a four-round knockout over Chichi Galaraga. Gomez is a mighty tough man, and a puzzling southpaw.

Fillo Echevarria, San Sebastian featherweight of note, went over good in Mexico, and will fight Baby Arizmendi in Havana on July 6. The gate should be a record one, and the fight should be a hot one.

Humberto Casal, now retired welterweight, who fought many a good battle in local and foreign rings, is now an official referee here.

Conrad Conde, Cuban lightweight, just returned from California, where he put over some excellent bouts.

Kid Chocolate is planning a United States invasion, and thinks he still has some good fights in him that could bring him in some dough. Well, good luck, Kid, let's see what you can do.

Isidoro Gastanaga is training for a bout with some American opponent who will be imported by Luis Parga and Pincho Gutierrez.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

RELAMPAGO SANGUERO, Welterweight Champion of Cuba, crossed gloves with Serefin Centeno in a hard fought ten rounds main bout. Centeno scored a nine count knock down in the sixth round and dealt out lots of punishment, but the Cuban Champion finished a game loser.

Toro del Sur and Jack Cyclone battled a fast six rounds to a draw.

Lefty Madden won over George Dixon, in their six rounds wind up.

Frisco Roy lost to Black Bond in six rounds. Frisco Roy the Flyweight flash handled his much heavier opponent very well, but dropped the decision.

Syd White defeated Boy Thomas.

Boy Peterson earned the decision over Kid Herrera.

Young Chato outpointed Baby Ross.

Baby de Lap Paz the Cuban Welterweight warrior is back in Jamaica and will soon be engaged in series of bouts.

Young Herrera, Light-heavy and Heavyweight Champ of Cuba, is again in Jamaica. Bingo Joe Bonovic and Young Herera fight here shortly.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

ONE of the pleasant things about putting yourself out on a limb by way of making predictions, is the fun you get from saying "I told you so." For a long while we have been on the George Salvadore band wagon, being of the belief that Salvadore was really a classy fighter and deserved recognition as such. Well, Suh, our George stepped right out and showed the world just who he was and why. Down in New Orleans he decisively whipped Eddie Flynn, Eddie (Kid) Wolfe and Harry Dublinsky. We don't need to tell you that three wins such as those are not flukes but are the works of a real fighter.

Salvadore came to Houston a couple of years ago from up around Boston, liked it here and decided to make it his home. He cast his lot with affable Jack Thurmond, local manager and the two have made steady progress toward the top. In some fifty fights in Texas, George has lost only one, and that a catch weight affair with a middleweight, whom he later knocked out. Salvadore is a clean living, hard working, likeable chap and Texas fight fans are solidly behind his drive to the top. Best of luck, George and Jack!

Things fistically, are picking up over the state. Houston has especially improved, with bigger crowds each week. Promoter Jimmie Guest and his matchmaker Pat Wright, snared a real match during the month when they paired Clyde Chastian and Dutch Weimer. It was a great fight all the way and was enjoyed by the largest crowd of the year in Houston. Chastian won the nod but it was close. We believe the fans would like to see a rematch.

Since Braddock's defeat of Max Baer, all the older fellows are talking of comebacks. Duke Tramel, veteran Ft. Worth middleweight, has already launched his ship and has won three bouts in impressive fashion, knocking out Wild Bill McDowell and Tommy Collins, and easily defeating Gene Dundee. The Duke is only 27 and is actually fighting in better form than ever before in his career. We rate Tramel as the greatest puncher in the game today. He holds the world's record with over 200 bona fide knockouts, many of them over topnotch boys. In his present form, we don't believe there are half a dozen middleweights in the world today that can beat the "Iron Duke."

"Wild Bill" McDowell, substituting for Eddie Murdock, who was suddenly stricken ill, turned in one of the best performances of his career when he stopped Paul Green in the first round. Green is a very good boy, but was just caught cold with Bill's right, said right being plenty poison. McDowell dropped a disputed decision to Curtis Mullens in ten rounds.

The state amateur tournament, held in Houston, proved quite a success. The winners were: Flyweight, Joe Romano; bantamweight, Emery Latiolais; featherweight, Clyde Villimez; lightweight, Jimmy Elder; welterweight, Joe Elder; middleweight, Chester Chonowsky; light-heavy, Leslie Linne; heavyweight, Hugh Glass. Joe Elder was voted the outstanding performer of the meet. Milton Coffee, Ft. Worth, probably the best amateur in the state, was unable to enter.

Ralph Sikes, flashy San Antonio welter, took an easy ten-round decision over "Wild" Bill McDowell. Sikes did it the hard way this time, electing to carry the fight to Bill and slug instead of box. Sikes has a great record, having lost only four fights in 52 starts.

Hugh Benbow, formerly of New York, has several youngsters working out and hopes to develop a real fighter or two! We believe he has one in Jojo Passante.

OTHER RESULTS OVER THE STATE: Cheif Parris beat Wildcat Monte and stopped Cyclone Frakes; Bill McDowell beat Gene Dundee; Bad Boy Harper won over Santos Delgado; Baby Jack defeated Kid Fox; Fox won from O. V. Garnett; Johnny Lacaille stopped Bobby Murray and beat Bad Boy Harper; Harper also lost to Murray; Clyde Roberts won from Lou Hasso; Hasso drew with Johnny Wallace; Wallace lost to Roberts also; George Coffey beat Tiger Charles; Choc Stewart and Louis Wells drew; Ellis Gallier drew with Tony Turano.

Tracy Cox kayoed Juan Garcia; Midget Mexico knocked out Lou Beard; Baby Manuel beat Howard Scott and drew with Roy Stice; Patty McDuff K.O.'ed Big Boy Lastracco; Gene Clark beat Charley Lopez.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

AL McCOY, Boston's belting beauty, is a smash hit in Montreal and may prove the main factor in the promised prosperity of the game in the Canuck Metropolis during the next few months. McCoy, whose real name is Florian DeBrasseur from Beauce County, Quebec, is transferring his belongings from Waterville, Mass., to Montreal, where he will be located. He has been signed by Jules Racicot, hustling young local promoter, for a year and he should do pretty well for himself and Racicot, who should be due for some good breaks after years of adverse fortunes.

McCoy displayed classy, colorful form when he knocked out Sammy Slaughter, Terre Haute Negro, in the third of a scheduled ten-rounder at the Mount Royal Arena, and did it with such eclat and polish that the French-Canadian fans staged something of a hero-worshipping demonstration around the ringside immediately after. The French-Canadian light-heavy boxed coolly in the first two rounds, effectively nullifying the aggressive Negro's attacks, then opened the throttle near the end of the third heat to flatten him for the count. Slaughter went out ice-cold.

The semi-final eight-rounder was a "family fite" between Greggie Gregersen, Canadian flyweight champion, and Kid Lacasse, Quebec. The latter, a southpaw, got the nod on a 2-1 vote with his more consistent battling. It was a close battle but rather prone to sloppiness and wild-swinging and neither looked of championship caliber. The title didn't change hands, it being a non-title overweight struggle, but indications point to a title bout being staged later in the summer at Quebec City.

Local Jewish youngsters scored two out of three in the preliminaries. Maxie Berger, fast-growing featherweight, clouted Phil Desermeaux, Lachine lad, at will and stopped him in two heats, and Harry Gerson, clever bantamweight, returning to the ring after a prolonged absence due to illness, did likewise with Young Leblanc, Quebec City. Roland Lauziere, city amateur lightweight king, making his pro debut, surprised by crowding Myer Alper, promising young 130-pounder, off stride and having the best of their six-round argument. Alper faded after two rounds of hectic action and a belated rally in the sixth round failed to make up the ground lost during the middle stanzas.

RINGSIDE RAMBLINGS—Al McCoy likely to prove French-Canadian idol . . . . game should thrive now that Racicot has McCoy as his ace to rival Forum presentations tinged by the deft, gaudy touch of Armand Vincent . . . . the matchmaking maestro is listed as "advisory counsel" for Tommy Gorman, Forum manager, who is licensed as matchmaker . . . . meaning plenty of good bantamweight bouts are in store . . . . Vincent withdrew threatened $25,000 lawsuit against Commission for failure to secure license . . . . he and Racicot between them should treat Montreal fans to plenty good shows.

Lou Salica, the New York bantam who is recognized in California as the champion, may be matched with Escobar, with the winner meeting Sanstol. Then undisputed championship rights could be settled by bringing the Spaniard, Sanchelli, conqueror of Al Brown, to meet the eventual winner for the crown.

Eddie Carroll, Ottawa's young welter star, put a real feather in his cap by licking Frankie Genovese, Toronto stylist, right in the latter's backyard, in the semi-final to the Sammy Slaughter-Al Trulman headliner of Playfair Brown's card. Slaughter whipped Trulman easily then came to Montreal to bump into Al McCoy's dynamic fists.

Carroll's victory over Genovese was an impressive one, according to reports which stated he outboxed and outpunched the shifty Torontonian practically all the way. This is no mean feat, as Genovese surprised a while back by outpointing Tommy Bland. Carroll's return to top form may mean an early return of boxing presentations to Ottawa.

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

PLAYFAIR BROWN, and his Jubilee A.C. are making the fight game a major sport in the Ontario metropolis of Toronto.

Danno O'Mahoney, who is now recognized as the World's Heavyweight Wrestling Champ, has performed in Toronto a number of times.

That Moose Jaw heavy . . . . Lou Keiswetter . . . . has had some good fights around New York. On behalf of Keiswetter and his manager, Chas. MacDonald, a challenge to fight the Eastern dark cloud, "Tiger" Warrangton, who was trimmed last time out by Steve Carr, is now in order and they would like to meet Warrington on his own back door, Halifax N.S. Eastern promoters please take note all bookings for this engagement can be handled by yours truly.

Bobby Orr, that sterling Maritime Welterweight, holds two decisions over Allen who fought a draw with Tommy Bland some four weeks ago. Orr will land in Toronto about July 22 and will place himself under the writer's care for the next three years. His career will be watched with interest by the Maritimers in the next year or so.

Ben Stockley, the old maestro of the amateur boxing game, 'tis rumored is going to open a new Gym in Toronto in the near future. He knows all the tricks and can be depended upon to have a great place. His last Gym on Yonge St. was the finest in all of Canada.

At last some of the so-called amateurs are turning pros not before time and the need at present here is for a good local drawing card as it was in the days of Steve Rocco, Belanger and the like.

I would again ask all fans writing this column, who expect an answer to your letters, kindly to send a stamped addressed envelope to the writer at 58 Charles St. W., Toronto, Canada.

Sonny Jones, through his manager, wishes to challenge any welter in the East, he fought a draw with the welter champ, Gordon Wallace, last month in Vancouver and at that was given the best of it by the papers, so is a worthy foe for anyone.

Nat Fleischer's great publication, The "Ring" has been imitated but never equalled and enjoys great popularity in Canada and can be obtained at any book-store in Ontario. It's the best in the world.

Another main bout like the Sammy Slaughter-Al. Trueman "fight" will put boxing back on its uppers again. Both boys may have had records but the fans are not interested in that. They want to see boys giving their best efforts. The Carroll-Genovese bout as the semi-final saved the card and was a real effort with Carroll taking the nod. He is a greatly improved fighter. Max Kadin-Len. Wadsworth middle tussle on this card, was a good slug-fest while it lasted. Max always gives his best and a good best at that, but condition is always against him.

This column is under obligations to no person and is candid in its remarks and would wish to see better matchmaking on future cards as we are interested in seeing the game come back as it was in years past. Lets play the game for the game's sake.

Well Adios until next month.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

OPEN air boxing got off to a good start in this section. Leiperville opened with the American Legion as promoters. Other promoters to join Taylor & Gunnis at the Phillies Ball Park, Jimmy Carres in Marcus Hook and Johnny Burns at the Yellowjacket stadium in Kensington.

TOMMY LOUGHRAN scored another victory when he beat Ray Impellitiere. Tommy conceded 66 pounds to the "Imp." Although dropped for a count in the fourth round, Tommy came through. In the semi-final, the writer witnessed one of the bloodiest fights ever waged in this city. Unknown Winston and Leroy Haynes were the participants —Haynes won but Winston was the aggressor throughout. Eddie Hogan made short work of Frank Wojak, knocking him out in the first round. Eddie Houghton lost to Tony Cancela in the opener. The crowd however, was a disappointment due to the postponement caused by rain.

The Yellowjacket Stadium got off to a good start with a good crowd—Cleto Locatelli defeated Eddie Cool in a thrilling bout, although the loser, Cool fought one of the best fights in his career and lost no prestige—Cletc' strength and weight told on Eddie—on the same card, Benny Schwartz drew with Georgie Gibbs, Euby Budman was stopped by Bobby Dean due to a cut eye in the opener, Tony Strazzeri defeated Benny Victor.

JACK BLACKBURN, trainer of Joe Louis is a Philadelphian—before joining the Louis camp, Jack trained Max Hoff's stable of boxers for six years—Results—Billy Wallace knocked out Teedy Baldwin—Charley Burns defeated Frankie Wallace in a thriller—Joe Flocco won over Billy Hawkins—Joe Foglietta knocked out Yg. Raspi, K.O. Burns defeated Charley Loughran—Paul Junior outpointed Phil Baker—Johnny Santo won his third consecutive windup in Baltimore, defeating Jimmy Jones in his last time out.

IN A HURRY—Lew Massey has Pete Reilly as his new pilot, with Al Nelson the Philly representative—Lanse McCurley wrote a masterpiece on Tony Morgano—T & G have switched from the Phillies Ball Park to the Open Air Arena.

Philadelphia boxers are taking Baltimore by storm—Joe Kennedy coming back as a promoter in Manayunk and Mahanoy City—Tommy Rios, a good Philly middleweight is a better out of town card—he is matched with Anson Green for the third time in Pittsburgh—Tommy Loughran showed great form against Al Ettore and Ray Impellitiere since his return home—Eddie Cool proved himself against Cleo Locatelli, he made a great showing—Billy Smutts is a hard puncher and a good prospect—Joe Flocco is the busiest boxer in Philly —Pete Moran led the Carnera-Louis special train out of Philly—Anthony Georgetti is back from Miami with Johnny Lucas, Joe Allen and Frankie Blair—The only gymnasium in town is the Olympia where all the Philly stars train—Lew McFarland has Roxey Allen and Yg. Kid Chocolate under his management—Scotty Hemphill is making a success as matchmaker in Lancaster.

Amateur boxing in this section is going over in a big way—The Mason A.C. under the direction of Frank Mason and Frank Palermo are kept busy during the summer and winter months, there are 80 amateur boys enlisted in this club, they conduct shows in their clubhouse in the winter, this summer they are conducting shows at the Convention Hall, Atlantic City—the Arena A.A. also hold shows during the winter and summer at their clubhouse.

Wrestling—Ray Fabiani, for many years successful promoter of wrestling in this city ran his second outdoor show at the Arena, in which Little Wolf made Gino Garibaldi quit in 32 minutes 41 seconds. Some of the fans thought that Garibaldi was jobbed and they demonstrated this by throwing stones at the Little Wolf while still in the ring. Charley Strack admitted he had enough in his match with Leo Numa in 19 minutes 23 seconds—Hank Barber scored a quick victory over Pat McKay in 22 seconds—Paul Boesch and Stanley Pinto drew and Cliff Olsen won over John Swenki in 13:16.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

JAKE CAREY, well known sportsman and the only man who made money promoting boxing shows in Rochester, is planning to stage boxing shows.

Jules Bauman, Rochester's lone wrestling promoter, closed the indoor wrestling season with a great card. The following wrestlers showed on the card, Danno O'Mahoney threw Scotty Mcdougall two out of three falls. In the semi-final, John Katan and Ernie Zeller wrestled one hour, time limited, and Dick Shikat threw Jack Spellman in 30 minutes, one fall.

Tony Constantino, former 126 lbs. amateur champ, is teaching boxing at the Hartford St. Playground. Tony has over 200 boys that are learning the art of self defense at his classes.

Al Traino, Rochester's Toy Bull Dog, is training at the Hartford St. Playground for his coming bouts in Pittsburgh, Toronto and Erie Pa.

Sam Leta, Rochester's Amateur Middleweight, had tough luck in his bout with Pat Cunningham at Johnson City. Leta got a broken jaw in the first 30 seconds of the fight. But Sam was game and finished the round but the club doctor stopped the fight after the round was over.

Tiger LeRoy Smith, Rochester's great middleweight just returned from a successful trip around Passaic, N. J. and has joined the writer's stable and Tiger is ready for the best of them.

Irish Jim Flood, former State Middleweight and City Amateur Champ is expecting to turn pro, very soon. Flood has the makings of a great fighter.

The writer has the following boxers training daily at the Hartford St. Playground, Jake Hagerman, Joey Di Carlo, Sam Leta, Nello Mucello, Eddie Thomas, Allen Hughes, Jim Flood, Bob Smith, Frankie Lido, Stanley Ketchell, Sammy Brown and others.

The following pro boxers are training daily for their coming bouts around the country. Bill Fogarty, Joe Jordan, Jim Downs, Al Traino, George Quaman, Mickey Regan, Rosie Tenaro, Sam Reno, Irish Jim Flood, Tiger Smith, Eddie Saxon and many others.

The above boys can be booked by writing the writer, 121 N. Union St.

Jack McCann, Syracuse's well known manager has a great stable of boxers, and very nice fellow to do business with, his address is 374 W. Onondaga St.

The Ring and all of Nat Fleisher's magazines are on sale at Clinton and Main Sts. on the 15th of each month.

The writer will answer all mail, so send stamped envelope to 121 N. Union St. Rochester, N.Y.

What Now Among The Heavies?

(Continued from page 11)

Joe Jeannette, Frank Craig, Sam McVey, Denver Ed Martin, Sam Langford, the superbly scientific Jack Johnson—all, "First class fighting men," as Kipling sings, but each and every one a master of defense.

There was Joe Walcott, whom some fistic chroniclers have seen fit to describe as being chiefly notable for his hitting power and ability to stand up under heavy fire. A mistake, that, for Walcott was really fighting-clever, as well as being a terrific hitter. Had he not been strong on the defense, he must have succumbed to the attacks of some of the giants he put away in the heyday of his fame.

There have been some very formidable white scrappers of considerable renown, who depended entirely on brute strength and the ability to survive bad beatings, as their pugilistic stock-in-trade. You will find very few such examples among the colored brotherhood of the ring, whose members fight with their brains, as well as their fists, and Joe Louis is evidently true to the glove-traditions of his race.

* * *

THE fight game, following Jess Willard's rise to the throne, slumped into a rut and stuck there, so far as the heavyweight grade was concerned. Willard was lethargic, easy-going, didn't like fighting anyhow, and was content to capitalize his title by filling circus and theatrical engagements. He beat Johnson on April 5, 1915, and was idle until March 25, 1916, when he boxed a ten round, no decision bout with Frank Moran.

From that time until July 4, 1919, when he was kayoed by Jack Dempsey, Jess never donned the gloves, excepting in a couple of exhibitions. The coming of Dempsey, colorful, spectacular, brought boxing out of the slough of despond in which it had lain dormant for three dull years under sluggish Willard, and everyone knows how, backed by Rickard's showmanship, there arose the proud period of the fisticuffs revival and era of the million dollar gates.

Fate has given the promoters a magnet of extraordinary powers wherewith to lure the customers to the ringside, for, we repeat—boxing is due for a big boom! That is, if the said promoters should make up their minds to quit wrangling, get together on a sensible basis, take the goods that the gods provide, and let all hands benefit. There are plenty of good bouts in view, enough to go around, and provide lucrative attractions for rival organizations.

There must be no dog-in-the-manger attitude assumed by any one promoter, if prosperity is to mark the coming season. The Garden has a big trump card to play in the person of Jim Braddock, world's heavyweight champion. On the other hand, the Twentieth Century club has an ace in the hole by virtue of an iron-clad contract with Joe Louis for five years, has already shown what it can do in the way of staging successful shows, and will inevitably loom large as a conductor of future boxing events in New York State.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS

By BILLY SHAW

SYRACUSE boxing fans are getting very little of their favorite sport as this is written. Joe Netro, matchmaker for the Arena club has staged only two shows during the past two months, and the ringworms are getting restless. It is too bad that boxing is being let slip here, for the game can be made to pay with weekly shows. The promoters cry because of the dearth of talent and box-office attractions, but it is a cinch no cards can be built if the club doesn't operate. When we were matchmaker for the Arena club, we ran shows weekly, and always had attractions. There are few local boys taking up boxing any more, but the real reason for this is the lack of glamour in the sport with the club dark most of the time. Perhaps by the time this goes to press the Arena will be running shows again. We hope so.

Last card here featured Terry Mitchell of New York and Salvatore Ruggerillo of Primo Carnera's training staff. Mitchell won after ten furious rounds of toe-to-toe slugging. There was little or no science in the battle, the big fellows whaling away like a couple of stevedores!

The prelims were good. Patsy Sevaro of Cleveland scored a technical K.O. over Eddie Dempsey of Syracuse in two-rounds, when Dempsey received a bad cut over his right eye. Billy Munico of Auburn and Jackie Flowers of Clinton drew in six fast rounds, while Bud Fisher of Newark shaded Lou Alpert, Utica, in six, and Sherman Rosen, Utica, outpointed Johnny Hoffman of Syracuse in four.

Over in Binghamton our friend Johnny McIntyre continues to pack the fans in with slam-bang action fights. Johnny doesn't go in for "name" fighters who like to dictate who they will fight and then give as little as possible of their best efforts. McIntyre has built Joe Banovic, Eddie Saxon, Mickey Devine and Joe Lyons into box-office magnets in the Southern Tier.

On a recent Bingo card Joe Banovic belted out a decision over Mark Hough, good New York negro. Joe was on the canvas three times in the first heat, but came back and took the play away from Hough, having Mark in a bad way several times in the ninth and tenth rounds!

One of the best looking young heavyweights in this section is Art Sykes of Elmira. Art scales around 190 pounds, is fast and can hit with either hand. He has fought among others: Joe Louis, King Levinsky, Steve Dudas, Abe Feldman and Al Ettore.

All is quiet on the Utica boxing front with Red Herring and his Convention Hall club dark. Mike Perretta, owner of the Valley A.C. just outside of Utica is planning a couple of big outdoor fights this month.

Bob Allen, enterprising young publisher of the Elmira tabloid *The News*, overcome almost impregnable obstacles in staging a boxing show last month at Elmira during the Elk's state convention there. Allen had Adolph Wiater of Chicago boxing Art Sykes in the windup, but threatening weather forced him to postpone his show a day, much to the disgust of Wiater and his handlers who did not want the show put over. After a lengthy argument which started in *The News* office and wound up all over State street, Wiater's handlers finally agreed to a postponement providing Allen post a $350 guarantee. Allen agreed to the amount after more wrangling and the show was officially put over. Arriving at the newspaper office the next morning Allen was dumbfounded to learn Wiater and his party had packed bag and baggage and left town. It seems that those in charge of the Chicago fighter didn't believe the show would draw, and there wouldn't be a chance of collecting the $350 guarantee, so they lammed. After frantically phoning for a substitute heavy all morning, and getting no place, the fiery Elmira editor finally decided to switch Joe Banovic from the semi-final to the main with Sykes. Mellio Bettina of Beacon, N.Y. who was originally slated to box Banovic was put in with Alfy Williams, Syracuse negro who had been brought to Elmira as an emergency fighter.

To make a long story short the show pulled around $750 and Allen paid out of his pocket something like $1200 but the game Elmiran took it on the chin with a smile. And to partly heal the wound caused by the dent in his bankroll, every fight on the card developed into a sensational affair, so perhaps Allen did some good for boxing and Elmira fans in particular after all!

Banovic shaded Sykes in a close, hard fight, while Bettina, a comer, scored a technical kayo over Williams when the latter suffered a fractured right hand in the third. Johnny Hoffman, Grand Rapids, defeated Bud Fisher, Newark, in six, Kid Terrell of Binghamton stopped Kid Dyke, Syracuse, in three and Clarence Savage and Young Gussie of Endicott drew in the four-round opener.

DOTS AND DASHES—Visited James J. Braddock's camp at Loch Sheldrake four days prior to the Baer fight and the new champ appeared to be in splendid condition . . . . At a dinner attended by many prominent people in the Hotel Evans, adjoining the training quarters Braddock said in a short, requested speech: "I'm going to win for the wife and kids" . . . . He did!

Henry Ford stopped off in Syracuse en route to Colgate University where he took part in the 1935 Commencement exercises . . . . Kid Polo picks the winnahs of the Arena fights for the Syracuse Journal and is doing very well as a pre-battle prognosticator . . . . Frank Kallet is an expert at diagnosing the "gate" . . . . Bob Allen, publisher of the *Elmira News* staged a fight card in Elmira without any ballyhoo in the Elmira dailies . . . . His sheet is a weekly! . . . . Bob depended on the surrounding towns and got plenty of publicity in the other papers!

Irish Eddie Brink is still trying to figure out how the officials gave Willie Pal the duke over him at Albany . . . . Eddie is one colorful gladiator and is a pretty consistent winner . . . . Chic Feldman, sports ed of *The Scrantonian* is the most popular writer of boxing yarns in Pennsy—and the most widely read—we might add . . . . A fine fellow, Chic . . . . Francis Albertanti wrote some splendid pre-fight stories on the Baer-Braddock scrap.

Some fighters have everything—Everything but the heart . . . . Johnny McIntyre, Bingo promoter kidnapped us out of the local arena following the Ruggerillo-Mitchell bout and carted us all over the state booking, checking, and lamping fighters—all inside of three days . . . . During the "snatch" our actual sleeping time added up to four hours! . . . . Pretty good—when you are informed McIntyre does his snoozing after all his work is done! . . . . Terry Mitchell throws them out of the air, off the floor, and uncorks wallops from nowhere, but gets results . . . . Great action fighter . . . . Harry Felix and George Sheppard are doing Terry's biz . . . . Joe Gould is a dapper little guy and a right one . . . . His favorite rib at Braddock's camp was: "You big sissy" to big fellows like Jack McCarthy, Paul Pross and Don Petrin! . . . . They say hot-foots were more in evidence at Baer's Ashbury Park training camp . . . . Sympathy was with Braddock in this section prior to the fight and Gus Lampe, manager of the Eckel theater here was one of the few who wagered on Jim's chances . . . . Primo Carnera, training for Joe Louis 26 miles out of Syracuse promised to make a personal appearance at the Ruggerillo-Mitchell fight here and didn't although advertised . . . . Promoter Joe Swiderski took a burn and is still smouldering . . . . Irving (Itchky) Robbins has gone and purchased a new car and everybody in the local fistic swim is happy . . . . They ride . . . . The writer predicted Louis would stop Carnera after watching the Ambling Alp work at Auburn . . . . Primo appeared to be slower than an elephant and punch shy!

Morris (Bouncer) Friedman, Cleveland boy who has been residing here for several years, is the toughest ticket taker upstate . . . . He can handle his dukes and looks like Al Capone . . . . At the Risko-Saxon fight at Oswego, N.Y. a year ago last month Bouncer was forced to prevent more than 25 visiting firemen from crashing the gate at once . . . . He turned the trick single handed! . . . . Alabama Pitts went over big here . . . . Everybody is with Warden Lawes' baseball protege.

Bob Kenefick's sport desk in *The Syracuse Journal* office provides the boys in the boxing racket with a nice retreat . . . . And Bob loves to have them around . . . . Met Young Fisher the other day . . . . He had just paid his taxes and waving the receipt said: "That's a big load off my mind." . . . . If Fisher was fighting today, he wouldn't have to worry about taxes . . . . He could make a million, but Chuck was born ten years too soon . . . . We will never forget the night Fisher handed Johnny Wilson a pasting right after Wilson won the world's middleweight crown from Mike O'Dowd . . . . Whatafight . . . . Add memories: The Nick Michaels-Battling Johnson fight which was refereed by the late lamented James J. Corbett and Johnson kayoed Michaels in the fifteenth heat . . . . Mixer Mitchell's thrilling fights with Chubby Brown of Rochester . . . . Chuck Fisher's torrid bar room brawls with Soldier Bartfield . . . . Charlie Huck, Billy Friedel, Harry Cohn, Jack Lewis, Joe Dunfee the big shots of local boxing 15 years back . . . . When Tommy Ryan had the club here and was tough on the payoff to stallers . . . . The Grand Opera House and Phil Lewis . . . . The war between the Arena club and the Grand Opera House club.

A New Group

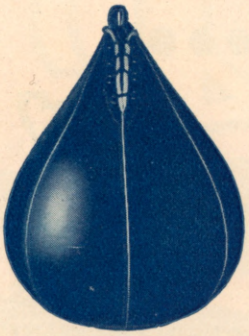
Owing to many requests from wrestling readers of **The Ring**, we have decided to place seven current stars in an extra group and these are now ready at the low price of 7 for $2.00. This added group to our photographs includes **the Irish Free State star, Danno O'Mahoney; the great Indian wrestler, Little Chief Wolf; the Afghan stars, Ghoofar Khan and his brother Ayub; Dr. Henry Fields; Hans Kampfer, the German strong man, and Alphone Bisignano, the leading Italian heavyweight.**

Send a money order for $2.00 to **THE RING BOOK SHOP, Madison Square Garden Arcade, 825 8th Ave., N. Y. City** and we will send these seven pictures, size 6 by 8 inches on fine, glossy paper.

SPECIAL VALUES

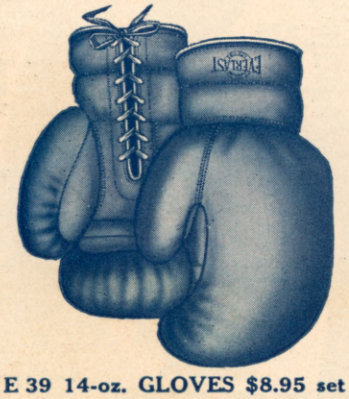
in EVERLAST EQUIPMENT

NOTE THESE STRIKINGLY LOW PRICES



RB 10 STRIKING BAGS $4.45

SOLID COLOR TIGHTS 59c



E 39 14-oz. GLOVES $8.95 set

BOXING SHOES $2.95

JSR	Skipping Ropes	Regularly	$ .75	SPECIAL PRICE	$ .39
SR	Skipping Ropes	"	2.00	" "	1.39
R 20	Boxing Shoes	"	5.00	" "	3.95
R 160	Boxing Shoes	"	3.50	" "	2.95
RKWP	Knuckle & Wrist Protector	"	10.00	" "	6.95
RHB	Handbandages	"	1.00	" "	.59
R 4	Striking Bag Gloves	"	2.00	" "	1.25
R 5	Striking Bag Gloves	"	4.00	" "	2.25
RB 60	Striking Bag	"	7.00	" "	3.45
RB 10	Striking Bag	"	6.00	" "	4.45
1596	Striking Bag Bladder	"	1.00	" "	.59
R 1	Earguard	"	4.00	" "	1.95
RH 2	Earguard	"	5.00	" "	2.95
R 30	Training Jerseys	"	5.00	" "	2.95
RBU	Sweat Shirts	"	1.50	" "	.79
RBP	Sweat Pants	"	2.00	" "	1.39
E 39	14-oz. Training Gloves	"	16.50	" "	8.95
JD 1	12-oz. Jack Dempsey Training Gloves	"	12.00	" "	7.45
RBGT 2	Gene Tunney Boxing Gloves	"	6.95	" "	4.45
R 2MC	Aluminum Cup Supporter	"	3.00	" "	1.45
REB	Supporter—Elastic	"	.50	" "	.29
RS	Athletic Training Shirt	"	1.00	" "	.37
RST	Boxing Trunks—All Colors	"	1.50	" "	.59
OFFICIAL	Boxing Trunks	"	2.50	" "	.95

No Discounts Allowed from These Special Prices

Be sure to give number, size and color.
No C.O.D. orders filled unless accompanied by a deposit of 25% of the amount of order.
Add 5% to cash orders for postage.
On foreign orders send full amount by postal or express money order.

Get Your Copy of the 1935 Record Book TODAY!

On Newsstands 25c, by Mail 35c

FREE CATALOG!

Send your name and address for a copy of this free list of bargains in boxing equipment. Or ask us to include one with your order.

29 W14th St. **EVERLAST** New York City

Lend Me Your Body for 7 Days...

and I'll Give You PROOF I Can Make YOU a NEW MAN!

No Other Physical Instructor in the World Has Ever DARED Make Such an Offer!

ALL I want is a chance to give you PROOF—in just 7 days, and right in your own home—that I can give YOU the mighty muscles and boundless energy you want! Right in the first week under my guidance you will see and feel the improvement! Then as my weekly instructions arrive in your home you continue to re-build, renew and "overhaul" your body. By the end of three months you are the owner of a powerful body that you will be proud to display.

People will notice the ruddy glow of health in your face, the sparkle in your clear eyes, your broad shoulders, and they will seek your company. You will be the fellow who will walk off with the prettiest girl and the best job while the others wonder how you did it!

GET MY FREE BOOK

Write your name and address carefully on the coupon below. I'll send you, absolutely free, a copy of my new book, *"Everlasting Health and Strength."* It reveals the secrets that changed me from a 97-pound flat-chested weakling into a husky fellow who twice won the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" against all comers! And it shows how I can build you into an *"Atlas Champion"* the same way.

ARE YOU UNDERWEIGHT?

Are you underweight? I'll add pounds where they are needed! Are you fat in spots? I'll show you how to pare down to fighting trim.

And with the big muscles and powerful, evenly-developed body that my *Dynamic-Tension* method so quickly gives you, I'll also give you through-and-through health—health that digs down into your system and banishes such things as constipation, pimples, skin blotches and conditions that rob you of the good things of life.

I'VE GOT NO USE FOR CONTRAPTIONS

I haven't any need for contraptions that may strain your heart and other vital organs. I don't dose you or doctor you. *Dynamic-Tension* is all I need. It's my natural, tested method for developing real men inside and out. It distributes added pounds of powerful muscles over your body, gets rid of surplus fat, and gives you the vitality, strength and pep that win you the admiration of every woman and the respect of any man.

Get my free book, *"Everlasting Health and Strength!"* Mail my coupon today. Gamble a stamp to prove I can make YOU a new man!

NOTE: **This is the latest photo of Charles Atlas showing how he looks today. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.**

GET FREE BOOK NOW...

WIN THIS STERLING SILVER CUP BEING GIVEN AWAY BY Charles Atlas

This valuable cup, made of solid sterling silver, stands about 14 inches high on a black mahogany base.

I will award it to my pupil who makes the most improvement on his development within the next three months. Therefore, no matter what your measurements may be now, you have an equal chance to win this cup for permanent possession—and with YOUR name engraved on it!

Get my free book by mailing coupon below!

48-PAGE BOOK FREE

It tells you all about my **Dynamic-Tension** method, and how it has made big-muscled men out of run-down specimens. It shows you, from actual photos, how I have developed my pupils to the same perfectly balanced proportions of my own physique. What my system did for me and hundreds of others it can do for you too. Don't keep on being only half the man you CAN be! Find out what I can do for you.

Where shall I send your copy of **"Everlasting Health and Strength?"** Put your name and address on the coupon, or a postcard. Mail it today. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 809, 115 East 23rd Street, New York City.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 809
115 East 23rd Street, New York City

I want the proof that your system of *Dynamic-Tension* will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name .....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City .....State.....